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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.



VOL. I.



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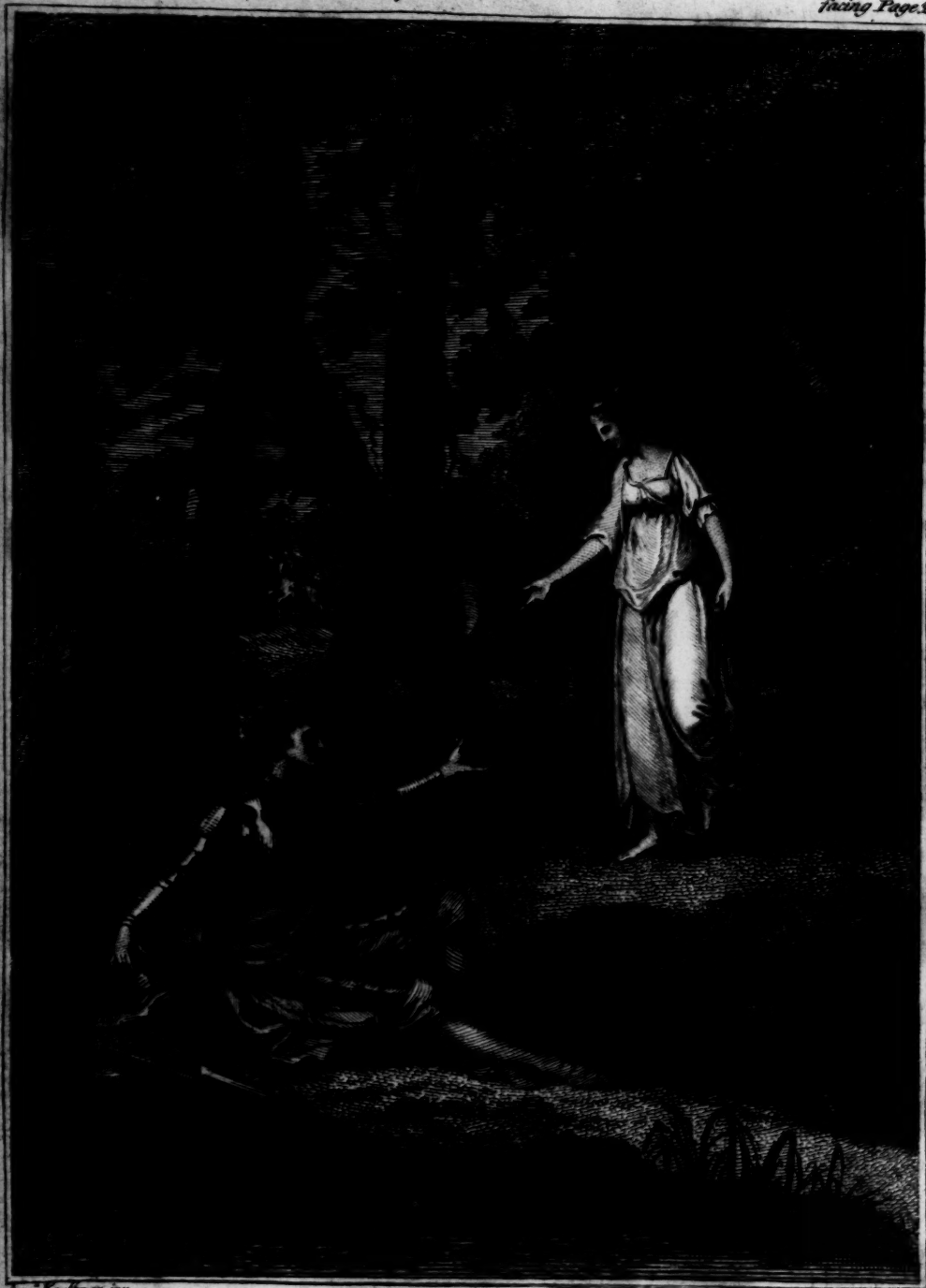
EDOVICO ARIOSTO

VOL. I



Frontispiece to Vol. 1.

facing Page 23.



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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED
FROM THE ITALIAN
OF
LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH
NOTES:
BY JOHN HOOLE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



Vol. I.

Frontispiece.

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1799.



TO
HARRY VERELST, ESQ.

AS A GRATEFUL MARK
OF RESPECTFUL FRIENDSHIP,

This Translation

IS DEDICATED;

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN HOOLE.

MARY J. FERRIS, 1850

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to face the preface.



JOHN HOOLE.

Published by Vernor & Hood, Dec. 1. 1798.

PREFACE.

THE fabulous histories of wandering knights, distressed damsels, giants, enchanted castles, and the whole train of legendary adventures, that, for a long time, were the delight of our ancestors, are now universally exploded: the inimitable satire of Cervantes has contributed not a little to bring them into disrepute; but however justly he may have ridiculed their many absurdities, yet, perhaps, we have too rashly adopted the contempt, which almost every one now professes for writings, from which it is certain that the greatest poets have derived many fine images; to which we are, probably, in a great measure, indebted for the FAIRY QUEEN of our admired Spenser, and which have been the foundation of the ORLANDO FURIOSO, that has procured to its author the appellation of DIVINE.

The Italians have among them many works of a similar nature with this poem, being accustomed to translate, or compose romances in the octavo stanza. Among others, Bernardo Tasso, the father of the great Torquato, published a free translation of the Amadis de Gaul, divided into one hundred cantos; but the much greater part of these performances

are not to be considered as rising to any degree of competition with Ariosto, being little else than wild stories of chivalry, with scarce any tincture of poetical imagery and expression; or heavy dull narratives of fiction without imagination, and of events without interest.

Most of these poems, or rather rhyming romances, are drawn from the current romances of the times; such as the history of king Arthur, and his round table, and the account of Merlin and his prophecies: but the chief of them are built on the romantic history of Charlemain, and the twelve peers of France, called Paladins; which was a title of honour given by Charlemain, to that number of valiant men belonging to his court, who employed their arms in defence of the faith. The principal of these was Orlando, the great hero of chivalry, whose fabulous atchievements filled all the books and provincial songs of that age. It is recorded, that when William the Conqueror marched with his Normans to engage Harold, at the memorable battle of Hastings, his soldiers animated each other by singing the popular ballad of the exploits of Roland, or Orlando.

Dr. Burney, in his elegant History of Music, a book not merely professional, as the title might seem to indicate, but full of general information, has presented us with a great literary curiosity in

this old military song, which he thus introduces: "Charlemain had a great passion for these heroic songs, and, like our Alfred, not only had them collected, but knew them by heart. One of these, in praise of Roland, the Orlando Innamorato, and the Furioso, of Boyardo, Berni, and Ariosto, was longer preserved than any of the rest. This, the French historians tell us, was begun at the battle of Hastings, by a knight called Taillefer, on whom this honour was conferred for his strong and powerful voice. Here he performed the office of herald minstrel at the head of the Norman army, and was among the first that fell in the onset." The song, to which I beg to refer the reader, so far as it is preserved, affords an admirable picture of the rough martial spirit of the times. I have here inserted one stanza, with the translation, that gives, though in a ludicrous vein, the exact character of Orlando, as drawn by the romance writers.

" Pour l'ennemi qui résistoit,

" Réservant toute son audace,

" A celui qui se foumettoit,

" Il accordoit toujours sa grace.

" L'humanité dans son grand cœur,

" Renaîsoit après la victoire,

" Et le soir même le vainqueur

" Au vaincu proposoit à boire."

P R E F A C E.

On stubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,
 And laid about him like a Tartar;
 But if for mercy once they squeak'd,
 He was the first to grant them quarter.
 The battle won, of Roland's soul,
 Each milder virtue took possession:
 To vanquish'd foes he o'er a bowl,
 His heart surrender'd at discretion.

"The song (says Dr. Burney) upon Roland, continued in favour among the French soldiers, so late as the battle of Poitiers, in the time of their king John, who, upon reproaching one of them with singing at a time when there was no Rolands left; was answered, That Rolands would be found if they had a Charlemain at their head*."

The romance of Charlemain is said to have been the production of a monk, about two hundred years after the time of that prince: to this story the author has prefixed the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, a prelate of reputation, who accompanied Charlemain in most of his expeditions, and is reported to have written his life; which work is supposed to be lost.

The most celebrated of the Italian poems of the romance kind, before Ariosto, are the MORGANTE MAGGIORE of Pulci, and the ORLANDO INNAMORATO of Boyardo. The first of these was pub-

* See Dr. Burney's History of Music, vol. ii. p. 375.

P R E F A C E.

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lished in the year 1488, and has its name from Morgante a giant, the principal personage of the poem, whom the poet converts to christianity, and makes the companion of Orlando in his adventures. This poem, which is of a very singular nature, concludes with the death of Orlando, and the defeat of the Christians in the valley of Ronsevalles; and is thought by some to be entirely a burlesque on the fables of the Paladins: but though many parts of it may appear to be ludicrous, yet others are undoubtedly serious, as the relation of Orlando's death, where that hero, before he departs from life, utters a very devout prayer, which surely no imagination can construe into ridicule. The Italians have indeed many burlesque poems, and among others, one entitled **RICCIARDETTO**, written about the year 1700, wherein the characters of Orlando, Rinaldo, and other heroes of romance, are introduced evidently to ridicule the actions related of them, which ridicule consists in carrying the fictions to the highest pitch of incredibility: Among other passages, the author describes a tree, the branches of which extended twenty miles round; at the foot of which was a damsel ready to be devoured by two toads, that are represented so large as to be capable of encountering with a whale. In another place, Orlandino and Rinalduccio, the sons of Orlando and Rinaldo, attack the dwelling of Death,

have a personal engagement with him, and by force take from him his scythe and darts. In fictions of this kind the intention of the poet is apparent; accordingly Ricciardetto is placed by Mr. Baretti among the mock Epics, while the poems of Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto are all ranked by him in the number of serious pieces.

Baillet, in his review of modern poets*, seems to have little knowledge of Pulci, and only quotes the opinion of Father Rapin, who affirms that Pulci, in his poem of Morgante, observes no propriety, and appears to have debauched his fancy by the perusal of books of chivalry. But Monnoye, in his notes on Baillet, delivers himself thus: "Luigi Pulci, was a Florentine, and undertook his Morgante at the instigation of Lucrece Tomobuoni, the mother of Laurence de Medicis. This extraordinary poem, which is in the octavo stanza, is divided into twenty-eight cantos: the author has observed no rules in the composition of his work, and this not from a designed neglect, as Vincentio Gravina professes to believe, but because he was entirely ignorant of them. He has, without any regard to the judgment of the critics, confounded time and place, united the serious with the comic, and made the giant, his hero, die in a burlesque manner, by the

* Jugemens des savans.

bite of a sea-crab in his heel; which event happens in the xxth canto, so that he is spoken of no more in the eight following. The beauty of his narrative, however, compensates for all his faults, and the lovers of the Florentine dialect are to this day delighted with the Morgante. Some writers attribute this poem to Politian, and affirm that Pulci had it from him; but this appears very improbable, as all the Italian poems, we have of Politian, are in a very different style."

Mr. Baretti, in his account of the manners and customs of Italy, speaks thus of Pulci: "It is reported by the biographer of Luigi Pulci, that this poet, who flourished about the year 1450, used often to sing long cantos extempore at the table of Laurence de Medicis. It is even pretended he afterwards put into writing many of those cantos, by the advice and assistance of Laurence himself, Argyropolo, Politian, Giambullari, Marsilius Ficinus, and other learned men, familiarly admitted to the table of that famous patron of learning; and that the Morgante Maggiore was thus formed, a long poem of the Epic kind, incoherent indeed and full of extravagancies, yet no less delightful than the Furioso itself."

But whatever merit Pulci may have with an Italian, he would be little relished by a mere English reader, to whom his fictions must appear highly extravagant, and his humour puerile and absurd: nor

indeed could we bear, what must appear to us an unaccountable mixture of religion, heroism, chivalry, and buffoonery. The exordium of his poem is almost word for word from the beginning of St. John's Gospel*, and every canto opens with a religious address, or allusion to some point of scripture, which unaccountable practice seems to have been pursued by most of these kind of romance writers of that age.

It is to be observed, that though many of the names in Pulci are the same in Boyardo and Ariosto, yet the actions of the first have no sort of connection with those of the last mentioned poets.

In the year 1496, Matteo Maria Boyardo, count of Scandiano, published his *ORLANDO INNAMORATO*, the subject of which is the falling in love of Orlando, and the great actions performed by him for Angelica, in various parts of the world, interspersed with the adventures of many other personages, most of whom afterwards make their appearance in the Furioso.

It is said by Castelvetro, that the names of Agramant, Sacripant, Gradasso, &c. given to the heroes of Boyardo's romance, were the real names of the vassals of that count, living in Scandiano, a principality of the Modenese.†

* In principio era il Verbo appresso a Dio,
Ed era Iddio il Verbo, e il Verbo lui, &c.

Morganâ Magg. C. i. St. 1.

† Jugemens des sçavans, see Monnoye's notes.

This may perhaps be the case with respect to many of the names made use of by him; but it cannot be so with Agramant, Orlando, Rinaldo, Olivero, and others, that are known to have been popular in the current romances of the times.

This work abounds with a great variety of entertaining incidents, Boyardo, being reckoned, by some, one of the greatest inventors that Italy ever produced, but as he was esteemed very inferior to Pulci, in point of language and versification, though far beyond him in other respects, Dominichi attempted to reduce his poem to better Italian; and about fifty years after Boyardo's death, Francesco Berni, the modern Catullus of Italy, undertook to versify it again, and published his *Rifacimento** of the *Orlando Innamorato*, which met with such general approbation, that the original poem was soon neglected, and at this time the genuine work of Boyardo is little attended to. Berni was not satisfied with making the versification of this poem better, he inserted many stanzas of his own, and changed almost all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each, after the manner of Ariosto, with some moral reflection arising from the subject.

Of the *Orlando Innamorato* no translation has appeared in English; and indeed, though it is a

* A new-making or new-modelling a work.

work highly entertaining in Berni's dress, it would scarce admit of a translation into English verse, the narrative descending to such familiar images and expressions, as would, by no means, suit the genius of our language and poetry. In the year 1716, the celebrated Le Sage, author of *Gil Blas*, published in French a prose translation, or rather paraphrase, under the title of *ROLAND L'AMOUREUX*, in which he has taken considerable liberties with his author, not only changing the order of the incidents, but very often altering the fables, retrenching from the Italian, and adding circumstances of his own, not observing, in this conduct, the example of Berni, who has religiously adhered to the stories, as related by Boyardo, and which have not received any improvement from the imagination of the French translator.

The poem of Orlando Innamorato, though very long, consisting of *LXIX* cantos, divided into three books, was left unfinished by the death of its author: several continuations were written by different persons, particularly one by Nicolo Agostini, in three books: but all these, being greatly inferior to Boyardo, were disregarded, till in the year 1515, Ariosto, having taken up the same subject, gave the world his *ORLANDO FURIOSO*, which not only eclipsed all the other continuators of Orlando, but greatly surpassed the performance of Boyardo himself.

The poems of Boyardo and Ariosto, taken together, form a complete series of events, and require little or no reference to other romance writers, to give the reader a perfect knowledge of their story. Ariosto, indeed, is intimately connected with the narrative of Boyardo in the general plan of his poem, and in the continuation of several under parts: but Boyardo does not appear, in one instance, to have taken up and continued any single story from another. It is however certain that these poets have derived their general fable from various books and poems on the wars of Charlemain, and the actions of his Paladins, and other subjects of chivalry; and that both have frequent allusions to incidents recorded in these books, and particularly in one apparently prior to Boyardo, entitled, "ASPRAMONTE, in cui si contiene le guerre di Re Guarnieri et Agolante contra Roma e Carlo Magno, e di altre guerre e battaglie, massime dello avvenimento d'Orlando e di molti altri Reali di Francia." This book is in XXIII cantos, in ottava rima, the date and author are altogether uncertain; but from many peculiarities of style and idiom, which strongly resemble the very early writers, it was probably written, if not before, about the time of Pulci; and the beginning of all the cantos have the same strange allusions to scripture doctrine and story as the Morgante. As to the performance itself, it may be classed with the greater part of the numerous

merous publications of the same nature, but will always retain a value from the consideration that it might have been the principal source of the *Orlando Innamorato* and *Furioso*.

With respect to the separate merits of Boyardo and Ariosto, Le Sage, in the preface to his translation, gives the following character of the two poets.

“ These authors have given a free scope to their imagination, which in both was equally noble and lively: if Boyardo has the merit of invention, Ariosto, in return, has every advantage of style and manner, and the copy is doubtless greatly superior to the original. Ariosto is far more polished, his diction is chaster, and he possesses all the elegance of language: his verses are strong and sonorous; his descriptions are admirable and often sublime. On the contrary, Boyardo is always grovelling and feeble: Ariosto, whether serious or pleasant, is every where entertaining, and preserves a degree of majesty even in his pleasantry: he is the only author, who has found out the art of blending the serious with the comic, and the heroic with the familiar; by which means he is truly original, and such an original, as no one has yet successfully imitated.”

I shall not enter upon the comparative merits of Tasso and Ariosto: the Italians, in general, give the preference to the *Orlando*, and other nations allot

the first place to the Jerusalem, which undoubtedly has the advantage with respect to unity of design, regularity of disposition, and dignity of subject: these poems are of so different a nature, that they will not admit of a comparison. Mirabaud, the French translator of the Jerusalem, observes, that this matter cannot be more judiciously discussed, than in the words of Horatio Ariosto, nephew to Ludovico, who, however biased to give the palm to his uncle, has delivered himself in the following manner.

“ We cannot easily enter upon a comparison of these two poets, who have not the least resemblance to each other: the stile of the one is throughout serious and elevated, that of the other is often simple and full of pleasantry. Tasso has observed the precepts of Aristotle; Ariosto has taken no guide but nature; Tasso, by subjecting himself to the unity of action, has deprived his poem of a considerable advantage derived from the multiplicity of events; whereas Ariosto, being freed from such restraint, has filled his with a number of incidents that are very delightful to the reader: these great poets have nevertheless both attained the same end, that of pleasing; but they have attained it by different means.”

Girafolo tells us, that from the first publication of his poem in 1515, to the year 1532, when he gave

gave an edition, with his last corrections and improvements, enlarged to the number of XLVI cantos, Ariosto was continually revising and altering it, occasionally applying to the first wits in Italy for their opinion and advice, such as Bembo, Melzo, Novagero, and others mentioned in his concluding book; and that, like Apelles, he submitted his work to the criticisms of all that would examine it.

Ariosto has been called by some a comic poet; but it should seem that such an opinion must be formed, for want of due attention to the several parts of his work, which is undoubtedly serious upon the whole, though occasionally diversified with many sallies of humour. But should we, on this account, deny Ariosto the essentials of Epic poetry, we must, with equal justice, refuse the tragic laurel to our own Shakespeare, because his plays are not pure tragedies. Our bard, in his dramatic representation, has drawn his whole picture from the natural world, where events are blended, and where not only the moral characters are varied, but where the same character is seen with very different aspect at different times*.

But whatever liberties we may allow an author like Ariosto, with respect to mixture of character or style, yet proverbial and ludicrous expressions, or

* See Dr. Johnson's Preface to Shakespeare.

vulgar images, immediately mixed with subjects of pathos, or elevation, must be ever disgusting. On this occasion the author of the Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, makes some excellent remarks, which he is led to from some passages of this kind introduced by Mr. Pope in his Temple of Fame.

Strokes of pleasantry and humour, and satirical reflections on the foibles of common life, are surely too familiar, and unsuited to a grave and majestic poem*. Such incongruities offend propriety, though I know ingenious persons have endeavoured to excuse them, by saying that they add a variety of imagery to the piece. This precept is even defended by a passage from Horace:

Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto†——

Sat. Lib. I. Sat. 10. v. 11.

* What is here said of an entire poem may equally be applied to any part of a poem that comes under this description.

† Now change from grave to gay with ready art,

Now play the orators' or poets' part :

In raillery assume a gayer air,

Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare.

FRANCIS.

But

to "But this judicious remark is, I apprehend, confined to æthic and preceptive kinds of writing, which stand in need of being enlivened with lighter images and sportive thoughts, and where finctures on common life may more gracefully be inserted. But in the higher kinds of poetry, they appear as unnatural and out of place, as one of the burlesque scenes of Hemskirke would do in a solemn landscape of Poussin.

"On the revival of literature the first writers seemed not to have observed any SELECTION in their thoughts and images. Dante, Petrarch, Boccacio, Ariosto, make very sudden transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous. Chaucer, in his Temple of Mars, among many pictures, has brought in a strange line :

The coke is scalded for all his long ladell.

Again,

As Æsop's dogs contending for the bone*.

"No writer has more religiously observed the decorum here recommended than Virgil†."

* Dryden has turned the first line thus :

And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.

But he has retained the second line.

† Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. i. page 410.

If we examine the poems of Boyardo and Ariosto, we shall find that the second, with respect to the epic part, the wars of Charlemain and Agramant, is not defective in point of unity, as it sets forth one great action, the invasion of France by the Saracens, and concludes with the victory of the Christians by the death or defeat of all the Pagan leaders, although this great action is broken and interrupted, from time to time, by an infinity of episodes and romantic adventures, artfully connected with each other and interwoven with the general fable. But Boyardo has no pretence to unity in any part of his vast and heterogeneous composition, which, beside the lesser incidents, consists of three distinct great actions: the Invasion of France by Gradassa, for the conquest of Durindana and Boyardo: the Siege of Albracca by Agrican king of Tartary, and the other enemies of Galaphron, and his daughter Angelica: and the Invasion of France by Agramant to revenge the death of Troyano.

But, notwithstanding Ariosto has undoubtedly a better claim to unity of action, and regularity of design, than his predecessor; yet it is very plain that he never intended to write a regular epic poem, but that he adopted the fashionable mode of that time: As an instance of the taste then prevalent for the wild and desultory narratives of romance, it is said, that when Bernardo Tasso conceived the design of

composing a poem from the Amadis de Gaul, he had at first reduced it to the plan of a regular epic, and in that state read part of it to his friends, who gave it so cool a reception, that he thought it adviseable to change his purpose, and treat his subject in the same manner as the other popular writers, or Romanzatori*.

Thus Ariosto, having undertaken to continue a well-known story, begun and left unfinished by Boyardo, was necessarily led to vary his narrative and diction, as the different subjects required: and therefore in him is to be found a greater variety of stile and manner, than perhaps in any other author.

From the romantic turn of this fable, and the motley character of his writing, many of the French critics, and some others, have been induced, in the cool phlegm of criticism, to pass the severest censures on Ariosto; but it will be seen that such censures are in general futile, being founded on the mistaken opinion, that the Orlando is to be tried by the rules of Aristotle, and the examples of Homer and Virgil: but as no writers of real taste, however strongly prejudiced with the idea of classic excellence, could peruse the Italian poem without sensibly feeling

* Romance writers in verse. See Preface to the AMADIGI of Bernardo Tasso.

its beauties, it follows that their observations often appear a contradictory mixture of praise and censure, of which the reader will have some idea from the following passages of Baillet, in his *Jugemens des savans* *.

“ It is a general received opinion in Italy, that the *Orlando Furioso* has entirely surpassed every performance that appeared before it, particularly the *Orlando* of Boyardo, and the *Morgante* of Pulci: the last by dignity of incidents and majesty of versification, and the former by completing and bringing to perfection the inventions of the count †. M. Rosteau gives it as his opinion, that the *Orlando Furioso* had no superior, or rival, till the *Godfrey of Tasso*, which appeared afterwards in the world.

“ Never was any other piece filled with so many and various events as the poem of Ariosto: the whole is a mixture of combats, enchantments, and grotesque adventures; and it is said, that the wits of Italy are still divided concerning the merits of this work, and the *Jerusalem Delivered*.

“ The *Orlando* seems to be a trophy raised from the spoils of every other Italian production, in which the author has neglected nothing that his genius or industry could supply him with, in order to enrich his poem, and give it the utmost perfection.

* *Poetes modernes* † Paul Jovius.

“ Father Rapin has discovered many blemishes in the Orlando Furioso *. In one part he finds that the poet has too much fire ; in another, that he is crowded with supernatural events, which are like the crude imaginations of a distempered brain, and which can never be admitted by men of sense, as bearing no resemblance of truth.

“ He says, besides, that his design is too vast without proportion or justness ; that his episodes are affected, improbable, injudiciously introduced, and often out of nature ; that his heroes are only Paladins, and that his poem breathes more an air of romantic chivalry, than a spirit of heroism.

“ In other places, he confesses that Ariosto is pure, elevated, sublime, and admirable in expression ; that his descriptions are master-pieces, but that he is altogether deficient in judgment ; that the beauty of his expression, joined to the other charms of his versification, has imposed upon the world, and so far dazzled our poets, as to prevent their discovering his many absurdities. “ His genius,” continues Rapin, “ resembles those fertile lands that produce, at the same time, weeds and flowers ; and though the several parts of his poem are very beautiful, yet the whole, when taken together, does not deserve the title of an Epic poem.”

* Reflect. critiq. sur la poësi.

P R E F A C E.

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Gravina, an Italian critic, of great taste and judgment, gives the following opinion of Ariosto: "After Boyardo, Ariosto took up the same story, but in a far more exalted strain of poetry, and gave a complete ending to the unfinished invention of his predecessor, interspersing every part of his narrative with strong and masterly pictures of the passions and habits of mankind, in so much, that the *Furioso* may be considered as an assemblage of all that actuates the human mind, love, hatred, jealousy, avarice, anger, and ambition, in their natural colours, with an infinity of examples of the punishments attendant upon vice. In Boyardo and Ariosto is to be seen the true system of honour known by the name of CHIVALRY. I shall not dwell upon the philosophical and theological doctrines in various parts of Ariosto's poem, particularly in the cantos where St. John and Aftolpho are introduced together. But this poet would not have attained his purpose, nor would posterity have found in him that lesson of instruction which is ever the province of poetry, if his work had only described the exalted scenes of life, and not descended sometimes to the familiar and common manners, that every rank and station might meet with correction or reproof. For as in Homer, likewise in Ariosto, the general sublimity of character does not exclude the introduction, though rare, yet

sometimes necessary, of personages of a lower order. To such a diversity of matter must be joined a diversity of style, which Ariosto has properly observed. In descriptions of dignity, the dignified style must be used; but where the passage approaches to common life, an humble phrase is required. In this respect Ariosto is superior to many, always rising and sinking with his subject. He is indeed reprehensible for the disagreeable breaks in his narrative, and for mingling sometimes, injudiciously, ludicrous reflections or licentious allusions with the most serious matter, for a strain of extravagant hyperbole, sometimes for the use of low and vulgar expressions, for his long and tedious digressions on the families of Ferrara, and on his mistresses. But such is the power of Ariosto, that while his work is perusing almost all his faults and blemishes are lost in the multitude of his excellencies*."

Among the modern writers, Voltaire has been very severe upon Ariosto, particularly in his essay on Epic poetry, where he speaks of him in the following invidious manner :

"Some readers (says he) will be surprized, that Ariosto is not placed among the Epic poets; but it will be proper to observe to them, that no one,

* Gravina della Regione poetica.

speaking of Tragedy, would mention l'AVARE or le GRONDEUR *; and whatever may be the opinion of some Italians, the rest of Europe will never place Ariosto on a level with Tasso, till Don Quixote is ranked with the Æneid, or Callot with Corregio."

The same Voltaire, who has so far degraded Ariosto in the above passage, has since delivered his sentiments very differently, in a work lately published †, from which, for the uncommonness of the subject, and the manner in which he has treated it, I shall translate such passages as immediately relate to the present enquiry.

"The Odysey of Homer," says he, "seems to have been the model of the Morgante, the Orlando Innamorato, and the Orlando Furioso; and, what rarely happens, the last of these poems is indisputably the best."

"The companions of Ulysses transformed to swine; the winds inclosed in a goat's-skin; musicians with tails of fishes, who devour those that approach them; Ulysses, who follows naked the chariot of a beautiful princess on her return from washing her garments; the same Ulysses, disguised like a beggar, requesting alms, and afterwards killing

* Two French Comedies.

† Questions sur l'Encyclopedie, published MDCCLXX. See the article EPOPEE.

all the suitors of his old wife, assisted only by his son and two servants; these are imaginations that have given rise to all the romances in verse, that have since been written on similar subjects.

“ But the romance of Ariosto is so extensive, so full of variety, so fruitful in every kind of beauty, that after having perused it, I have more than once found my appetite excited to begin it again; and yet I could never read a single canto of this poem in our prose translations: such are the charms of natural poetry!

“ What excited particularly my admiration in this wonderful performance, was the uncommon genius that seems to raise the author above his subject, which he treats with a kind of sportive negligence: he says the sublimest things with the utmost ease, and often concludes them with a stroke of refined and well-timed pleasantry. The Orlando Furioso is at once the Iliad, the Odyssæy, and the Don Quixote; for the principal knight-errant runs mad, like the Spanish hero, but is infinitely more entertaining. We are interested for Orlando, but we take no part in the fortune of Don Quixote, who is represented by Cervantes, as a madman, exposed to universal derision.

“ The Orlando Furioso has a merit altogether unknown to the writers of antiquity; which merit is exhibited in the openings of the several cantos.

Each

Each canto is an enchanted palace, the vestibule of which is always in a different style, sometimes majestic, sometimes simple, and sometimes grotesque. The poet is, by turns, moral, pleasant, and gallant, but never departs from truth and nature."

Voltaire, having then asserted that Ariosto equals Homer in his battles, and given some examples to support his assertion, proceeds thus:

"Ariosto has the peculiar talent of making a transition, from these descriptions of terror, to the most voluptuous pictures, and from these last he can, with equal ease, change his subject to the refined doctrines of morality: but the greatest art of the poet appears in his interesting us so strongly for his heroes and heroines, though they are so many and various: the pathetic incidents in his poem are almost equal in number to the grotesque adventures; and his reader is so pleasingly accustomed to this mixture, that the change steals upon him with the least seeming violence.

"I know not who it was that first propagated the pretended question of Cardinal Hippolito to the author;" "Messer Ludovico, dove havete pigliate tante coglionerie?" Signor Ludovico, where did you find so many absurdities? The cardinal ought rather to have said, "Dove havete pigliate tante cose divine?" Where did you find so many divine things?

"I for-

"I formerly durst not rank in the number of Epic poets one, whom at that time I considered as only the first of grotesque writers; but upon a more diligent perusal, I have found him to be as full of sublimity as pleasantry, and now make him this public reparation. It is indeed true, that Leo X. published a bull in favour of the Orlando Furioso, excommunicating all those who should presume to attack that poem; and I shall be very cautious how I incur the censure of such excommunication*."

Thus has this lively writer signed, as it were, a recantation of some of the errors of his poetical faith, in which perhaps it will appear, that he has no less exaggerated than he had before depreciated, the merits of Ariosto: however this example may serve to shew how little stability appears in the opinion of this very extraordinary genius, whose spirit so warmly animated his pen at such an advanced age, but whose writings more frequently appeal to the imagination, than judgment of his reader: I have formerly had occasion to combat some of his strictures on Tasso†; and we have a pregnant instance of his criticisms in his several attacks on Shakespeare, which have been exposed in a most

* See Life of Ariosto, for an examination into the story of this bull.

† See preface to the translation of Tasso.

elegant and judicious dissertation on the genius of that immortal poet*.

A remarkable letter remains of Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, in which there is this passage: "Ne fo io s'Aristotele nascesse a questo età e vedesse il vaghissimo poema del' Ariosto, conoscendo la forza del uso, e vedendo che tanto diletta, come l'esperienza si dimostra, mutasse opinione, e consentisse che si potesse far poema eroico di piu azione. Con la sua mirabil dottrina e giudizio, dandogli nova norma e prescrivuondogli novi leggi†.

Giuseppe Malatesta published a Dialogue on the New Poetry, or a Defence of the Furioso, and undertook to show, that this poem was composed agreeably to the several rules of poetry, and that it excelled the beauties of Homer and Virgil.

The only poem we have in English of the Gothic romance kind, is the FAIRY QUEEN of Spenser; a poet, whose story and style bear the nearest resemblance to Ariosto: the greatest difference of these two poets is, that the adventures of the Eng-

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare.

† I question if Aristotle had been born in our times to have seen the poem of Ariosto, and had experienced the wonderful delight afforded by the perusal, whether he would not have altered his sentiments, and agreed that an heroic poem might consist of more than one action, and whether his admirable judgment would not have extended the poetic licence, and given new laws for-epic poetry.

lish poet are supported by shadowy characters, that set forth one continued allegory; whereas the Italian author gives a narrative of incidents, in which an allegory is only occasionally introduced. Hughes, in the preface to his edition of Spenser's works, prefers the Fairy Queen on this account, alledging, that "though his fable is often wild, yet it is always emblematical." But, perhaps, upon appealing to the sensations of the reader, Ariosto may even, for this very reason, be found to have the preference; as it will admit of some doubt, whether the constant allegory does not considerably weaken the pathetic effect of the narrative: for what sympathy can we experience, as men, for the misfortunes of an imaginary being, whom we are perpetually reminded to be only the type of some moral, or religious virtue?

With regard to the fables contained in the Italian poets and the old romance writers, the same critic before cited has the following observations, containing an opinion which had been started before by Gravina.

"The writers of the old romances, from whom Ariosto and Spenser have borrowed so largely, are supposed to have had copious imaginations; but may they not be indebted for their invulnerable heroes, their monsters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleasure, their winged steeds, and the like, to the
Echidna,

Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phryxus, to the Bellerophon of the ancients? The cave of Polypheme might furnish out the ideas of their giants, and Andromeda might give occasion for stories of distressed damsels on the point of being devoured by dragons, and delivered at such a critical season by their favourite knights. Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive through the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impossible but these have been the parents of the Genii in the eastern, and the Fairies in the western world. To say that Amadis and Sir Tristan have a classical foundation, may at first sight appear paradoxical; but if the subject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think that the wildest chimeras in these books of chivalry, with which Don Quixote's library was furnished, would be found to have a close connexion with ancient mythology*.

But although Ariosto's poem is acknowledged to be defective in plan and regularity, yet every particular beauty of the highest species of poetry is to be found in the several parts of it, in which respect Boyardo is greatly deficient, who seldom attains more than to amuse the imagination by the pleasing

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. ii. page 3.

variety of his fictions. But I must not here omit to take notice of one noble passage in the *Innamorato*, where the encounter of Orlando and Agrican is compared to the meeting of two thunder clouds. Our great Milton has the same simile in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, when Satan and Death prepare to engage. The *Orlando Furioso* may be considered as an Epic, formed on the manners of chivalry. Where the subject of Ariosto rises, Tasso does not appear with greater dignity.

All the battles and single combats in Ariosto are excellent: in the last he is greatly superior to Tasso, and indeed to most other poets; for in this respect there appears some defect even in the poems of Homer and Virgil, in which there are few good descriptions of this kind. Our own countryman, Spenser, has succeeded best in these passages, for which perhaps he is not a little indebted to the Italian.

Though the general battles of the *Iliad* and *Æneid* are supported with wonderful fire, and every circumstance of terror inimitably introduced to keep the mind suspended and anxious for the event, yet those great poets do not seem to have attended in the same manner, to the single encounters of their heroes, the issue of which, being generally soon determined, or at least foreseen, seldom raises much anxiety for the fate of the combatants. Virgil, it
is

is true, has improved upon Homer, and the last important action, between Æneas and Turnus, in the xiith book, is conducted with more judgment than any single combat in the Iliad.

Homer, indeed, introduces the duel between Hector and Ajax with unexampled sublimity: but when combatants meet, how soon is the conflict over, and how little are the readers kept in suspense!

Tasso has imitated this combat, with its attendant circumstances; and however he may fall short of his great original in some parts, he certainly has the advantage with respect to such particulars as tend to aggrandize the valour of his heroes.

I shall produce one more instance from Homer to support the foregoing assertion. When the mind has been long prepared for an engagement between the two great heroes of the poem, how must the expectation be excited from the idea of such a combat! But here, I believe, every unprejudiced reader will confess his disappointment, where Hector is represented flying at the mere sight of Achilles; and when, after having been thrice chased round the walls of Troy, he turns, at the instigation of Pallas, to engage his enemy, how little appears the prowess of the gallant Hector, who had so often stood the bulwark of his country; of that Hector who, notwithstanding the united efforts of an army,
had

had set fire to the grecian fleet, and whom the poet
had opposed to Neptune himself!

The last combat of Tancred and Argantes in the sixth book of the Jerusalem, excels every similar passage in the Iliad or Æneid; in the Italian poet the mind is kept in suspense for the event; and the several turns of fortune, between the two combatants, are well imagined: at the same time it must be confessed, that Tasso has not always shewn equal judgment; he has sometimes, through a partial reverence for the examples of antiquity, followed his Greek master to a fault; amongst other instances, the death of Soliman by the hand of Rinaldo, in the sixth book, must in some sort offend the reader, like that of Hector by Achilles.

If we peruse Ariosto attentively, we shall find him free from every objection of this kind: his great art, in these rencounters, is to keep up the attention between hope and fear, and when he has involved the reader in distress for the danger of some favourite warrior, he, by an unexpected turn, relieves the anxiety he has raised, and gives victory to the seemingly conquered party.

Nor will our poet be found deficient in the tender and pathetic, which every reader of taste must acknowledge, when he peruses the stories of Zerbino and Brandimart, the episode of Cloridan and Medoro, and more especially the detail of Orlando's

3 madnefs

madness in the *xxi*id Book, wherein the author has displayed the most intimate acquaintance with the human heart.

From the general plan of Ariosto's fable, which admits the agency of necromancers, witches, spirits and other preternatural powers, it will be easily expected, that the marvellous should be carried to an excessive length; and yet many of his fictions are not more incredible than those of the Greek and Latin poets. The metamorphosis of the ships to nymphs, in the *Æneid*, is as violent a machine as the leaves to ships in the *Orlando*. The stories of the Italian poet are not more extravagant, than the legendary tales of the saints, which were currently believed in his time, and are still objects of faith with the vulgar. Yet let it not be supposed, that this apology for Ariosto, which respects the times in which he wrote, is meant as a general defence for such kind of fictions, critically, or even poetically considered, for some of these the warmest of Ariosto's admirers must give up as not to be defended.

Yet, while we candidly allow the force of objection to such passages of Ariosto, as are justly reprehensible, let us not adopt the fastidious pedantry of those French critics, who having little taste for the works of imagination of other nations, and no examples of such in their own, were continually

declaiming against the false style, extravagant conceits, and absurd fictions, of the Italian poets, principally Ariosto and Tasso. Father Bohours, in many respects an excellent and judicious critic, has undoubtedly produced several exceptionable passages in their writings; but has too hastily given the following most extraordinary censure of Ariosto: “ * De l’humeur dont vous êtes (repliqua Phalante) vous n’approuveriez pas ce que dit l’Arioste d’un de ses heros, qui dans la chaleur du combat, ne s’étant pas apperçu qu’on l’avoit tué, il combattit toujours vaillamment tout mort qu’il étoit.”

Il pover’ huomo, ed non s’en era accorto,

Andava combattendo ed era morto †.

This criticism, with the quotation undoubtedly made from memory, has been implicitly taken up by many, and produced as an example of the absurdity of the Italian poets in general, and of Ariosto in particular: but the truth is, no such lines are to be found in the whole poem of Orlando Furioso, nor was Ariosto capable of a fiction so truly ridiculous, as only to deserve a place in a burlesque composition. The passage that gave rise to this remark of Father Bohours is in Berni’s *Rifacimento* of Boy-

* Maniere de bien penser.

† The Poor man, not perceiving what had happened to him, went on fighting, and he was dead.

ardo,

ardo, and is entirely his own, there being not the least foundation for it in the original work in Boyardo. The whole stanza runs thus :

Onde ora avendo a traverso tagliato
 Questo Pagan, lo fe sì destramente,
 Che l'un pezzo in su l'altro suggellato
 Rimase, senza muoversi niente :
 E come avvien', quand uno è rescaldato,
 Che le ferite per allor non sente,
 Così colui del colpo non accorto,
 Andava combattendo ed era morto.

Orland. Innam. L. ii. C. xxiv. S. 60.

He with his falchion aim'd so well the blow,
 And sever'd with such art the Pagan foe,
 That still, as one, the separate parts adher'd,
 And still, entire, unhurt, the man appear'd :
 And as the limbs, while warm in action, feel
 No sense of anguish from the wounding steel ;
 So the fierce knight, with vigour yet unbroke,
 Fought on, tho' dead, unconscious of the stroke.

The champion who gave this wonderful stroke was Orlando, with his sword Durindana.

But if we consider that part of Ariosto's fable, which, independent of supernatural agents, and visionary beings, exhibits merely a view of general manners so totally repugnant to the present system of political and social life, we shall find the picture much nearer than we imagined to the early times of feudal violence and oppression ; and with respect

to many descriptions in those writers, who are generally suppose, to give us a world of their own creation, I beg to quote the following passage:

“ The fictions of the Gothic romances were not so remote from credibility as they are now thought. In the full prevalence of the feudal institution, when violence desolated the world, and every baron lived in a fortress, forests and castles were regularly succeeded by each other, and the adventurer might very suddenly pass from the gloom of woods, or the ruggedness of moors, to seats of plenty, gaiety, and magnificence. Whatever is imaged in the wildest tale, if giants, dragons, and enchantments be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried amidst his terror and uncertainty, to the hospitality and elegance of Raafay and Dunvegan*.”

The same writer, having described the nature of the castles and fortified places, formerly in use in the islands of Scotland, proceeds thus: “ These castles afford another evidence, that the fictions of romantic chivalry had, for their basis, the real manners of the feudal times, when every lord of a feignory lived in his hold lawless and unaccountable, with all the licentiousness and insolence of uncon-

* A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, p. 174.

tested superiority and unprincipled power. The traveller, whoever he might be, coming to the fortified habitation of a chieftain, would probably have been interrogated from the battlements, admitted with caution at the gate, introduced to a petty monarch, fierce with habitual hostility, and vigilant with ignorant suspicion; who, according to his general temper, or accidental humour, would have seated a stranger as his guest at the table, or as a spy confined him to the dungeon*."

The characters of Ariosto are powerfully delineated, and admirably sustained; and however he may offend in the probability of his action, his pictures of the affection of the mind have the clearest historical truth. Let the reader of imagination, and only such readers are qualified to taste the beauties of Ariosto, when he opens his book, allow him in full force the ideas of chivalry and magic, and he will find infinite touches of nature in the manners of his heroes and heroines, with a discrimination and variety rarely to be excelled.

"Ariosto (says a late writer) pleases; but not by his monstrous and improbable fictions, by his bizarre mixture of the serious and comic styles, by the want of coherence in his stories, or by the continual interruptions in his narration. He charms

* A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, p. 364.

by the force and clearness of his expression, by the readiness and variety of his inventions, and by his natural pictures of the passions, especially of the gay and amorous kind *."

No one seems to have been more powerfully impressed with the merits of Ariosto than an elegant poet of our own time, who, in taking a review of the several epic writers, where, in a most spirited manner, he asserts the superiority of genius and fancy over rule and system, has characterised the author of Orlando Furioso in the following animated lines.

Indignant Fancy, who with scorn survey'd
The sleepy honours to proud System paid,
Smiling to see that on her rival's brow
The poppy lurk's beneath the laurel bough,
Resolv'd in sportive triumph to display
The rich extent of her superior sway ;
From Necromancy's hand, in happiest hour,
She caught the rod of visionary power ;
And, as aloft the magic wand she rais'd,
A peerless Bard with new effulgence blaz'd,
Born every law of System to disown,
And rule by Fancy's boundless power alone.
High in mid air, between the moon and earth,
The Bard of pathos now, and now of mirth,
Pois'd with his lyre between a griffin's wings,
Her sportive darling ARIOSTO sings.

* HUME, Dissertation iv.

As the light cloud, whose varying vapours fly,
 Driven by the zephyr of the evening sky,
 Fixes and charms the never-wearied view,
 By taking every shape and every hue;
 So, by Variety's supreme controul,
 His changeful numbers charm the willing soul:
 Enchanted by his song, Attention sits,
 With features catching every cast by fits,
 Like the fond infant, in whose tender brain
 Young Sensibility delights to reign;
 While rapid Joy and Pain each other chase,
 Through the soft muscles of its April face.
 In vain the slaves of System would discard
 From Glory's classic train this airy bard;
 Delighted Nature her gay favour crown'd,
 And Envy's clamour in her plaudit drown'd.
 Severe Morality, to censure mov'd,
 His wanton lyre with juster blame reprov'd;
 But his sweet song her anger so beguil'd,
 That ere she finish'd her reproof, she smil'd.

HAYLEY'S Essay on Ep. Poet. Ep. iii.

But whatever may be the power of Ariosto in the original, a translator will find great difficulties; and considerable liberties are to be allowed him, if he is expected to make his author graceful to an English reader. The great praise of Ariosto, amongst the intelligent of his countrymen, is simplicity of expression, and purity of diction; and it is universally allowed, that no author had ever a more absolute command of his own language. There is a certain easy negligence in his muse that often as-

fumes a playful mode of expression, incompatible with the nature of our present poetry, though some few examples of the kind may be met with in our old poets, particularly Spenser, who has adopted much of Ariosto's manner. To this it may be added, that the Italian appears to run into rhyme with a facility altogether unknown to us, which may be seen from what has been related of Pulci, on which subject I shall give a remarkable passage from Mr. Baretti, in the book before quoted.

“ Among the general characteristics of the Tuscans, I have already touched upon their love of poetry; and, what is altogether singular in them, their common custom of *improvvisare*; that is, of singing verses extempore to the guitar, and other stringed instruments. I can aver that it is a very great entertainment, and what cannot fail of exciting very great surprise, to hear two of their best *improvvisatori et cantare pares et respondere parati*, and eager to excel, expatiate in ottava rima, upon any subject moderately susceptible of poetical amplification. Several times have I been astonished at the rapidity of their expressions, the easiness of their rhymes, the justness of their numbers, the copiousness of their images, and the general warmth and impetuosity of their thoughts; and I have seen crowds of listeners hurried, as well as myself, into a vortex of delight, if I may so express it, whose
motion

motion acquired more and more violence as the bards grew more and more inflamed by the repeated shoutings of the by-standers, and by the force of the opposition, which each encountered from his antagonist."

It is this ease, blended with occasional strength, that gives unspeakable grace and variety to the narratives of Ariosto; and an English translator will have frequent reason to regret the more rigid genius of his language, that rarely permits him, in this respect, to attempt even an imitation of his author. It will therefore be found, upon comparing this version with the original, that some parts are shortened, and that the style of others has been varied, retaining at the same time what was thought requisite to preserve the character of the writer, for which reason I have not omitted the puerile conceits at the end of his books, as they do not in the least affect the general merit of the work.

Concerning the compliments to the house of Este, which occur in different parts of the poem, I have endeavoured to take off from the dryness of the subject, by giving in the notes a concise account of the Italian history and families alluded to. But there is a heavy charge against Ariosto, to which no defence can be made; which is, that he sometimes gives himself up to an unwarrantable licentiousness of idea and language: however, it is hoped,

hoped, that every passage of this nature, is so far softened in the translation, as to give no just cause of offence.

As the far greater part of my readers must be supposed acquainted with the work on which this poem is immediately founded, I have thought it expedient to prefix to the *FURIOSO* a general view of Boyardo's principal story, as connected with Ariosto, and to insert in the notes an account of every adventure referred to in the former poem.

The reader will observe that Ariosto generally breaks off his stories abruptly, after the manner of Boyardo, and other romantic writers, in which practice he has been followed by Spenser. Some Italian writers have applauded this method, as tending to excite and keep up the attention, and prevent satiety, by a continual variation of the subject; as the poet himself says:

“ Come raccende il gusto il mutare esca ;
Così mi par, che la mia istoria, quanto,
Or quà, or là piu variata, sia,
Meno, a chi l'udirà noisa sia.”

“ As at the board, with plenteous viands grac'd,
Cate after cate excites the sickening taste ;
So while my muse repeats her vary'd strains,
Tale following tale the ravish'd ear detains.”

Book xiii.

But perhaps the generality of readers will, with Gravina*, be rather disgusted to have their curiosity so frequently raised, and almost as constantly disappointed, and that, sometimes, in the most critical and interesting part: it is likewise to be feared that these repeated breaks, by blending the adventures with each other, must rather tend to perplex and embarrass the story; though we cannot but admire the art of the poet, in connecting such an immense variety of incidents, and bringing them at last to one point. I have, therefore, set down the several continuations, after the example of some of the Italian editors, which method has likewise been pursued by Sir John Harrington in his translation.

It will be proper, in this place, to say something of the five cantos printed after Ariosto's death, in addition to the forty-six cantos of the Orlando Furioso, and concerning which there have been different opinions amongst his own countrymen of the intention of the poet. Some have supposed that they were meant to have been incorporated with his great work; but such opinion must surely be erroneous, since the first of these additional cantos opens after Rogero had been converted to Christianity, and was made one of the Paladins of Charlemain, circumstances that certainly point out

* See page 24.

the conclusion of the *Furioso*. Others have, with much more reason, judged these five cantos to be the beginning of an entire new work, continued from the subject of the former: and by some writers, among whom is Porcacchi, it has been doubted, whether these cantos were the genuine production of Ariosto, to whom, however, the generality of his biographers, without scruple, give them; but it seems to be agreed by all, that they are very inferior in composition, and elegance of style, to his celebrated poem; nor are they ever quoted or referred to by any writer, as so frequently happens with respect to the *Furioso*. Some have thought that they were the work of his earlier years. It is certain that the fable appears very uninteresting after a perusal of the *Furioso*, and the fiction most absurdly extravagant, where he brings Rogero into the belly of a whale, when he meets with a hermit, who had been there forty years, and who relates to him, that all who had escaped from Alcina, were sooner or later imprisoned in this monster. Here he meets with Astolpho, and sees a church and dwelling for the inhabitants, all in the belly of the whale. On considering these five posthumous cantos, in which the story is brought to no conclusion, I am almost tempted to subscribe to the following judicious sentiments of Sir John Harrington: "For the five cantos that follow *Furioso*, I am partly

partly of opinion they were not his, both because methinke they differ in sweetnesse of style from the other, and beside it is not likely that a man of his judgment, having made so absolute a piece of worke as his Furioso is, and having brought every matter to a great and well-pleasing conclusion, would, as it were, marre all again, and set them all by the ears, and bring Rogero in the whale's belly, and Astolpho with him for company, that a little before were conquerors of the world *."

If novelty be any recommendation of the work now offered to the Public, an English Ariosto may have that to plead, notwithstanding any translation that has yet appeared. We have indeed two versions of the Orlando Furioso, the first of which, by Sir John Harrington, before-mentioned, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that Princess, is little known; the copies are become very scarce, and the genius of the performance, whatever merit it might claim at the time of the publication, affords no wittle encouragement to multiply them by a new impression. The last translation, sent into the world, was professedly given by its author as a literal version, the very idea of which will necessarily exclude the thought of its being generally read as an English book, of which every one

* Harrington's Life of Ariosto.

will judge, who is acquainted with the different idioms of the two languages.

Although this poem, like all the Italian writings of the kind, is written in the octave stanza, the present translation will be found, in that respect, to differ from the two first, which are rendered in the same form of versification as the Italian. I am aware that it has been, and is still the opinion of some, whose judgment claims no little deference, that the English couplet is improper for a work of this nature, and that the stanza is the only manner suitable to romance: to which it may be answered that the Italians, who made use of the first, applied it, and still continue to apply it, to the highest kind of poetry; it is therefore to be considered as their heroic style: It was not only used by Pulci, Boyardo and Ariosto, in their compositions of the Gothic fiction, but is employed by Tasso in his truly Epic poem of the Jerusalem; and by many of the Italian writers in their translations of the Greek and Roman poets, which, I believe, few other modern translators would think of rendering in the stanza. The genius of our heroic verse admits of a great variety; and we have examples of very different species of writing, in the works of Dryden, and Pope, from the sublime style of Homer and Virgil, to the familiar narratives of Boccace and Chaucer.

But

But of all the various styles used by our best poets, none seems so well adapted to the mixed and familiar narrative as that of Dryden in his last productions, known by the name of his Fables, which, by their harmony, spirit, ease, and variety of versification, exhibit an admirable model for a translator of Ariosto.

In referring to the several commentators, I have been cautious how far I adopted their allegorical interpretations; as the temper of that class of writers frequently leads them to trace but a meaning, which the poet himself was a stranger to: that allegory, which requires explanation, is certainly defective; and it is notorious, that an inventive genius can convert the plainest narrative into mystery, as Tasso has done by his Jerusalem, to which he has prefixed an allegory that renders the whole poem as completely visionary as the Fairy Queen of Spenser.

Should the English reader become more acquainted with this celebrated Italian, he will find the Orlando no bad elucidation of the Don Quixote of Cervantes, as a great part of the customs, at least the general genius of chivalry, may be learnt from it, without the drudgery of travelling through the old romances.

Though it is not here recommended that any one should imitate the extravagances of the Italian writers,

ters, yet while the enthufiastic fpirit, that hurries away the reader, continues to be regarded as the glorious criterion of true poetry, every follower of the Mufes will find ample fubject for admiration in the perufal of the Orlando Furiofo of Ariofto, an author, whom, with all his faults, Dryden acknowledges to have been a GREAT POET; an author, lately included in the higheft praife of creative genius by one of our firft critics, who thus describes that general effect from which the power of every poet ought to be eftimated. “Works of imagination excel by their allurements and delight; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain which the reader throws away. He only is the mafter who keeps the mind in pleafing captivity; whofe pages are perufed with eagernels, and in hope of new pleafure are perufed again; and whofe conclufion is perceived with an eye of forrow, fuch as the traveller cafts upon departing day.”

THE
LIFE
OF
ARIOSTO:

EXTRACTED FROM

*PIGNA, FORNARI, GARAFOLO, MAZZUCHELLI,
AND OTHERS.*

SOME authors, though with little authority, maintain, that the Ariosti derive their original from the Aristi, or Arioлисти: it is, however, certain that this family was very ancient in Bologna, where it had flourished in great estimation, when Obizzo III. marquis of Este, married Lipa Ariosta, a lady of excellent beauty and rare accomplishments, who, accompanying her husband to Ferrara, took with her several of her relations, and first established the house of the Ariosti in that place.

VOL. I.

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Among

Among other branches of the name, lived Nicolo and his brothers, men of great consideration in Ferrara: Nicolo not only filled, under Hercules and Borso, dukes of Ferrara, the most important posts in the city, but was chosen to the government of Rheggio and Modena, and several times sent ambassador to the pope, the emperor, and the king of France: but nothing contributed more to deliver his name down to posterity, than being the Father of Ludovico.

While he was in the government of Rheggio, in Lombardy, he espoused Daria de Malaguzzi, a lady of wealth and family, descended from one of the first houses in Rheggio. By this marriage he had five sons, Ludovico, Gabriele, Carlo, Galasso, and Alessandro; and the same number of daughters. Ludovico was born on the eighth of September, in the year 1474, in the fortress of Rheggio, where his father was governor; as Galasso and Alessandro were born while he was in the government of Modena. These sons were all well accomplished, and, for their many excellent qualities, patronized by several princes. Gabriele gave himself up to literary pursuits, and is said to have arrived at great excellence in Latin poetry, but to have been too close an imitator of Statius: he died at Ferrara. Carlo, who was of a disposition more inclined to dissipation and gaiety, led the life of a courtier, and died at the court

court of Naples. Galasso embraced the profession of the Church, was employed in several important offices, and, at last, ended his days, ambassador from the duke of Ferrara, at the court of Charles V. Alessandro, who was of an inquisitive and enterprising genius, having spent great part of his time in visiting foreign countries, at last finished his life in Ferrara.

To return to Ludovico, the subject of our present enquiry ; as he was the first-born of his father's children, so he is reported to have surpassed the rest in the endowments of the mind ; giving, from his tender years, uncommon presage of a future genius. Being yet in his rudiments, he composed a kind of tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, which he caused to be represented by his brothers and sisters.

He applied himself very early to the study of the Latin, in which he made greater progress than almost any one of his age ; and, in the very beginning of his studies, he composed and recited an elegant oration in that language, which gave the highest expectations of him. Tito Strozza, a man of great learning and consummate knowledge, took particular delight to hear him, and to propose difficult questions for his solution ; often encouraging a dispute, on literary subjects, between him and Hercu-

les his son, a youth whose age and studies agreed with Ariosto.

But it happened to our Poet, as to Ovid, Petrarch, Tasso, and others, that his father Nicolo, having little taste for literature, and therefore disinclined to encourage his son in pursuing the bent of his genius, was rather desirous, that, as his eldest-born, he should endeavour to establish his fortune in the world, by taking some lucrative profession; and sent him to Padua, to apply himself to the study of the Civil Law, under Angelo Castrinse and Il Maino; in which employment he spent five years, highly disagreeable to one of his disposition: which circumstance he laments in one of his satires addressed to Bembo.

Ahi lasso! quando ebbi al Pegaseo melo

L'età disposta, e che le fresche guancie

Non si vedeano ancor fiorir du'n pelo;

Mio padre mi cacciò con spiedi e lancie,

(Non che con sproni) a volger testi e chiose;

E m'occupò cinque anni in quelle ciancie.

Ere yet my cheeks were fledg'd with rising down,

When, smit with love of verse, I sought renown

On sweet Parnassus' hill; my sire's command

Compell'd me to forsake that happy land,

And chain'd me five long years to hear disputes

Of brawling lawyers and litigious suits.

Satire vi.

So

So Ovid complains that his father compelled him
to study the law : *De Tristibus, Lib. iv. Eleg. x.*

*At mihi jam puero cœlestia sacra placebant,
Inque suum furtim Musa trahebat opus.
Sæpè Pater dixit, Studium quid inutile tentas ?
Mœonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.
Motus eram dictis : totoque Helicone relicto,
Scribere conabar verba soluta modis.
Sponte suâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat.*

While yet a boy, sweet verse my genius fir'd ;
The secret Muse her pleasing task inspir'd.
My fire oft cry'd, 'This useless trade give o'er ;
For Homer left behind no golden store.
Mov'd at his words, I Pindus' hill resign'd,
And strove to write, by metre unconfin'd :
In vain—the Muse spontaneous verse bestow'd,
And all I wrote in tuneful numbers flow'd.

Milton, in like manner, desires his father to let him
pursue the Muses :

*Tu, tamen, ut simules teneras odisse camœnas
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulges spes aurea nummi :
Nec rapis ad legis, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec infulsis damnas clamoribus aures.*

Ad Patrem.

Thou canst not sure the gentle Muses hate,
Or bid me change, O fire! my peaceful state,

To tread the fordid paths, that open lies
To fields of wealth, where golden harvests rise.
Thou wilt not force me to th' ungrateful bar,
Where ill-kept laws supply the constant jar ;
Or fix me there, long tedious days, to hear
Those sounds of discord to a poet's ear.

But although Ariosto durst not openly disobey his father, he could not so far conquer his inclinations, but that, during the course of this time, he found leisure to peruse many authors, particularly French and Spanish romances, with which languages he was well acquainted, having translated two or three of these authors himself into his native tongue ; of which kind of performances he availed himself in his future works, making use of every beauty that occurred in these wild productions of imagination. Nicolo, at last, perceiving the aversion his son had to the profession of the law, and the little progress he made therein, resolved no longer to combat his desires, but permit him to obey the strong propensity of genius, which evidently pointed to what Nature had designed him. This indulgence of Nicolo is said to have been, in a great degree, owing to the good offices of Pandolfo Ariosto, a youth of excellent endowments, and a near kinsman to Ludovico.

Ludovico, being now left at liberty, applied himself with unwearied assiduity to recover the advantages

tages he had necessarily lost. He had now put himself, at the age of twenty, under the tuition of Gregorio de Spoleti, a person of admirable taste, and well versed in the Latin and Greek tongues, who then resided in the family of Rinaldo of Este, at Ferrara. Gregorio, observing the avidity with which Ariosto applied himself to study, took every possible care to cultivate his genius; and, by his instructions, his pupil soon made himself master of the most excellent Latin authors, particularly the poets, among whom Horace appears to have been his favourite. He explained many difficult and obscure parts in that author, which were never before understood. His intention was, in like manner, to have gone through a course of Greek literature; but as he was first desirous of perfecting himself in the Latin, he suddenly lost the assistance of his preceptor Gregorio, who was constrained to take a journey into France, at the desire of Isabella, daughter to Alphonso of Naples, as tutor to her son; where he soon after died, to the inexpressible grief of Ariosto.

About the same time died Nicolo Ariosto, the father of Ludovico, leaving behind him a numerous offspring. Ariosto, then only twenty-four years of age, found himself at once involved in the cares of a family, and obliged to take upon himself the management of domestic concerns, to introduce his

brothers into the world, provide fortunes for his sisters, and, in every respect, supply to them the place of a father, who had left them but a very slender patrimony.

Mi more il padre e da Maria il pensiero
 Drieto a Marta bisogna ch'io rivolga,
 Chi'o muti in squarci e in vacchette Omero;
 Trovi marito e modo che si tolga
 Di casa una sorella e un' altra appresso,
 E che' l'eredita non se ne dolga:
 Co' piccioli fratelli a' quai successo
 Ero in luoco di padre far l'uffizio
 Che debito e pieta m' avea commesso.

My father dead, I took the father's part,
 And chang'd for household cares the Muse's art;
 For tuneful verse, each thoughtful hour I spent,
 To husband well the little heaven had sent:
 Each sister claim'd, by turns, my guardian hand,
 To watch their youth, and form their nuptial band:
 While piety and love my heart engage,
 To rear my helpless brethren's tender age.

Satire vi.

He was now so wholly engrossed by a multiplicity of cares, as not only to give over his intended prosecution of the Greek language, but almost to abandon the Latin, which he had but lately recovered, had not Pandolfo Ariosto so far stimulated him, that he still continued, in some degree, his studies; till death deprived him of so pleasing a companion.

panion. Yet all these disappointments did not so much damp the vigour of his genius, but that he gave signal proofs of an excellent vein of poetry. He had now attained the age of twenty-nine years, and had acquired an uncommon reputation for his Latin verses, and numerous poems and sonnets full of spirit and imagination. His conversation was coveted by men of the greatest learning and abilities; insomuch that Cardinal Hippolito of Este, whose court was a receptacle for the most admired personages of the age, received him into his service, where he continued fifteen years; during which time, his mind being always intent on the muses, he formed a design of writing a poem of the romance kind; in which no one had yet written with the dignity of which the subject was capable. The happy versatility of his genius was such, that he could equally adapt himself to every species of poetry; and an Italian writer of his life observes, that whatever he wrote, seemed, at the time, to be his particular study.

At about thirty years of age he began his Orlando; and Cardinal Bembo, to whom he communicated his design, would have dissuaded him from writing in Italian, advising him to cultivate the Latin; to which Ariosto answered, that he would rather be the first among the Tuscan writers, than scarcely the second among the Latin. At the same time,

time, it fortunately happened, that he had already written some stanzas of his Orlando; which communicating to several of his friends, he met with such encouragement, that he determined vigorously to prosecute his design. It may be here observed, that Dante, at first, intended to have written his Poem in Latin; and actually composed some initial lines in that language.

He chose the subject of Boyardo, which was well known to all; and being left unfinished, had strongly excited the reader's curiosity, to see the end of a story so artfully begun. In the same manner, Virgil, of whom Ariosto appears a great imitator, formed his *Æneid* as a kind of sequel to the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. And it may be remarked, that by adopting the fictions of Boyardo, Ariosto had not only an opportunity of bringing the romance of the Count to a conclusion, but of celebrating, under the person of Rogero, the family of his patron.

Ariosto had proposed to write a poem in terza rima* (like Dante), in praise of the House of Este, different from the *Furioso*; but not being satisfied with the work, he laid it aside, and pursued the de-

* Of this terza rima of the Italians, the English reader will have a full idea, from the three cantos of the *INFERNO* of Dante, translated with wonderful spirit and fidelity by Mr. Hayley, notwithstanding the confinement and difficulty of the metre. See Essay on Epic poetry, Note to Epistle iii.

sign of his Furioso, in ottava rima. The intended poem began thus :

Cantero l'armi, cantero 'gli affanni
D'amor, che un cavalier fottenne gravi
Peregrinando in terra e in mar molt' anni, &c.

I sing of arms, and sing the pains of love,
And all the toils a suffering hero bore,
Long destin'd far o'er land and sea to rove, &c.

In order to pursue his studies with less interruption, he chose the situation of Rheggio, retiring to a pleasant villa, belonging to Sigismundo Malaguzzi, his kinsman, where he spent his leisure in the prosecution of his principal design. In one of his satires he gives the following agreeable sketch of his retreat :

Gia mi fur' dolci inviti a empir le carte

I luoghi ameni, di che il nostro Rheggio

Il natïo nido mio n'ha la sua parte :

Il tuo Mauritian sempre vagheggio

La bella stanza, e'l Rodano vicino,

Da le Naiade amato ombroso seggio :

Il lucido vivaio, onde il giardino

Si cinge intorno, il fresco rio che corre

Rigando l'erbe, ove poi fa il molino.

Non mi si po de la memoria torre

Le vigni, e i solchi del secondo Iacco,

Le valle e'l colle e la ben posta torre.

Blest be the time, when, from the world retir'd,
Fair Rheggio's peaceful scenes my muse inspir'd :

Nurse

Nurse of my infant years! Remembrance views
 Thy pleasing seats, and every charm renews :
 I see where Rhodan's tide delightful flows,
 While sportive Naiads on the banks repose ;
 The fishy pool, with silvery lustre crown'd,
 Whose dimpled water moats the garden round ;
 The living stream that pours a crystal rill
 Thro' sprinkled herbage to the neighbouring mill ;
 The clustering vines, that yield their purple store ;
 The hills, the vales, and ivy-circled tower.

Satire iv.

While he was busied in these literary pursuits, Alphonso, duke of Ferrara, having occasion to send ambassadors to Rome, in order to appease the anger of Pope Julius II. who prepared to make war against him, was, by his brother the cardinal, recommended to Ariosto, as a proper person to be entrusted with such a negociation. The duke, therefore, made choice of him ; and he acquitted himself so well in his commission, that he returned with an answer much more favourable than was expected. However, the Pope, still continuing at enmity with the duke, made a league with the Venetians, and collected a powerful army against Ferrara : but he gained little honour in this enterprise, being defeated at the battle of Ravenna. Part of a fleet was sent up the Po, against Ferrara ; but met with a repulse from the duke's party. In this enagement, Ariosto, who was present, behaved with

with great courage, and took one of the largest of the enemy's vessels, filled with stores and ammunition.

The papal army being dispersed, Alphonso thought it adviseable to send an ambassador again to Rome. But every one being afraid to engage in his service, knowing the Pope's disposition, he dispatched Ludovico a second time, who found his Holiness so incensed against the duke, that his indignation was very near shewing itself to the ambassador; and it was not without difficulty that Ariosto escaped with life to Ferrara.

The duke's affairs being established, Ariosto returned to his studies; though, continuing still in the service of the cardinal, he was employed, at times, in various public occupations, that often broke in upon his retirement, and obliged him to defer the completion of his Orlando. However, he found means to steal so much leisure from his more serious employments, that he at last brought it to a conclusion: and though the work was far from having that perfection which he himself desired, yet, in order to avail himself of the general opinion of the public, he was determined to give it to the world; and accordingly caused it to be first printed in the year 1515.

Some time after, the cardinal having a design to go into Hungary, was desirous of being accompanied

panied by the ingenious men who lived under his patronage: but Ariosto openly declared his inclination to be left behind; for, being now afflicted with a catarrh, he was fearful of the consequences from the fatigues and inconveniences of so long a journey. Besides, the service of the cardinal began to grow very irksome to him; those, who were about him, being frequently obliged to watch the greatest part of the night. It appears, likewise, that Ariosto was in his nature averse to travelling, and had visited few countries.

Delgi uomini son varii gli appetiti,

A chi piace la chiefa, a chi la spada,

A chi la patria, a chi gli strani liti.

Chi vuol andare a torno, a torno vada,

Vegga Inghilterra, Ungheria, Francia, e Spagna,

A me piace habitar la mia contrada.

Vist' ho' Toscana, Lombardia, Romania,

Quel monte che divide, e quel che ferra

Italia e un mare, e l'altro che la bagna :

Questo mi basta, il resto della terra,

Senza mai pagar l'oste, andrò cercando

Con Tolomeo sia 'l mondo in pace o in guerra.

E tutto il mar senza far voti quando

Lampeggi il ciel, sicuro in sulle carte

Verro' più che su i legni volteggiando.

Various are men's pursuits ; these seek renown

In fields of death ; those chuse the sacred gown :

Some quit their native for a foreign shore :

Let those, that wish, unnumber'd realms explore,

To France, Hungary, Spain, and England roam,
 While I prefer a peaceful seat at home.
 I've view'd whate'er the Tuscan country yields,
 Fair Lombardy, and wide Romania's fields:
 The hills, that Italy from Spain divide,
 And those extending to the surging tide.
 Let this suffice—the rest I can survey,
 In peace or war—nor host nor captain pay;
 With Ptolemy can safely trace the seas,
 Nor need with vows and prayers the storms appease:
 Better on pictur'd charts secure to sail,
 Than in frail vessels dare the treacherous gale!

Satire iv.

The refusal of Ariosto to accompany the cardinal, so exasperated the prelate, that he, in a manner, withdrew his protection from him; which circumstance gave our Poet great uneasiness; though it is thought that Hippolito might have taken him again into favour, but for the ill offices of some malicious persons, who had the address to keep them at a distance from each other. On this difference between the cardinal and him, Ariosto strongly dwells in his satires.

A me per effer stato contumace
 Di non veder Agria ne Buda,
 Che si ritaglia il sua gia non mi spiace.

I murmur not, to think my patron's hand
 Refus'd the grace my service once obtain'd;
 Since I refus'd to quit Italia's shores,
 To visit Agria's * walls, and Buda's * towers.

* Two towns in Hungary.

and afterwards:

Che senza fede e senza amor mi nome
E che dimostri con parole e cenni
Ch' in odio, ch' in dispetto habbia il mio nome.

Still let him, at his will, my faith reprove,
And tax me still with breach of loyal love ;
With every word and deed to all proclaim
His settled hatred of my hapless name !

The only consolation Ludovico had, was the leading a retired life, which suited his disposition far more than the continual bustle of a court. He now applied himself, without interruption, to give every improvement to his Orlando; and, in the year 1521, published another edition of it, with further corrections.

In the mean time, cardinal Hippolito died; and Ariosto, who for fifteen years lived in a state of uneasy dependence, and had now reached the forty-fourth year of his age, was determined never more to be connected with a court: but being closely persuaded by his intimate friend Buonoventura Pistofo, secretary to Alphonso, he engaged in the service of that prince, from whom he met with a most gracious and affectionate reception.

Not long after, when Adrian II. succeeded to the papal chair, Grafagnana, a province on the Apennine, being torn to pieces by factions, augmented by the licentiousness into which the people had degenerated,

generated, from a total remissness of government, it was judged necessary to appoint a person, whose prudence and authority might reduce them to a due subjection. For this important trust Ariosto was chosen, who, though very averse to the journey, would not again hazard incurring the displeasure of his patron.

Ludovico continued three years in his new government, in which he acquitted himself so well, that he not only brought the people to a proper sense of their duty to their sovereign, but entirely gained their affections to himself; and was highly applauded by the duke for his good services. An extraordinary instance is here given of the veneration paid to his character by all ranks and degrees of men: At his first coming to the government, having occasion one day to cross a wood, with about six horsemen in his company, he was obliged to pass through a number of armed men, who, from their appearance, gave great cause of suspicion; the country being, at that time, all round greatly infested with robbers, the most formidable of whom were headed by Dominico Maroco and Filippo Pacchione. Ariosto had scarcely got clear of this troop, before-mentioned, when the captain demanded of one of the servants, that happened to be behind the rest, who the stranger was, and being told it was Ludovico Ariosto, he immediately ran

to overtake him, armed as he was. Ariosto, seeing him follow, stopped short, waiting with some anxiety for the end of this affair. His pursuer, coming up, saluted him with great respect; and, declaring that his name was Filippo Pacchione, begged pardon, that, not knowing him, he had suffered him to pass, without paying the respect due to his singular merit.

Mr. Baretti, in the preface to his Italian Library, relates this story, with different circumstances, in the following words; concluding with a reflection on the power of eloquence over savage minds, very apposite to the subject.

“ Among other striking instances of the people’s veneration for him, Ariosto had one of a very particular nature. The duke, his master, had sent him governor of Grafagnana, a province on the Apennine, whose inhabitants, seizing the opportunity of the general turbulences that were in Italy at that time, paid but little obedience to their sovereign. Ariosto took his residence in a fortified castle, from which it was imprudent to step out without guards; as the whole neighbourhood was swarming with outlaws, smugglers, and banditti, who, after committing the most enormous excesses all around, retired, for shelter against justice, amidst the rocks and cliffs. Ariosto, one morning, happened to take a walk without the castle, in his night-gown, and, in

in a fit of thought, forgot himself so much, that, step after step, he found himself very far from his habitation, and surrounded, on a sudden, by a troop of these desperadoes, who certainly would have ill-used, and perhaps murdered him, had not his face been known by one of the gang; who informing his comrades that this was Signor Ariosto, the chief of the banditti addressed him with intrepid gallantry, and told him, that since he was author of the Orlando Furioso, he might be sure none of the company would injure him; but would see him, on the contrary, safe back to the castle: and so they did, entertaining him all along the way with the various excellencies they had discovered in his poem, and bestowing upon it the most rapturous praises. A very rare proof of the irresistible powers of poetry; and a noble comment on the fables of Orpheus and Amphion, who drew wild beasts, and raised walls, with the enchanting sound of their lyres."

While Ariosto continued in the government of Grafagnana, Buonoventura Pistofolo often proposed to him, by letter, to go as ambassador from the duke to Clement VII. who had been a great patron of our poet; setting before him the honours and advantages that would accrue from such an employ. But Ludovico gave little heed to these solicitations; his mind being altogether detached from

the views of interest or ambition. His general answer was, "that he esteemed it better to enjoy a little, in peace and tranquillity, than to seek after a great deal, with fatigue and anxiety." Some relate, that he had a repugnance to live at a distance from his country, on account of a lady residing at Ferrara, for whom he had conceived a violent passion; and, indeed, he plainly acknowledges this himself, in his fourth Satire, to Annibale Malaguzzi.

Parmi vederti qui ridere e dire,
Che non amor di patri nè di studi,
Ma de donna c'è cagion che non vogl'ire,
Libero t'el confesso, or chiudi
La bocca —————

Methinks you smile, and cry—nor love of home,
Nor study makes your friend averse to roam:
But some fair dame—I own the guilt at large;
Upbraid not him who triumphs in the charge.

The term of his government being expired, he returned to court, where, finding the duke took great delight in theatrical representations, he applied himself to the drama; and, besides the *Cas-faria* and *Suppositi*, he composed *La Lena*, and *Il Negromante*, in prose and verse, and the *Scolastica* in verse; though the last was left imperfect by his death, and the fifth Act added by his brother *Gabriele*. Of these comedies, four were first printed

in

in prose, and afterwards turned into verse. They were performed with universal applause, before many families of rank; the actors being generally persons of condition: insomuch, that when the *Lena* was first acted, in 1528, Signor Don Francisco of Este, afterwards Marquis of Massa, spoke the prologue himself.

A remarkable anecdote is handed down, which shews how entirely his mind was, in the early part of his life, absorbed by his favourite studies. His father having taken some offence at the conduct of Ludovico, expostulated with him, one day, with uncommon warmth; to which his son listened without the least seeming notice, or returning any answer. Nicolo being gone, his brother Gabriele, who was with him, entered upon the same subject; to whom he gave such satisfactory reasons, as entirely removed every other objection that had been brought against him. His brother then asking why he had not made use of the same arguments to his father, he replied, that, at that time he was considering whether the scene, which passed between them, might not be of use to him in a comedy he was then writing, called the *Cassaria*; that he thought his father would serve as an excellent model for an old man, whom he had introduced, on a like occasion, reproaching his son: concluding, that

his thoughts were so engrossed by the fiction, that he had forgot the reality.

Another anecdote is told, relative to these comedies, which shews how totally the attention of the people in Italy was taken up with the merits and reputation of the Orlando Furioso. Ricoboni conceived a design of exhibiting the Scolaſtica of Ariosto on the stage at Venice; and public notice being given of the representation, the name of Ariosto drew together a prodigious concourse of spectators. But it unfortunately happened, few of them knew that this Author had written comedies; and, before the Piece began, Ricoboni was informed, that they had a notion the Play was taken from the Orlando Furioso; and, when the performance came on, not seeing Angelica, Orlando, Bradamant, and the other personages of their favourite poem, they began to express their dissatisfaction; which increased to such a degree, that Ricoboni was obliged to drop the curtain at the end of the fourth act*

Ariosto now appeared to lead a life of tranquillity; which was the more agreeable to him, as he was not so deeply engaged by the duke, but that he had sufficient leisure to pursue his studies; the service of Alphonso being far more easy than that

* See RICOBONI.

of Hippolito. About this time he published his Satires, besides those he had formerly written; in the whole, to the number of seven; till, being again involved in family difficulties, and harrassed with law-suits, he was obliged, for some time, to lay aside his compositions. At last, having brought his affairs to a happy crisis, he purchased a piece of ground opposite the church of St. Benedict, where he built a pretty commodious dwelling; which, some say, he was enabled to do by the liberality of the duke. He had a garden adjoining to this house, the usual scene of his poetical meditations. Here he passed the remainder of his life, as much as possible secluded from all public employments.

Having attained the sixth year of his age, he was seized, on the last day but one of the year 1532, with a lingering illness, though some say his illness first came upon him in October or November, about which time the ducal palace took fire, which accident consumed the superb theatre that had been built for the exhibition of his comedies; in the same year he had sent his *Furioso* to the press with his last improvements, corrected and enlarged as we now have it.

Some physicians attributed the cause of his malady to the custom he had of eating fast, and chewing his victuals little, that occasioned an indigestion; the means they made use of to remove this com-

plaint, brought on a consumption, which, in spite of all the assistance of medicine, at last put a period to his life, at Ferrara, on the 6th of June, or, as others say, on the 8th of July, 1533.

Thus died Ludovico Ariosto, a man of uncommon eminence, whether we consider him as a member of the republic of society, or of the more extensive world of literature: as the first, he acquired the affection and esteem of persons of the highest consideration; he contracted the closest intimacy with the family of Medicis, and was beloved by Leo X. the Augustus of that age: as the second, he was one of the few great poets who see that reputation attend their works, during their life-time, which continues to be transmitted down to posterity; and perhaps few books have been so often printed as the Orlando, which has passed through upwards of eighty editions, and not only been rendered into all the European languages, but is said to have found its way into every part of the world*. The uncommon popularity of this author may be further gathered from the numbers that have drawn their subjects from his original†.

Il Doni, an Italian writer, in a register of the manuscript works of several poets, has attributed

* In the year 1756, a translation of the Orlando Furioso was made in Latin verse, by the Marquis Torquato Barbolani, a colonel of horse in the emperor's service.

† See Quadrio, List of Romanzatori, continuators and imitators of Ariosto.

two pieces to Ariosto, one called, *RINALDO ARDITO*; and the other, *IL TERMINE DEL DESIDERIO*; neither of which appears to have been printed*. Besides the *XLVI* books of his *ORLANDO FURIOSO*, he left behind him five books on the same story, which were first printed in addition to the original poem in the year 1545, twelve years after Ariosto's death†.

An elegant sonnet was written by *Nicolo Eugenio* in his praise, which we shall here give the reader.

Several

Porto gran tempo al mare altiero il corno
 Il Mincio, e sparso le sue arene d'oro
 Mentre che'l padre de Pierio Choro
 Fece nel grembo suo dolce soggiorno.
 Non men hor lieto, e d' equal' spoglie adorno
 Va'l Po, spargando il nuovo suo tesoro.
 Poi che cantando in lui cigno canoro
 Fa risonar le ricche sponde intorno.
 L'an perche irriga Mantua, donde uscio
 Que ch' i fatti d' Enea più che mortali
 Con stil divino a tutto 'l mondo aprio.
 L'altro Ferrara, onde i concetti eguali
 Spiegò chi l'opre di Ruggier scoprio
 Monstrandole ad ogn'un chiare immortali.

* Mazzuchelli.

† Among other productions that took their rise from the poem of Ariosto, Mazzuchelli tells us, that, in 1530, the whole poem was turned into a spiritual sense, and that Giulio Cesare Croce, in 1607, formed from it another work, on the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

Long

Long time had Mincius o'er his golden sand,
 Roll'd to the distant sea in kingly pride ;
 While the great father of the Muses' band,
 Held his fair dwelling near th' exulting tide.
 Not less elate, with equal honours crown'd,
 His treasure now triumphant Po can tell ;
 While, as our Swan his music pours around,
 Along the banks the notes sonorous swell,
 Mincius to Mantua's wall his current leads,
 Whence rose the bard, who blaz'd th' immortal deeds
 Of great Æneas, in his deathless lays :
 Po bathes Ferrara, whence the poet sprung,
 Whose equal muse Rogero's glories sung,
 And o'er the world diffus'd his lineal praise !

Several writers have affirmed, that he was solemnly crowned with laurel by the victorious Charles V. in the city of Mantua, in the year 1532, for his *ORLANDO FURIOSO*; and this circumstance has been as positively denied by others. Mazzuchelli, in his *Life of Ariosto*, has considered the arguments on both sides; and observes, that the silence of those authors on the subject, who certainly would not have passed over such an event, may justly render the whole suspected; that, among others, surely little attention can be paid to the authority of one writer*, who relates that Ariosto had scarcely received the laurel crown, when, transported with joy, and inspired, as it were, with a

* Minchenio.

poetical frenzy, he ran through the city apparently as mad as his own Orlando. Fornari speaks of the coronation; but Pigna and Garafolo make no mention of it. Il Signore Dottorre Barotti thus examines the supposed fact. "Many have doubted of the coronation by Charles, and writers, who speak of it, do not agree upon the time or place: some say that the ceremony was performed at Mantua, and others at Bologna: some, that it happened in 1530, and others, in 1532; but, surely, it could not be in 1530, as the complete edition of the poem, with the praises of the emperor, was not published till 1532. In a manuscript book, delivered down for the hand-writing of his son Virginio, are these words: *E una baia che fosse coronato*. But, in a public instrument between his son Virginio and his brother, in October 1542, we read as follows: *Cum annis decursis animam egerit magnificus et LAUREATUS D. Ludovicus Ariostus, &c.* both which, the manuscript book and instrument, are in my possession. In a letter of Galasso Ariosto it is said, that Ariosto had scarce published the last edition of his work when he fell ill, and died after eight months. The publication was in October 1532, and it is difficult to suppose that he could be crowned in November, the time mentioned. Yet the epitaph, caused to be engraved by his nephew's son Ludovico, sets forth

forth the coronation. If Pigna and Garafolo affirm that he fell ill in December, it may be understood that he then took to his bed; and as to the medal of Ariosto crown'd, nothing can be proved from that."

To this Mazzuchelli adds, that we may refer to the declaration of Franco, who asserts that he was not crowned; and concludes the argument, by opposing to all these, the authority of the exact Apostolo Zeno, who observes, that Franco petulantly denies that Ariosto was crowned poet, though, besides other testimonies, we have the exclusive privilege granted him by Charles V.

I have thus laid before the reader the chief arguments on the subject, that he may form his own opinion of a fact, which, upon the whole, appears to me at least extremely doubtful; and, indeed, the difficulty attending the proof of a matter, that must have been of such notoriety, and surely upon public record, is to me a forcible presumption against the fact itself, since we see that the account of this kind of honour, which was two hundred years before conferred on the poet Petrarch, has been brought down to us without any equivocal circumstances.

"The custom," says Dr. Burney*, "of crowning persons who had distinguished themselves in

* See History of Music, vol. ii. page 329.

poetry and music, which was almost as ancient as the Arts themselves, subsisted till the reign of the emperor Theodosius, when the Capitoline games, being regarded as remnants of superstition, were utterly abolished. It was not till near the time of Petrarch that poetry recovered its ancient lustre or importance, or was invested with its former prerogatives."

It may not here be altogether foreign to my subject, or unentertaining to the English reader, whose curiosity may probably be excited by the mention of so extraordinary a ceremony, to give an account of this honour, which, as we have before mentioned, was bestowed on PETRARCH; the particulars of which I shall transcribe from the elegant Life of that poet, published in the year 1775.

"Orso, count of Anguillara, was senator of Rome, when Petrarch arrived there in the spring of 1341, and was to continue in office but a few weeks longer. The day of the ceremony being fixed, the assembly was convoked early in the morning on Easter-day, which happened to be very serene and favourable to the solemnity. The trumpets sounded, and the people, eager to view a ceremony that had been discontinued for so many years, ran in crowds to behold it. The streets were strewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies dressed in the most sumptuous manner,

manner, who sprinkled as much perfumed waters on the poet, as would serve for a year in the kingdom of Spain.

“ Petrarch appeared at last at the capitol, preceded by twelve young men in scarlet habits. These were chosen out of the first families in Rome, and recited his verses; while he, adorned with the robe of state which the king of Naples had given him, followed in the midst of six of the principal citizens clothed in green, with crowns of flowers on their heads: after whom came the senator, accompanied by the first men of the council. When he was seated in his place, Petrarch made a short harangue upon a verse drawn from Virgil: after which, having cried three times, “ Long live the people of Rome! Long live the senator! God preserve them in liberty!” he kneeled down before the senator, who, after a short discourse, took from his head a crown of laurel, and put it upon Petrarch’s, saying, “ This crown is the reward of merit.” Then Petrarch recited a fine sonnet on the heroes of Rome. This sonnet is not in his works.

“ The people shewed their joy and approbation by loud and repeated shouts; by clapping their hands, and crying out several times, “ Long flourish the capitol! Long live the poet!” Stephen Colonna then

then spoke; and, as he truly loved Petrarch, he gave him that praise which comes from the heart.

“ When the ceremony in the capitol was ended, Petrarch was conducted in pomp, with the same retinue, to the church of St. Peter, where, after a solemn mass, and returning thanks to God for the honour he had received, he took off his crown to place it among the offerings, and hung it up on the arch of the temple.

“ The same day the count of Anguillara had letters patent drawn up, by which the senators, after a very flattering preface, declare Petrarch to have merited the title of a great poet and historian; and that at Rome, and in every other place, by the authority of king Robert, the Roman senate and the people of Rome, he should have full liberty to read and comment on poetry and history, or on any of the works of the ancients, and to publish any of his own productions, and to wear, on all solemn occasions, the crown of laurel, beech or myrtle, and the poetic dress. In fine, they declare him a citizen of Rome, with all the privileges thereof, as a reward for the affection he has always expressed for the city and republic.

“ Petrarch was then brought to the palace of the Colonnas, where a magnificent feast was prepared for him, at which were assembled all the nobility and men of letters in Rome *.”

* Life of Petrarch, vol. i. page 237.

To return to Ariosto. The name of this poet is still held in that kind of veneration by his countrymen with which the English consider their Shakespeare. Antonio Zatta, in his edition of Ariosto's works of 1772, relates that a chair and ink-standish, which, according to tradition, belonged to Ariosto, were then in the possession of Il Signor Dottore Giovanni Andrea Barotti at Ferrara, and that a specimen of his hand-writing was preserved in the public library of that city. The republic of Venice did him the honour to cause his picture to be painted, and hung up with the senators and other illustrious men in the great Council Hall, which was afterwards destroyed by fire.

It appears, however, that Ariosto did not finally receive from his professed patrons those rewards, or obtain that establishment, to which he thought his merits had entitled him. Probably the government of Grafagnana added more to his reputation than his fortune; and, from what he says in several parts of his Satires, he was by no means satisfied with his patrons of Ferrara. Nothing particular is recorded of the benefactions of the cardinal to him, before he incurred the displeasure of that prelate. The duke, indeed, gave him two assignments on certain gabels or taxes, the first of which ceased with the abolition of the tax; and the second, which produced him only twenty-five crowns every

every fourth month, collected, as he says himself, with great trouble, was contested and withheld from him during the wars of Lombardy; and some say, that the cardinal, upon withdrawing his patronage, deprived him of this slender advantage. Ariosto himself seems to impute his loss to the duke, and speaks thus on the subject, in his satire addressed to A. M. Sigismundo Malaguzzi.

Tu dei saper, che la mia voglia avara
Unqua non fù; ch'io solea star contento
De lo stipendio, che traeva in Ferrara.
Ma non sai forse; come uscì poi lento
Succedendo la guerra, e come volse,
Il duca che restasse in tutto spento.

Satire iv.

Thou know'st I ne'er was tutor'd wealth to crave,
Content with what Ferrara's patrons gave,
Th' allotted stipend—but thou'rt yet to know
Succeeding wars had made the stipend low.
At length (so will'd the duke) the gain decreas'd
To less from little, till the whole had ceas'd.

Such were the great advantages which he derived from those in whose service he had engaged, and whose names he had immortalized by his muse.

Two medals are said to have been struck, both bearing his effigies, but the devices different: on the first was figured a serpent, over which was suspended a hand, with a pair of shears ready to cut

off the head or sting; and the other representing a bee-hive, where the bees are driven from their habitation with fire and smoke, that the countryman may possess himself of their honey. The motto of both these medals was *PRO BONO MALUM*. Some affirm, that these devices were of Ariosto's invention; the first to express the nature of his detractors; and the second, to shew that, instead of honours and rewards for his labours, he met only with scoff and derision, alluding to the reception given his Orlando by the cardinal, who, having perused it, asked him, with the most tasteless indifference, where he had collected so many fooleries. Every reader of fine taste, with which fine feeling is inseparable, will form some idea of the poet's thoughts at that time, and may recollect the like illiberal reflection of the statesman Burleigh, on Queen Elizabeth's bounty to our own Spenser, *All this for a song*.

Dolce relates, that he caused the device of the serpent to be prefixed to the second edition of his poem; but that in the third he changed it into the bee-hive. In an edition of the Orlando, printed at Bologna in 1540, is a device in the title-page of two serpent, with a hand and shears; the tongue of one of these serpents is cut out, with this motto round them: *DILEXISTI MALITIAM SUPER BENIGNITATEM*.

With

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With respect to Pope Leo X. the acknowledged patron of literature and arts, whom Fornari calls particularly liberal to poets, and by whom he relates that Ariosto was highly esteemed, he is said to have made him a present of some hundred crowns for the prosecution of his work, though Ariosto himself is silent upon that head; and yet in the verses published by Gabriele Simeoni, in his satire upon Avarice, are these lines:

Succeffe a lui Leon poi lume e specchio
De cortesia, che fu la cagion prime,
Che al' Ariosto ancor porgiamo orecchio.

Leo to him succeeds, in whom we find
The light and mirror of a courteous mind:
To him we owe, that now, in tuneful strains,
Great Ariosto's page our ear detains.

And in the margin is this note: Leo X. gave Ariosto several hundred crowns to complete his work.

Upon the exaltation of Leo X. to the papal chair, he paid a visit to that pontiff, with great expectations of advantage, as appears from his viith satire. The pope gave him a very gracious reception, and gave him a grant of half the profits of a certain bull, the amount of which is altogether unknown; and possibly the sum arising from this may be the donation meant by Simeone. It is however certain,

that he left Rome dissatisfied in his expectation : he declares that Fortune, when she raises men to dignities, dips them in Lethe : at the same time he bears testimony to the pope's honourable reception of him.

Testimonio son io di quel ch'io scrivo,

Ch'io nol 'ho ritrovato, quando il piede,

Gli baccia prima, di memoria privo.

Piegassi a me de la beata fede,

La mano e poi le gote ambi mi prese,

E'l santo baccio in amendue mi diede.

De meza quella bolla anco cortese

Mi fù, de la qual ora il mio Bibiena

Espedito m' ha il resto a le mie spese.

Sat. iiii.

This well I know, this truth can well attest,

When with my lips his reverend foot I press'd,

He seem'd not mindless of his grace design'd,

But lowly from his blessed seat declin'd :

My hand he gracious took, on either side,

He to my cheek a holy kiss apply'd;

And more—he gave me half the bull to share,

Consign'd me, at my cost, by Bibiena's care.

But it seems that Ariosto had raised his thoughts to some great ecclesiastical preferment ; on which occasion Signor Rolli observes, that one reason why he was not preferred was, that he was devoted to Alphonso of Ferrara, whom the pope hated, and therefore

therefore could not give our author a cardinal's hat. Leo died in 1524, six years after the first publication, and the year in which Ariosto published the third edition of his poem. Perhaps had he lived longer, the poet might have experienced further marks of his generosity.

A very extraordinary circumstance is related, and has been received as truth by some, that pope Leo X. exerted the authority and influence of his apostolic character in promoting the success of Ariosto's poem, and that he went so far as to publish a bull in favour of the Orlando Furioso, denouncing the 'censure of excommunication on all those who should presume to find fault with that performance. Bayle, in his article of Leo X. gravely propagates the story in these words: "*Etoit ce garder le decorum de la paupauté que d'expedier une bulle si favorable aux poësies de l'Arioste, Hippolite en jugea très bien, quand il dit, D'où avez-vous pris tant de fadaïses. Leo fut plus debonnaire en menaçant d'excommunication ceux qui les blameroient ou empecheroient le profit de l'imprimeur.*" This matter was very likely to be caught up by Voltaire, who accordingly alludes to it, with his usual gaiety, in his last opinion given of Ariosto*.

* See preface, page 29.

Upon a close enquiry it will perhaps appear, that there was no other foundation for this story than a diploma or licence granted by Leo for the sale of the work, and this merely from his authority as a temporal prince, in the same manner as patents or privileges are granted in other nations by their respective sovereigns.

We learn from Fontanini, that to the third edition of Ariosto's poem in 1521, published at Ferrara, was a diploma of Leo X. for printing the work (*privativa della stampa*), written by cardinal Jacobo Sadoletto, Secretary of the Briefs; and that other diplomas of the same nature were granted to Ariosto by the king of France, by the Venetians, by the Florentines, by the Genoese, and other powers. Apostolo Zeno relates that he had seen a fourth edition, which had once been in the possession of Peter Aretine, in the blank leaf of which were several poetical pieces by that poet; and that in the beginning was a diploma of Clement VII. written by Palladio Bloffio, Secretary of the Briefs, dated January 1532, which grants to Ariosto the privilege of printing, publishing, and vending his *Orlando Furioso*, with any additions or corrections, *imprimere, corrigere, et supplere, et in melius reformare.*

In the college library at Winchester is an old edition of a Greek Pindar, printed at Rome in 1515,
the

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the year in which Ariosto's work was first published, with a diploma or privilege of Leo X. in the title-page*; and in 1513, a patent for printing masses, set to music, was granted by the same pope to Ottavio Petruccio.

After what has been said, I believe there can be little reason to doubt but that this pretended bull of Leo was nothing more than a common licence to a book, granted in the customary forms; which circumstance appears to have been violently exaggerated, from the religious fury of the times, to cast an odium on the papal authority in general, and on Leo in particular; and has since been received without examination.

The general character and qualities of Ariosto may be, in some sort, gathered from the foregoing narrative, to which his Italian biographers have added the following particulars.

In his conversation he was modest and affable to every body, demeaning himself in such a manner, as if altogether unconscious of that great superiority which nature had given him: he was close in argument and ready in repartees, but was seldom observed to laugh more than became the dignity of a

* Impressi Romæ per Zachariam Calergi Crentensem, per missu S. D. N. Leonis X. Pont. Max. ea etiam conditione, ut nequis alius per quinquennium hos imprimere, aut venundare Libros possit, utque qui secus fecerit, is ab universa Dei Ecclesia, toto orbe terrarum expers excommunicatusque censeatur.

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philosopher: yet, though his temper was rather inclined to melancholy, which is perhaps the nature of every great genius, he was very remote from a rigid disposition; being particularly open and sprightly in his conversation with women, by whom his company was much coveted. He was an avowed enemy to ceremony, though always ready to pay due respect to place and rank. He abhorred all those dignities that could only be acquired by servility: he was a sincere lover of his country, loyal to his prince, and steady in his friendships. In his diet he was abstemious, making only one meal a day, and that generally towards the evening, and was neither curious for variety or luxuries, being indeed a contemner of luxury in general.

*Io non hò molto gusto di vivande,
Che scalco sia, fui degno esser' al mondo,
Quando vivevan gli huomini di ghiande.*

*I little heed what plenteous wealth affords,
Where costly dainties pile luxurious boards:
Well had I liv'd, when man to hardship bred,
In early times on simple acorns fed!*

Sat. ii.

While he was composing his Orlando, he would frequently rise in the middle of the night, and cause his servant, Gianni to bring him pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote down what had immediately occurred

occurred to his imagination, which in the day he communicated to his friends.

His integrity was incorruptible, as appears by what he says to his brother Galasso of the old man, who being possessed of great wealth, was fearful of being poisoned by his relations, and therefore would trust himself in no hands but Ariosto.

His affection as a son and brother, is seen from the care he took of his family, after the death of his father: concerning his mother, he thus tenderly expresses himself:

L'eta di nostra madre mi percote
Di pietà il core, che da tutti a un tratto
Senz' infamia lasciata esser non puote.

I view my mother's age with pitying eye,
That draws my soul by every tender tie:
Shall she be left by all! forbid it shame,
And every duty to a parent's name!

Sat. ii.

He took great delight in building, but was an œconomist in his expences that way; a friend once expressing an astonishment, that he, who had described such magnificent edifices in his poem, should be contented with so poor a dwelling; Ariosto answered very aptly, that "words were much easier put together than bricks;" and leading him to the

the door of his house, pointed to this distich which he had caused to be engraved on the portico :

Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ære domus.

Small is my humble roof, but well design'd
To suit the temper of the master's mind ;
Hurtful to none, it boasts a decent pride,
That my poor purse the modest cost supply'd.

Notwithstanding what has been mentioned of his personal bravery in the engagement between the pope's vessels and the duke's, he is reported to have been naturally of a timid disposition : when on horseback he would alight on the least appearance of danger : he was particularly timorous on the water ; and when he went out of a vessel, would always stay till the last, frequently using this expression, *de puppe novissimus exi* : in every other respect his temper was firm and unruffled.

His son Virginio has left behind him the following particulars relative to his father, which we will insert in his own words, as the least matter of information must gratify curiosity in the life of so extraordinary a man.

“ He was never satisfied with his verses, but continually altering them. He was very fond of gardening, but so frequently varying his design, that he never suffered any plant to remain above three months ;

months; at the same time he knew little of botany. I remember, that once imagining he had planted capers, he was highly pleased to see them thrive so well, till at last, instead of capers, he found that he had planted elder. Of authors he highly approved Virgil and Tibullus: he greatly extolled Horace, but thought little of Propertius.

“ He made no distinction in his food, but always eat of that which was next him, and often eat a small loaf or roll after he had dined. He was in general so lost in meditation, that he attended little to what passed. It so happened that a stranger once came to visit him at dinner-time, and while his guest was talking, Ariosto eat the meat that was set before him; for which being afterwards reprov-
ed by his brother, he only coolly replied, “ That the loss was the stranger’s, and that he ought to have taken care of himself,”

Sir John Harrington has given the following anecdote of Ariosto, for which he has not mentioned his authority, and which does not appear in any of the biographers or commentators consulted in writing this life. Take the relation in Sir John’s own words.

“ As he himself could pronounce very well, so it was a great penance to him to hear others pronounce ill that which himself had written excellent well. Infomuch as they tell of him, how com-
ing

ing one day by a potter's shop that had many earthen vessels ready made to sell on his stall, the potter fortun'd, at that time, to sing some slave or other out of Orlando Furioso, I think where Rinaldo requested his horse to tarry for him, in the first book, the 32d stanza.

*Ferma, Baiardo, mio, deh, ferma il piede
Che l'esser senza de troppo mi nuoce.*

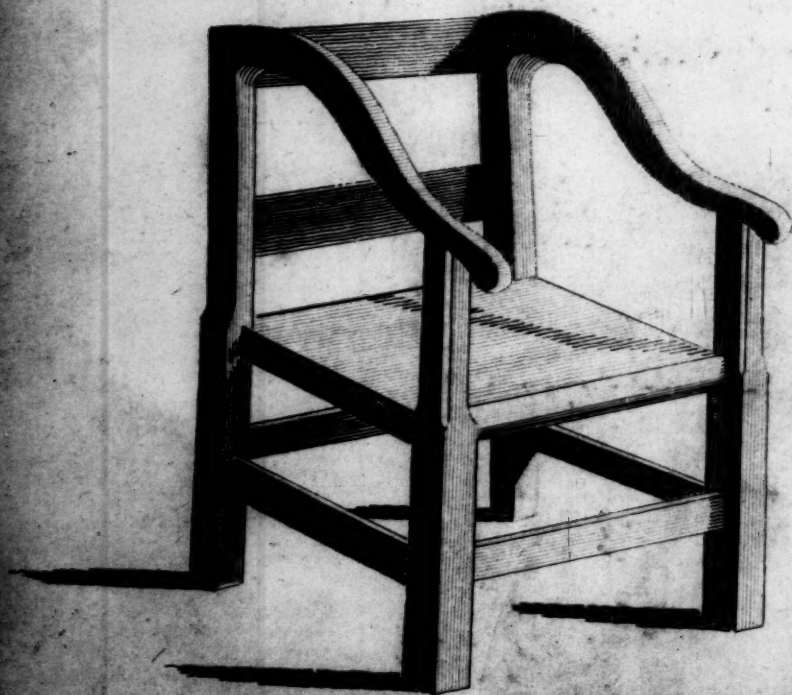
Stay, my Bayardo, stay !—thy flight restrain,
Much has thy want to day perplex'd thy lord.

“ Or some such grave matter fit for a potter : but he plotted the verses out so ill-favour'dly (as might well beseem his dirty occupation), that Ariosto being, or at least making semblance to be in a great rage withal, with a little walking stick he had in his hand, brake divers of the pots ; the poor potter, put quite beside his song, and almost beside himself, to see his market half marred before it was a quarter done, in a pitiful tone or manner, between railing and whining, asked, What he meant to wrong a poor man that had never done him injury in all his life ? Yes, varlet ! quoth Ariosto, I am yet scarce even with thee for the wrong thou hast done me here before my face, for I have broken but half a dozen base pots of thine, that are not worth so many half pence, but thou hast broken
and





Ariostos Chair and Inkstandish.



and
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and mangled a fine stanza of mine worth a mark of gold *.

A story of the same kind has been likewise told of Camöens; and Mr. Mickle observes, that "both these filly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's Life of Arcefilaus, where the same dull humour is told of Philoxenus. He heard some brickmakers mistune one of his songs, and, in return, destroyed a number of their bricks †."

He was of an amorous constitution, and very apt to receive impressions from every beautiful object, violent in his attachments, impatient of a rival; but in his amours he was discreet, cautious, and secret. It has been said that he might possibly allude to this by the sculpture of his ink-standish, on the top of which was a Cupid, with his fore finger placed on his lip, as an emblem of silence. This disposition to gallantry, which he retained to the last year of his life, is confirmed by many parts of his writings.

Penſi, chi vuol, ch'el tempo i lacci ſcioglia
Che amore anoda, è che ci dorrem' anco,
Nomando queſta leve e baſſa voglia;
Ch'io per me voglio al capel nero e bianco,
Amare ed eſortar che ſempre s'ami,

* Sir John Harrington's Life of Ariosto.

† Mickle's Life of Camöens.

E se in me tal voler dee venir manco ;

Spezzi or la parca all mia vita i stami.

There are who think, that time, with stealing hand,

Dissolves the knot of Cupid's tender band ;

That frozen age ill suits with amorous fire,

When wisdom bids us scorn each frail desire :

For me, let graceful ringlets deck my head,

Or hoary snows my wrinkled temples spread ;

Still must I love—still woo the melting dame,

Exhorting all to love—but when the flame

Is quite extinct, the sisters' fatal shears

May cut my thread, and end my useless years.

Elcgy xv.

The names of the women, whom he loved, do not appear to be mentioned, except one whom he is said to be strongly attached to, of the name of Geneura, to whom he is supposed to allude in his Sonnet.

Quel' arboscel, che in le solinghe rive

All' aria spiega i rami oridi et irti,

E d'odor vince i pin gli abeti e i mirti,

E lieto e verde al caldo e al ghiaccio vive,

Il nome hà di colei che mi prescrive

Términe e leggi a' travagliati spirti,

Da cui seguir non portrian' scille e firti

Ritarmi, o le brumali ore o l'estive.

E se begnigno influsso di pianeta,

Lunghe vigilie od amorosi sproni

Son per condurmi ad onorata meta ;

Non voglio, o Febo, o Bacco, mi perdoni,

Ch

Che lor frohdi mi mostrino poeta ;
Ma che un Ginebro sia che mi coroni.

Yon tree, that near the rivulet's pleasing scene,
Than pines or myrtles sweeter scents the gale,
Whose boughs, for ever gay, for ever green,
Nor drop in summer, nor in winter fail,
Bears her dear name *, whose beauties fill my heart,
And o'er my senses boundless sway maintain ;
From whom no change can force me to depart,
While Fortune shifts her vary'd face in vain !
Should some fair planet, from benignant skies,
Befriend a lover's cares, a lover's sighs,
And kindly lead him to the goal design'd,
Tho' haply Phœbus chide, or Bacchus frown,
Their slighted leaves shall ne'er my temples crown,
But this lov'd tree my happy brows shall bind.

Sonnet vii.

In his early life he contracted an intimacy with a noble Florentine called Nicolo Vespucci, whom he accompanied into Florence in 1513, being then thirty-nine years old, to perfect himself in the Tuscan dialect, and to be present at the magnificent ceremony used at the feast of St Baptist : here he fell violently in love with a kinswoman of Vespucci, whom he found preparing a dress of silver embroidered with purple for her sons to appear in at the

* *Ginebre*, or *Genuro*, the juniper-tree, which by the liberty the Italians give themselves, may be supposed to stand for *Geneura*.

jousts. Ariosto, who was then deeply engaged in writing his poem, is supposed, from this circumstance, to have taken the idea of that beautiful simile in the twenty-fourth book, when he describes the wound received by Zerbino from the hand of Mandricardo.

Le lucide arme il caldo sangue irriga,

Pen fin al piè di rubiconda riga,

Così tal hora, un bel purpureo nastro

Ho veduto partir tela d'argento,

Da quella bianca man più ch' alabastro

Da cui partir il cor sepeffo mi sento.

The warm blood issu'd with a crimson tide,

And, trickling down, his shining armour dy'd :

So have I seen a purple floweret spread,

And stain the silver vest with blushing red ;

Wrought by her snowy hand with matchless art,

That hand, whose whiteness oft has pierc'd my heart.

It has been the opinion of some, that he was privately married, but that he was obliged to keep it secret for fear of forfeiting some church benefices which he enjoyed : some go so far as to say, that his wife's name was Alexandra, and that he alludes to her in these lines. *Orl. Fur. B. xx.*

Alessandra gentil ch'umida avea,

Per la pietà del giovanetto i rai.

Fair Alexandra, in whose gentle eyes,

Tears, for the youth, in sweet compassion rise.

Con-

Concerning the person of Ariosto, he was rather above the common size, of a countenance generally grave and contemplative, as appears from the admirable picture painted by Titian: his head was partly bald; his hair black and curling; his forehead high; his eye-brows raised; his eyes black and sparkling; his nose large and aquiline; his lips well formed; his teeth even and white; his cheeks rather thin, and his complexion inclining to the olive; he was well made, except that his shoulders were somewhat large, which made him appear to stoop a little; his walk was slow and deliberate, as indeed were his actions in general.

Ariosto left behind him two sons by Alexandra, who were always considered illegitimate; Virginio before named, and J. Baptista; the first of whom being brought up under his father, who took great pains to instruct him, was made a canon of the house of Ferrara, and Ariosto resigned a great part of his benefices to him: the latter went very young into the army, and having acquired considerable reputation as a soldier, returned to Ferrara a little while before Ariosto's death, and died himself an officer in the duke's service.

Ariosto is reported to have met his dissolution with the utmost composure, and to have told some of his friends, who were present at his last moments, that he left the world without the least reluctance;

and the more so, because, as he believed, that, in another state, men would know each other, he was impatient to meet again so many friends that had gone before him.

He was interred in the church of St. Benedict, under a plain monument, which was afterwards enriched with a number of inscriptions in the Greek, Latin, and Tuscan languages, the greatest wits contending to celebrate his memory.

Ariosto, among his other Latin pieces, left the following epitaph written for himself, but which an Italian writer of his life supposes to have been considered as too ludicrous to be made use of upon the occasion;

“ LUDOVICUS ARIOSTUS humantur ossa

“ Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hoc humo, seu

“ Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres,

“ Sive hærede benignior comes, seu

“ Opportunius incidens viator ;

“ Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec

“ Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver

“ Ut urnam cuperet parare vivens,

“ Vivens ista tamen sibi paravit,

“ Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro

“ Olim siquod haberet is sepulchrum *.”

* The bones of Ludovico Ariosto are buried under this marble, under this turf, or under whatever pleases his bountiful heir, or perhaps more bountiful friend; or stranger who shall take this charge upon him: he could not look into the future, but was not solicitous, while living, to prepare an urn for his remains; yet, while living, he prepared these lines to be inscribed on his tomb, if such a tomb should ever be obtained.

The false thought on which the whole point of this epitaph turns, has been lately justly exposed in an observation on a similar one written by Pope for himself:

Under this stone, or under this fill,
Or under this turf, &c.

“When a man is once buried, the question under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made*.”

The death of Ariosto was lamented by every good man, and the Monks of St. Benedict, contrary to their usual custom, attended his body to the grave; and so great was their veneration of his name, that they would, by no means, consent that his bones should be afterwards removed to a chapel or sepulchre erected for him by his son Virginio, in the garden belonging to his house, which was afterwards destroyed by an ignorant builder, without the concurrence, and to the great mortification of the owners of the dwelling. However, many years after, Signor Agostino Mosti, who had a sincere regard for the memory of Ariosto, having been early initiated by him in the knowledge of polite letters, and

* Dr. Johnson's Preface to Pope's Works.

THE LIFE OF ARIOSTO.

who was concerned that so great a man should want a monument worthy of him, resolved to build one that should be answerable to the veneration he had for his many virtues. He therefore caused a marble sepulchre to be erected at his own expence in the same church of St. Benedict, adorned with proper emblems, and a fine statue of Ariosto; and to show the zeal with which he paid this last duty to his master he deposited, with his own hands, the bones of this illustrious poet in their new sepulchre, with the following inscription, and the annexed verses composed by Lorenzo Frizoli.

“ D. O. M.

“ **LUDOVICO AREOSTO**, Poetæ Patricio Fer-
 “ rariensi Augustinus Mustus Tanto Viro, Ac de se
 “ bene merenti tumultum et effigiem marmor, ære
 “ proprio P. C. Anno Salutis MDLXXXIII. VIII.
 “ Idus Junii Alphonso II. Duce, vixit ann. LXX.
 “ Obiit ann. Salut. MDXXXIII. Idus Junii.

“ Hic Areostus est situs, qui comica

“ Aures theatris parsit urbanes sale,

“ Satyraque mores strinxit acer improbus,

“ Heroa cultus qui furentem carmine

“ Ducumque curas cecinit, atque praelia

“ Vates corona dignus unus triplici,

“ Cui trina constant, quæ fuere vatibus

“ Graiis, Latinis, vixque Etruscis, singula.”

But

But in the year 1612 a new and more magnificent monument was erected for him by his nephew's son Ludovico Ariosto, with the effigies of the poet, and two statues representing Glory and Poetry: to this his bones were removed, for the third time. This monument is still to be seen in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, with the following inscription :

“ D. O. M.

“ Ter illi Maximo, atque ore omnium celeberrimo vati, A Carolo V. coronato, nobilitate generis, atque animi claro, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis publicis, in gravissimis ad summos Pontifices Legationibus prudentia, confilio, eloquentia, præstantissimo, Ludovicus Areostus pronepos, ne quid domesticæ pietati, ad tanti viri gloriam cumulandam defuisse videri possit, magno Patruo, cujus ossa hîc vere condita sunt P. C. Anno Salutis MDCXII. vixit An. LIX. Obiit An. Salut. MDXXXIII. VIII. Idus Junii.”

Notus et Hesperiiis jacet hic Ariostus et Indis,
Cui musa eternum nomen Hetrusca dedit,
Seu satyram in vitio exacuit, seu comica lusit,
Seu cecinit grandi bella ducesque tuba,
Ter summus vates ! cui summi in vertice Pindi,
Tergemina licuit cingere fronde comas !

THE LIFE OF ARIOSTO

Here Ariosto lies, whose deathless name
 From east to west the muses crown with fame ;
 Whose pointed satire lash'd the vicious age ;
 Whose comic scenes inspir'd the laughing stage ;
 Whose martial trumpet, breathing loud alarms,
 Could sing of mighty chiefs and bruising arms.
 Hail, matchless bard ! for Pindus' summit born,
 Whose happy brows the triple bays adorn !

D. O. M.

Ter illi Martius, atque ore omnium celeberrimus
 vultu, A. Carolus V. coronato, nobilitate ge-
 neris, atque animi clari, in rebus publicis admi-
 nistrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis ad-
 minis Pontificis Legationibus prudentis, con-
 stantis, etiam in praesentibus Ludovicus Arco-
 tus princeps, ne quid domesticis pisset, ad
 tantum vii gloriam constantem detulit, ut
 post magnos Tullios, cuius est hic vultus condita
 Ann. P. O. Anno Salutaris MDCCXII. Jul. An.
 LIX. Obit Ann. Salutaris MDCCXIII. VII. Idus
 Junii.

Notes to Hesperus, p. 10. Ariosto et Ludov.
 Cui nunc certum nomen Martius dedit.
 seu saltem in fine extenuis, de corpore illi.
 seu certis quibusdam de rebus paret.
 Ter hunc vultu, qui fuit in statu fidei.
 Tullianus, ut dicitur, fuit de rebus.

GENERAL VIEW
OF
BOYARDO'S STORY,

AS CONNECTED WITH

ARIOSTO.

CHARLEMAIN, having proclaimed a solemn feast and tournament in Paris, at which were present many foreign princes and knights from various parts of the world, as well Pagan as Christian, on a certain day, when all the nobles and strangers were assembled, an unknown knight and lady entered the hall, attended by four giants of a dreadful stature. The lady, whose personal charms dazzled all the spectators, addressed herself to the emperor; and begging an audience, told him, that her name was Angelica, that she came with her brother Uberto, from a distant kingdom, attracted by the fame of the magnificence of his court; that

her brother, who earnestly desired to prove his valour with the warriors then present, was ready to meet any of them in the field, whether Saracen or Christian, upon condition, that whoever was unhorsed by him, should immediately become his prisoner; but that if he himself should be overthrown, he promised to depart with his giants, and leave his sister as the prize of the conqueror: she concluded with saying, that her brother would expect them at his pavilion without the city.

The lady, having received a gracious answer, retired with her company, while every knight, captivated with her charms, felt the utmost impatience to enter the list with the stranger: but above the rest, Orlando, whose eyes had been rivetted on so beautiful an object, confessed the poison of love, though he studiously endeavoured to conceal his inward emotions: even Namus could not resist the power of such perfections, nor was Charlemain himself wholly exempted from the general contagion.

In the mean time Malagigi, a cousin to Rinaldo, who was deeply skilled in magic, suspecting that the uncommon visit of these strangers foreboded no good to the Christians, had recourse to his art, and upon consulting his spirits, received intelligence, that the lady was daughter to Galaphron, king of Cathay; that the knight her brother was not called

Uberto, but Argalia; that the king their father, to effect a great design which he meditated, had procured for his son a suit of enchanted armour, a golden lance of such hidden virtue, that the least touch of it would dismount the stoutest warrior, and a horse of incomparable swiftness: to these gifts he added a ring of such wonderful efficacy, that being conveyed into the mouth, it made the person invincible, and, being worn upon the finger, had the power to frustrate all enchantments: but that the king confided chiefly in the beauty of his daughter, not doubting, but her charms would fascinate the champions of Charlemain, and that she would bring them prisoners to the throne of Cathay.

Malagigi having heard this, conceived the design of delivering his country from the impending danger: he caused himself to be transported, by his spirits, to the pavilion of Argalia, whom he found asleep, with Angelica near him, guarded by the four giants: these he soon cast into a deep slumber by the force of his spells, and drew his sword, with a determination to put an end to the life of this dangerous beauty: but, as he approached her, he began to feel sensations of a very different nature, till every resolution, giving way to the softer passions that inspired him, from a nearer view of her charms, he could no longer resist the powerful impulse, but advanced to embrace her.

admon

Angelica,

Angelica, who had the ring upon her finger, which preserved her from the force of his incantations, suddenly awaked, and finding herself in the arms of a man, uttered a loud cry: Argalia ran to her assistance, and seized Malagigi, while the princess made herself mistress of his magical book, and calling upon his spirits, commanded them to convey the prisoner to her father's kingdom; which was performed in an instant.

In order to put an end to the dissention that had arisen in the Christian court, each champion claiming the preference to enter first the list with Argalia, the emperor commanded that lots should be drawn; when the names that appeared were Astolpho, Ferrau, Rinaldo, and next Charlemain, who would not be excluded, notwithstanding his age: after these came a number more before the name of Orlando appeared.

Astolpho being armed, as the first on the list of combatants, presented himself to encounter Argalia, was unhorsed by the golden lance, and sent prisoner into the pavilion. Next morning, at day break, Ferrau, a Spanish knight, came from the city to try his fortune, and was overthrown in the same manner: but refusing to yield to the conditions of the combat, the giants endeavoured to seize his person; these he slew, and compelled Argalia to engage him on foot. Angelica, fearing the issue of their combat,

combat, fled; when Argalia, perceiving her flight, followed her, and was as suddenly pursued by Ferrau.

Ferrau, after some time, entering the forest of Arden, found Argalia asleep, who had not been able to overtake his sister. The Spaniard, determined that he should not escape him, turned Argalia's horse loose, and waited, with the utmost impatience, till his enemy awaked. An obstinate battle then ensued, till victory at last declared for Ferrau, when Argalia, finding himself mortally wounded, entreated that when he was dead, his body, with all his arms, might be thrown into the river, that no one might wear them after him, and reproach his memory for suffering himself to be vanquished when he was defended with impenetrable armour. Ferrau promised to grant his request, having first desired the use of his helmet for a few days, his own being demolished in the battle.

After the departure of Argalia, Angelica, and Ferrau, Astolpho having recovered his liberty, mounted his horse, took the golden lance which Argalia had left behind him, and returned to the city; in his way he met Rinaldo, who was impatient to learn the issue of the combat; and having heard what had passed, determined to go in search of Angelica.

Orlando,

Orlando, who had felt no ease since the appearance of the lovely stranger, after Astolpho's return, left the court of Charlemain, and set out likewise to follow Angelica, and in his way met with various adventures.

When Rinaldo first left the court of Charlemain to follow Angelica, he entered the forest of Arden, where he came to the enchanted fountain made by Merlin the magician, to cure Sir Tristram of his passion for Isotta; but though it so happened that the knight never tasted of the water, yet the virtue of it remained ever after. Rinaldo arriving here drank of the fountain, and immediately found his love for Angelica converted into hatred: he then came to the other fountain, likewise the work of Merlin, called the Fountain of Love, which had the faculty of inspiring the breast with that passion: here, tempted by the beauty of the place, he alighted from his horse, yet, as he had before quenched his thirst, he drank not of the stream, but stretching himself on the turf, soon fell into a profound sleep.

Angelica, who had fled while her brother was engaged with Ferrau, was led by chance to the same place, where Rinaldo lay; the princess, fatigued with her flight, and invited by the clearness of the water, drank a large draught, and conceived a violent passion for the sleeping knight, whom she stood contemplating with inexpressible pleasure, till

he awaked. As soon as Rinaldo opened his eyes, and beheld Angelica, who was now become the object of his most bitter aversion, he remounted his horse, and left the place with the utmost precipitation, in spite of the most moving entreaties which the love-sick virgin made use of to detain him.

About this time Gradasso, king of Sericana, having been long desirous to get possession of Durindana, Orlando's sword, and of Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, passed with a great army into France, and, Orlando being absent, he defeated Charlemain in a general battle, and made him and many of his leaders prisoners. Charlemain promised, at the return of Orlando, to give up to him Durindana and Bayardo; but Astolpho, who was at Paris, and in possession of Bayardo, refused to resign him, and challenged Gradasso to the joust, whom he overthrew with the golden lance, when, according to the conditions of their rencounter, Charlemain and all the prisoners were set at liberty: Gradasso then joined himself to Marfilius.

After the return of Angelica to India, Agrican king of Tartary, and father of Mandricardo, demanded her in marriage; but being refused by her, he raised a great army, and besieged her in Albracca, the capital of Cathay, inviting other nations to join him. Many gallant actions were performed at the siege. Orlando, Brandimart, Sacripant, Marphisa,

Marphisa, Aftolpho, and many others, took the part of Angelica; but Rinaldo, who at that time hated Angelica, from his having drank of the enchanted fountain, joined himself to her enemies: in consequence of which he had several encounters with Orlando. After various successes on either side, and an infinity of adventures engaged in by the several knights during the siege, Agrican was slain by Orlando in single combat; and Angelica, hearing that Rinaldo, whom she then loved, was gone to France, persuaded Orlando to accompany her thither; and, after her departure, the enemies of Albracca, taking advantage of the absence of Orlando, and her other brave defenders, entered the city by storm, and reduced it to ashes.

When Angelica, after the taking of Albracca, returned to France with Orlando, she passed again through the forest of Arden, and, in her way, happened to drink of the fountain of hatred, which entirely obliterated her former passion. About the same time Rinaldo, meeting with the contrary fountain, drank of the waters of love.

While the siege of Albracca was carrying on, Agramant, the young king of Africa, only twenty-two years of age, and the bravest knight in the dominions of Africa, except Rodomont king of Sarza, burning with desire to revenge the death of his father Troyano, slain by the Christians, ordered a council

council to be called in the city of Biferta, the capital of his empire, where two and thirty kings, his tributaries, being assembled, he proposed to them his design of invading the kingdom of Charlemain. After many debates it was at last resolved to transport a powerful force into France, notwithstanding the prophecy of the king of Garamanta, who declared that the expedition would prove fatal to Agramant and his army.

When the king of Garamanta had in vain endeavoured to dissuade Agramant from his designed invasion of France, he told the monarch, that there remained but one expedient by which he might hope to meet with any success against the Christians; this was, to take with him a young hero, named Rogero, who then resided with Atlantes, the magician, on mount Carena. Agramant having, in consequence of this advice, made many fruitless researches to find the fatal warrior, was directed, by the king of Garamanta, to procure the enchanted ring, then in possession of Angelica, daughter of Galaphron, king of Cathay, without which the retreat of Atlantes could never be discovered. Thereupon Agramant, offering great rewards to any one that would undertake this adventure, Brunello, a person of mean extraction, but well versed in the arts of fraud, engaged to perform it. Accordingly he went to Albracca, stole the ring from the princess,

cess, and brought it to Agramant, who, in recompense for his good service, made him king of Tingitana. In this excursion, Brunello likewise stole Sacripant's horse Frontino, Marphisa's sword, Orlando's sword Balifarda, which he had won from the enchantress Falerina, and the famous horn which he had taken from Almontes.

Agramant having got possession of this precious ring, went, with all his court, to the mountain, where Atlantes was said to reside; and the ring having dispelled every mist that enchantment had cast before their eyes, they soon discovered the rock on which was the wonderful dwelling; but the height forbidding all approaches to it, Agramant, by the advice of Brunello, ordered a tournament to be held on the plain at the foot of the rock. Rogero, roused with the sound of the warlike instruments, and fired with the sight of horses and armour, which he stood for some time contemplating from the summit of the rock, at last made Atlantes, though with great reluctance, descend with him to the plain. Brunello, who carefully watched the success of his project, soon espied Rogero with Atlantes, and drawing near them, entered into conversation: Brunello was then completely armed and mounted on Frontino, when observing, that Rogero was struck with the beauty of his horse and armour, he presented them to him, and the young warrior

warrior impatiently arming himself, and girding Balifarda to his side, leaped on Frontino, and entered the lists, where he overthrew every opponent, and obtained the whole honour of the day. All the combattants were astonished at the valour of this unknown champion, till Agramant, having at last discovered him to be Rogero, whom he had so eagerly fought for, received him with open arms, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and engaged him to accompany him to France, notwithstanding all the arguments used by Atlantes, to dissuade the king from taking Rogero with him in that expedition.

After encountering a variety of dangers and adventures, Orlando and Angelica arrived at the Christian camp, where Orlando and Rinaldo meeting, a dreadful combat ensued between them for the lady; but Charlemain interposing with his authority, put an end to the battle, and delivered Angelica to the care of Namus duke of Bavaria *.

Marfilius, king of Spain, being encamped near mount Albano, to which he prepared to lay siege, was joined by Rodomont, king of Sarza, who had passed from Africa before Agramant, and after having lost great part of his fleet in a storm, landed with the remainder of his forces near Monaco,

* Here begins the action of Ariosto's poem.

where he met with a very warm reception from the Christians.

Charlemain, having collected the strength of the empire, marched with Orlando and Rinaldo to attack Marsilius, whose army being now reinforced by some of the bravest warriors, among whom were Rodomont, and Ferrau, was able to make head against him. The battle was fought with great obstinacy on both sides. Orlando and Rinaldo, elevated with the hopes of possessing Angelica, performed prodigies of valour: Rodomont made great slaughter of the Christians, and Bradamant, sister to Rinaldo, signalized herself in a particular manner. In the mean time, Agramant, having embarked his forces at Biferta, was landed, and advanced with speedy marches towards mount Albano, bringing with him the flower of the African chivalry, among which was the young Rogero, who had been with difficulty drawn from the enchanted fortress, in which he had been shut by Atlantes, to avoid the destiny which threatened him, but whose presence, like that of Achilles, had been declared of the highest importance to the expedition. This young warrior was accompanied by Atlantes, who, since he could not divert his charge from the pursuit of glory, was prompted, by his anxiety, to be near him in time of danger.

The

The whole force of the Saracens being now united, the battle raged with redoubled fury. Rogero, having overthrown numbers of the Christians, at last singled out Orlando, when Atlantes, fearing the event of such an encounter, by his magic art fascinated the eyes of Orlando, who, believing that he saw Charlemain in danger, abruptly left the field, and was made prisoner in an enchanted garden. At this time Mandricardo joined the army of Agramant, when Rogero and Rinaldo being engaged in single combat, the Christians began to give ground, till being entirely discouraged by the absence of Orlando, the rout became general, and the tide of fugitives and pursuers parted Rinaldo and Rogero.

During this general battle between the Pagans and Christians, Bradamant being engaged in single combat with Rodomont, received intelligence from Rogero, who chanced to be a spectator of their battle, that Charlemain was in imminent danger; upon which she desired to go to his assistance, but Rodomont opposing this, Rogero took her quarrel upon himself, encountered Rodomont, and disarmed him, who then retired vanquished by the courtesy of his enemy. After the departure of the prince of Sarza, Bradamant, struck with the manly deportment of Rogero, was desirous to learn who he was, and received from him the account of his origin.

Bradamant, in return, discovered her birth and name, and taking off her helmet, surprised the young warrior with her beauty. At this instant a band of Pagans fell in with them, one of whom wounded Bradamant in the head, which was then unarmed. Rogero, who had by this time conceived a violent passion for the fair warrior, and enraged at the brutality of the action, advanced furiously to revenge it on the author; the Pagans then attacked him all at once, and Bradamant, who now began to feel the tenderest sentiments for Rogero, immediately joined him: their united force soon got the better of their adversaries, who were either slain, or put to flight: but it so happened, that in the pursuit the two lovers were separated; this being their first meeting; after this, Bradamant continued to go in search of Rogero, and arrived at the dwelling of a hermit, or friar, who healed the wound that she had received in her head. Afterwards falling asleep on the banks of a river, she was seen by Floridespina, daughter to king Marsilius, who was hunting in the forest, and being deceived by the arms and dress of Bradamant, supposing her to be a man, fell deeply in love with her *.

Orlando, having been delivered by Brandimart, Rogero and Gradasso, from the enchanted garden,

* This story is completed by Ariosto, ORR. FUR. book xiv.

where

where he had been confined by Atlantes, arrived at Paris when the city was closely besieged by Agramant, Marfilius, Rodomont, Mandricardo, Ferrau, and the whole power of the Pagans. Orlando and Brandimart attacked the enemy with great slaughter, and Rodomont attempting to scale the walls was thrown down by Orlando. The city was however at last in imminent danger of being taken, having been fired in several places; but a great storm arising, with a sudden violent shower of rain, extinguished the flames, and put an end to the battle for that time.

Here the great action of Boyardo breaks off unfinished, and the subject is again taken up by Ariosto, in the eighth book of the *ORLANDO FURIOSO*.

THE



THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. I.

B

THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO arrives at the Christian Camp with Angelica, where to put an end to the dissention that had arisen between him and Rinaldo, she is taken from him by Charlemain, and given to the care of Namus. The Christian army is defeated, in a general battle, by the forces of Agramant and Marsilius. Angelica flies from the camp, and is met by Rinaldo, who fights for her with Ferrau, till the combat being broke off by the departure of the lady, they both go in search of her. Ferrau, endeavouring to recover his helmet from the river, sees the ghost of Argalia, who reproaches him with perjury. Angelica, having taken shelter in a bower, sees unexpectedly one of her former lovers, to whom she discovers herself: their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of a strange knight: a battle ensues: the stranger departing, they find Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, and soon after meet Rinaldo himself.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

DAMES, knights, and arms, and love! the
deeds that spring
From courteous minds, and venturous feats, I sing!
What time the Moors from Afric's hostile strand
Had crost the seas to ravage Gallia's land,

By

Ver. 1. *Dames, knights, and arms,—*] It is said Cardinal Hippolito had been heard to declare that Ariosto was particularly difficult in composing the two first lines of his poem, and that he wrote them many times before he could satisfy himself. Marc Antonio Mureto, a most respectable writer of the xvith century, delivers himself thus on the subject: "*Audiui a maximis viris qui facillime id nosse poterant, Ludovicum Areostum nobilissi-*

By Agramant, their youthful monarch, led, 5
 In deep resentment for Troyano dead,
 With threats on Charlemain t' avenge his fate,
 Th' imperial guardian of the Roman state.

Nor will I less Orlando's acts rehearse,
 A tale nor told in prose, nor sung in verse; 10
 Who once the flower of arms, and wisdom's boast,
 By fatal love his manly senses lost.
 If she, for whom like anguish wounds my heart,
 To my weak skill her gracious aid impart,
 The timorous bard shall needful succour find, 15
 To end the task long ponder'd in his mind.

Vouchsafe, great offspring of th' Herculean line,
 In whom our age's grace and glory shine,
 Hippolito, these humble lines to take,
 The sole return your poet e'er can make; 20
 Who boldly now his gratitude conveys
 In sheets like these, and verse for duty pays:
 Nor deem the labour poor, or tribute small;
 'Tis all he has, and thus he offers all!

num nobilissimæ domus præconem in duobus primis grandiosis illius poematis sui versibus, plusquam credi potest, laborasse, neque sibi prius animum explere potuisse, quam quum illos in omnem partem diu multumque verlasset."

Ver. 6. — *Troyano dead,*] See General View of BOYARDO'S Story.

Here

Here midst the bravest chiefs prepare to view, 25
 (Those honour'd chiefs to whom the lays are due)
 Renown'd Rogero, from whose loins I trace
 The ancient fountain of your glorious race:
 My muse the hero's actions shall proclaim,
 His dauntless courage, and his deathless fame; 30
 So you awhile each weightier care suspend,
 And to my tale a pleas'd attention lend.

Orlando, long with amorous passion fir'd,
 The love of fair Angelica desir'd:
 For her his arms immortal trophies won, 35
 In Media, Tartary, and India known.
 Now with her to the west he held his course,
 Where Charlemain encamp'd his martial force,
 And near Pyrene's hills his standard rear'd,
 Where France and Germany combin'd appear'd, 40
 That Spain and Afric's monarchs to their cost,
 Might rue their vain designs and empty boast:
 This, summon'd all his subjects to the field,
 Whose hand could lift the spear, or falchion wield;

Ver. 33. *Orlando, long—*] See General View of BOYARDO'S
 Story.

B 3

That,

That, once again impell'd the Spanish race, 45
 To conquer Gallia, and her realm deface.
 And hither to the camp Orlando drew,
 But soon, alas ! his fatal error knew :
 How oft the wisest err ! how short the span
 Of judgment here bestow'd on mortal man ! 50
 She, whom from distant regions safe he brought,
 She, for whose sake such bloody fields he fought,
 No sword unsheath'd, no hostile force apply'd,
 Amidst his friends was ravish'd from his side.
 This Charles had doom'd the discord to compose, 55
 That 'twixt Orlando and Rinaldo rose,
 Each kindred chief the beauteous virgin claim'd ;
 Deep hatred hence each rival heart inflam'd ;
 The king, who griev'd to see the knights engage
 With fatal enmity and jealous rage, 60
 Remov'd th' unhappy cause, and to the care
 Of great Bavaria's duke, consign'd the fair ;

Ver. 45. *That, once again impell'd*—] “ Marfilius, king of Spain, who being worsted by Gradasso, king of Sericane, did homage to him for his crown, and joined him : these princes afterwards turned their forces against Charlemain.”

ORL. INNAM. B. i, C. i, ii, &c.

Ver. 57. *Each kindred chief*—] Orlando and Rinaldo were cousins.

Ver. 62. — *Bavaria's duke*,—] Namus, duke of Bavaria.

Yet

Yet promis'd HE should bear the maid away,
 His valour's prize, on that important day,
 Whose arm could best the Pagan might oppose, 65
 And strow the sanguine plain with lifeless foes.
 But Heaven dispers'd these hopes in empty wind :
 The Christian bands th' inglorious field resign'd ;
 The duke, with numbers more, was prisoner made ;
 The tents, abandon'd, to the foes betray'd. 70

The damsel, doom'd to yield her blooming charms,
 A recompense to grace the victor's arms,
 With terror seiz'd, her ready palfrey took,
 And, by a speedy flight, the camp forsook :
 Her heart presag'd that fortune's fickle turn 75
 That day would give the Christian bands to mourn.
 As through a narrow woodland path she stray'd,
 On foot a warrior chanc'd to meet the maid ;
 The shining cuirass, and the helm he wore,
 His side the sword, his arm the buckler bore ; 80
 While through the woods he ran with swifter pace
 Than village swains half naked in the race.

Ver. 68. — *th' inglorious field resign'd*;] At this part Ariosto takes up the story from Boyardo, but passes over the particulars of the battle, which had been fully described by his predecessor. See General View of BOYARDO's Story.

Not with such haste the timorous maiden flies,
 Who, unawares, a latent snake espies;
 As, when Angelica beheld the knight, 85
 She turn'd the reins, and headlong urg'd her flight.
 This was the Paladin for valour known,
 Lord of mount Alban, and duke Amon's son,
 Rinaldo nam'd, who late when fortune crost
 The Christian arms, his steed Bayardo lost. 90
 Soon as his eyes beheld th' approaching fair,
 Full well he knew that soft enchanting air;
 Full well he knew that face which caus'd his smart,
 And held in love's strong net his manly heart.

Meantime th' affrighted damsel threw the reins 95
 Loose on her courser's neck, and scour'd the plains;
 Through open paths she fled, or tangled shade,
 Nor rough, nor bushy paths her course delay'd;
 But pale and trembling, struck with deep dismay,
 She lets her flying palfrey choose the way. 100
 Now here, now there, amidst the savage wood
 She wander'd, till she saw a running flood;
 Where on the lonely banks Ferrau she view'd,
 With dust and sweat his weary limbs bedew'd:

Ver. 90.—*his steed Bayardo lost.*] When Rinaldo, in the last general battle, dismounted to engage Rogero, who was on foot, his horse escaped from him.

Late

Late from the fight he came with toil oppress'd, 105
 To quench his thirst, and taste the sweets of rest;
 When soon returning to the bloody fray,
 An unexpected chance compell'd his stay;
 For where the flood its circling eddies tost,
 His helmet, sunk amidst the sands, was lost. 110

Now to the stream the panting virgin flies,
 And rends the air with supplicating cries;
 The Pagan warrior, startled at the sound,
 Leap'd from the shore, and cast his eyes around;
 Till, earnest gazing, as she nearer drew, 115
 Tho' pale with dread, the trembling fair he knew;
 Then as a knight who courteous deeds profess'd,
 And love, long since, enkindled in his breast;
 Dauntless her person to defend he swore,
 Though on his head no fencing helm he wore. 120
 He grasp'd his sword, and mov'd with haughty stride
 To meet Rinaldo, who his force defy'd,
 And oft had each the other's valour try'd.

And now, on foot, oppos'd, and man to man,
 With swords unsheath'd, a dreadful fight began; 125

Ver. 110. *His helmet, sunk—*] This circumstance of Ferrau leaving the battle, and losing his helmet in the river, is related by Boyardo.

Ver. 120. *Though on his head—*] See note to book xii. ver. 312.

In

In vain did plate and mail their limbs enclose,
Not massy anvils could resist their blows.
While thus his utmost force each warrior try'd,
His feet again the virgin's palfrey ply'd;
At his full stretch she drives him ~~off~~ the plain, 130
And seeks the shelter of the woods again.

Long had the knights contended in the field,
Nor this nor that could make his rival yield;
With equal skill could each his weapon bear,
Practis'd alike in all the turns of war, 135
When Alban's lord with amorous fears possess'd,
First to the Spanish foe these words address'd.

While thus on me your thoughtless rage you
turn,
Yourself (he cry'd) have equal cause to mourn;
If yonder dame, the fun of female charms, 140
Has fill'd your glowing breast with soft alarms,
What gain is yours?—Suppose me prisoner made,
Or breathless, by the chance of battle, laid;
Yet could you not possess the beauteous prize,
For while we linger here, behold she flies! 145
But if the passion you profess is true,
Then let us first Angelica pursue:
This wisdom bids—be first secur'd the fair,
And let the sword our title then declare;

Elfe

Else what can all our fond contention gain, 150
But fruitless toil and unavailing pain?

Ferrau with pleasure heard the Christian knight,
Then both agreed t' adjourn the bloody fight;
And now so firmly were they bound to peace,
So far did rage and rival hatred cease, 155
That, in no wise, the Pagan prince would view
Brave Amon's son on foot his way pursue,
But courteous bad him mount the steed behind,
Then took the track Angelica to find.

O noble minds, by knights of old possess'd! 160
Two faiths they knew, one love their hearts profess'd;
And still their limbs the smarting anguish feel,
Of strokes inflicted by the hostile steel.
Through winding paths, and lonely woods they go,
Yet no suspicion their brave bosoms know. 165
At length the horse, with double spurring, drew
To where two several ways appear'd in view;
When doubtful which to take, one gentle knight
For fortune took the left, and one the right.
Long through the devious wilds the Spaniard
pass'd, 170
And to the river's banks return'd at last:

Ver. 162. —*the smarting anguish feel,*] See note to Book xii.
ver. 312.

The place again the wandering warrior view'd,
Where late he dropp'd his casque amidst the flood;
Since all his hopes to find his love were vain,
Once more he fought his helmet to regain. 175
A tall young poplar on the banks arose;
From this a branch he hew'd and lopt the boughs:
A stake thus fashion'd with industrious art,
He rak'd the river round in every part:
When, rising from the troubled brook was seen 180
A youth with features pale and ghastly mien:
Above the circling stream he rais'd his breast;
His head alone was bare, all arm'd the rest:
His better hand the fatal helmet bore,
The helmet that in vain was fought before: 185
Full on Ferrau he turn'd with threatening look,
And thus the ghost th' astonish'd knight bespoke.

Wretch! does this helm perplex thy faithless mind,
A helm thou should'st have long ere this resign'd?
Remember fair Angelica, and view 190
In me her brother, whom thy weapon flew.
Didst thou not vow, with all my arms, to hide
My casque ere long beneath the whelming tide?
Though basely thou hast fail'd thy plighted word,
See, juster fortune has my own restor'd: 195

Then

Then murmur not—or if thou still must grieve,
 Lament that e'er thy falsehood could deceive.
 But if thou seek'st another helm to gain,
 Seek one that may no more thy honour stain :
 Seek one perchance of stronger temper'd charms ; 200
 Such has Orlando, such Rinaldo arms :
 Mambrino, this ; Almontes, that possess'd ;
 By one of these thy brows be nobler press'd :

But

Ver. 202. *Mambrino, this ; Almontes, that possess'd ;*] I do not find these actions recorded in Boyardo, but like many others mentioned in the work, Ariosto alludes to them as well-known incidents in the romance writers. In an old romance, in ottava rima, intituled *INNAMORAMENTO DI RINALDO*, apparently much prior to Ariosto, is a long account of a Pagan king, named Mambrino, who comes against Charlemain and the Christians with a vast army. He is at last killed by Rinaldo, but no particular mention is made of his helmet. This helmet of Mambrino, said by Ariosto to be won by Rinaldo, is the same which the reader must recollect to have seen so frequently mentioned in *Don Quixote*, and for which the knight of la Mancha took possession of a barber's bason. See Jarvis's *Don Quixote*, Vol. I. B. iii. C. vii.

With respect to the death of Almontes, the following account is given in the romance poem of *ASPRAMONTE*.

Almontes, son of Agolant, and brother to Troyano, having embarked from Africa to revenge the death of Garnieri king of Carthage, his grandfather, killed by Milo, father of Orlando, had performed many great actions and slain Milo. He
 one

But what I claim by sacred faith for mine,
 Forbear to seek, and willingly resign. 205

The Saracen beheld, with wild affright,
 The strange appearance of the phantom-knight;
 Up rose his hair like bristles on his head,
 His utterance fail'd him, and his colour fled.
 But when he heard Argalia, whom he flew, 210
 (Argalia was the name the warrior knew)

one day came to a fountain called Sylvestra, which was said to be made by St. Silvester, and that by tasting these waters Constantine was converted. Almontes here fell asleep, and was soon after surprised by Charlemain. These two warriors then engaged in a dreadful combat, and Charlemain was very near being defeated, when Orlando, seeking Almontes, in order to revenge the death of his father, was met by a hermit, who incited him to go to the assistance of Charlemain. Orlando, having lost his sword, took an enormous mace or club from a dead Turk, and soon reached the fountain, where he attacked Almontes, who had just overpowered the emperor. Orlando, after an obstinate battle, killed Almontes, who, before his death, recollected the prophecy of his sister Galicella, that he should die by a fountain. Orlando then took possession of the armour of Almontes, which was enchanted, and of his horn, together with his horse Brigliadoro, and his sword Durindana, both so celebrated in Ariosto. See ASPRAMONTE, Cant. xix.

Ver. 210.—*Argalia*,—] For an account of the death of Argalia, see General View of BOYARDO's Story.

Reproach

Reproach his tainted faith and breach of fame,
 His haughty bosom glow'd with rage and flame.
 Then by Lanfusa's life a sacred vow
 He made, to wear no head-piece o'er his brow, 215
 But that which in fam'd Aspramont of yore,
 From fierce Almontes' head Orlando tore.
 And to this oath a due regard he paid,
 And kept it better than the first he made.
 Thence with sad steps in penfive mood he went, 220
 And long remain'd in fullen discontent.
 Now here, now there he seeks the Christian knight,
 And in his panting bosom hopes the fight.

Rinaldo, who a different path had try'd,
 As fortune led, full soon before him spy'd 225
 His gallant courser bounding o'er the plain—
 Stay, my Bayardo, stay—thy flight restrain:

Ver. 214.—*Lanfusa's life, a sacred vow*—] Lanfusa was the mother of Ferrau. Such kind of vows were common with the knights in romance: thus Don Quixote, in imitation of these, swears he will not rest till he has won a helmet by conquest. DON QUIX. Part i. B. ii. C. ii.

Ver. 223—*hopes the fight*] We hear no more of Ferrau till the xiith book, ver. 169, where he is introduced as one of the knights confined in the enchanted palace of Atlantes.

Much

Much has thy want to day perplex'd thy lord—
 The steed, regardless of his master's word,
 Through the thick forest fled with speed renew'd, 230
 While, fir'd with added rage, the knight pursu'd.

Now turn we to Angelica, who speeds
 O'er savage wilds, and unfrequented meads;
 Nor thinks herself secure, but swiftly scuds
 Thro' the deep mazes of surrounding woods; 235
 Starts

Ver. 232.—*Angelica, who speeds.*] Tasso seems to have had a reference to this, and the former passage, ver. 95. in describing the flight of Erminia.

Mean while Erminia's rapid courser stray'd
 Through the thick covert of the woodland shade;
 Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
 And through her veins a chilling terror glides.
 —JERUS. DEL. B. vii. ver. 1.

Still flies the damsel to her fears resign'd,
 Nor dares to cast a transient look behind:
 All night she fled, and all th' ensuing day, &c.
 Ver. 13.

But our countryman Spenser more immediately follows Ariosto, in his account of Florimel, on a like occasion, in his FAIRY QUEEN.

Like as an hind forth singled from the herd,
 That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
 Yet flies away, of her own feet affeard,
 And every leaf, that shaketh with the least

Murmur

Starts at the leaves that ruffle with the wind,
 And thinks the knight pursues her close behind :
 Each shadow that in hill or vale appears,
 Again recalls Rinaldo to her fears !
 So when a fawn or kid by chance has found, 240
 Amidst the covert of his native ground,
 His hapless dam some furious leopard's prize,
 Who tears her throat and haunches as she lies ;
 Far from the dreadful sight, with terror chac'd,
 From grove to grove he flies with trembling
 haste ; 245
 While every bush he touches in his way,
 He thinks the cruel savage gripes his prey.

Murmur of wind, her terror hath encreast :
 So fled fair Florimel from her vain fear,
 Long after she from peril was releast :
 Each shade she saw, and each noise she did hear,
 Did seem to be the same, which she escap'd whyleare.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
 And all that night her course continued ;
 Ne did she let dull sleep once to relent,
 Nor weariness to slack her haste, but fled
 Ever alike, as if her former dread
 Were hard behind, her ready to arrest :
 And her white palfrey having conquered
 The mainst'ring reins out of her weary wrift,
 Perforce her carried wherever he thought best.

Unconscious where she pass'd that day and night,
With half the next, the damsel urg'd her flight.
At length she came, where rose a bowery shade, 250
Whose nodding branches to the breezes play'd:
Two purling streams adorn the sylvan scene,
And clothe the turf with never-fading green:
Along the meads they roll their easy tide,
The stones, with murmuring noise, their passage
chide. 255

Here hop'd the fair a safe retreat to find,
And fondly deem'd Rinaldo far behind:
O'ercome with toil, with burning heat oppress'd,
She fought to ease her limbs with needful rest.
Then lighting on the ground, she loos'd the reins, 260
And gave her steed to graze th' enamell'd plains.
Not distant far, an harbour struck her view,
Where flowery herbs and blushing roses grew:
Close by the bower the glassy mirror flow'd:
The bower was shelter'd with a waving wood 265
Of lofty oaks; the inner part display'd
A cool retreat amidst surrounding shade.
So thick the twining branches nature wove,
No light, no sun could pierce the dusky grove:
A rising

A rising bank, with tender herbage spread, 270
Had form'd for soft repose a rural bed.

The lovely virgin here her limbs compos'd,
Till downy sleep her weary eyelids clos'd.

Not long she lay, for soon her slumber fled,
A trampling steed her sudden terror bred: 275

When, rising silent, near the river's side,
A graceful warrior, sheath'd in arms, she spy'd.

Uncertain if she view'd a foe or friend,

Alternate hopes and fears her bosom rend.

Th' approaching stranger now his steed for-
sook, 280

And stretch'd his careless limbs beside the brook,

His arm sustain'd his head, and, lost in thought,

He seem'd a statue by the sculptor wrought.

An hour and more (my lord) the pensive knight

With head reclin'd remain'd in mournful plight, 285

At length began with such a doleful strain,

To tell the list'ning woods his secret pain,

That parting rocks might tender pity show,

And savage tigers soften at his woe:

He sigh'd; his breast, like flaming *Ætna* glow'd, 290

While down his cheeks the tears like rivers flow'd.

Ver. 284.— *my lord*] Addressing his patron.

Ah me! (he cry'd) whence comes this inward smart,
 These thoughts that burn at once and freeze my heart!
 What to a tardy wretch, like me, remains?
 With happier speed the fruit another gains. 295
 To me were scarcely words and looks address'd,
 The last dear bliss another has possess'd.
 Since then I neither fruit nor flowers enjoy,
 Why should her love in vain my peace destroy?
 The spotless maid is like the blooming rose 300
 Which on its native stem unfully'd grows;
 Where fencing walls the garden-space surround,
 Nor swains, nor browsing cattle tread the ground:
 The earth and streams their mutual tribute lend,
 Soft breathe the gales, the pearly dew descend: 305
 Fair youths and amorous maidens with delight
 Enjoy the grateful scent, and bless the sight.

Ver. 300. *The spotless maid.*—] Imitated from Catullus.

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
 Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber:
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ.
 Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ:
 Si virgo dum intacta manet, tum cara suis, sed;
 Quum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
 Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.

CARMEN NUPTIALE.

But

But if some hand the tender stalk invades,
 Lost is its beauty, and its colour fades :
 No more the care of heaven, or garden's boast, 310
 And all its praise with youths and maidens lost.
 So when a virgin grants the precious prize
 More choice than beauty, dearer than her eyes,
 To some lov'd swain ; the power she once possess'd,
 She forfeits soon in every other breast ; 315
 Since he alone can justly love the maid,
 To whom so bounteous she her love display'd.
 While others triumph in each fond desire,
 Relentless fortune ! I with want expire.
 Then shake this fatal beauty from thy mind, 320
 And give thy fruitless passion to the wind —
 Ah ! no — this instant let my life depart,
 Ere her dear form is banish'd from my heart.

If any seek to learn the warrior's name
 Whose mournful tears increas'd the running
 stream, 325
 'Twas Sacripant, to hapless love a prey,
 Whose rule Circassia's ample realms obey :
 For

Ver. 326. 'Twas Sacripant —] " Sacripant, king of Cir-
 cassia, one of the bravest and most faithful of Angelica's lovers.
 When this princess was besieged in Albracca by Agrican, he
 C 3 marched

For fair Angelica his course he bends
 From eastern climes to where the sun descends.
 For pierc'd with grief, he heard in India's land 330
 With Brava's knight she fought the Gallic strand;
 And after heard in France, the blooming fair
 Was given by royal Charles to Namus' care;
 The wish'd-for prize the champion to reward,
 Whose arms should best the golden lily guard. 335
 Himself that fatal conflict had beheld,
 When Pagan arms the Christian forces quell'd:
 Since then through many a winding track he stray'd,
 And fought with fruitless care, the wandering maid.
 While, grieving thus, in doleful state he lies, 340
 The tears like fountains gushing from his eyes,

marched to her assistance with a numerous army, and performed many gallant actions before the walls. Agrican, having one night by surprise gain'd admittance into the city, with three hundred of his followers, Sacripant, who then lay dangerously wounded, sallied out, armed only with his sword and shield, and bravely repulsed them, till the whole army of Tartars entering the walls, he was compelled to retire into the fort, whence, at the request of Galaphron, he soon after set out to ask assistance from Gradasso, king of Sericane."

ORLANDO INNAM. Book I. C. x, xi.

Ver. 331. — *Brava's knight*—] Orlando, so called from having the Marquisate of Brava.

Beyond

Beyond his wish, propitious fortune bears
His soft complainings to his mistress' ears.
Angelica attentive hears his moan,
Whose constant passion long the fair had known: 345
Yet, cold as marble, her obdurate breast
No kindly pity for his woes confess'd :
As one who treats mankind with like disdain,
Whose wayward love no merit could obtain :
But thus with perils clos'd on every side, 350
She thinks in him that Fortune might provide
A sure defence, her champion and her guide.
For who, when circling waters round him spread
And menace present death, implores not aid?
This hour neglected, never might she view 355
A knight again so valiant and so true.
Yet meant she ne'er t' assuage his amorous smart,
Who kept her deeply treasur'd in his heart ;
And with that happiness his pains reward,
That happiness which lovers most regard : 360
Some other new-fram'd wile the fair design'd
To lure with hope his unsuspecting mind ;
And, when her fears were past, return again
To all her cruelty and coy disdain.

Then, sudden issuing from the tufted wood, 365
Confess'd in open sight the virgin stood ;

As, on the scene, from cave or painted grove,
Appears Diana, or the queen of love.

Hail! mighty warrior! (thus the damsel said)
May favouring heav'n afford me timely aid, 370
That you may still unfully'd keep my name,
Nor with suspicion wrong my spotless fame!

Struck with the vision, Sacripant amaz'd
On fair Angelica in rapture gaz'd;
Not with such joy a mother views again 375
Her darling offspring, deem'd in battle slain,
Who saw the troops without him home return'd,
And long his loss with tears maternal mourn'd.
The lover now advanc'd with eager pace,
To clasp his fair one with a warm embrace: 380
While she, far distant from her native seat,
Refus'd not thus her faithful knight to meet,
With whom she hop'd ere long her ancient realms
to greet.

Then all her story she at full express'd,
Ev'n from the day, when urg'd by her request, 385
He parted, succours in the east to gain
From fam'd Gradasso king of Sericane:

Ver. 385.—*when urg'd by her request,*] Alluding to a passage
in Boyardo.

How great Orlando did her steps attend;
And safe from danger and mischance defend;
While, as she from her birth had kept unstain'd 390
Her virgin fame, he still that fame maintain'd.

This might be true, but one discreet and wise,
Would scarcely credit such a fond surmise:
Yet Sacripant with ease the maid believ'd,
For mighty Love had long his sense deceiv'd: 395
Love, what we see, can from our sight remove,
And things invifible are feen by Love.

What though Anglante's knight fo long forbore
To feize the blest occafion in his power:
(Thus to himfelf in fecret spoke the knight) 400
Shall I fo coldly fortune's gifts requite?
Or e'er repent I flighted beauty's charms
When the glad hour had giv'n them to my arms!
No — let me crop the fresh, the morning rofe,
Whofe budding leaves untainted fweets difclofe. 405
Midft all difguife, full well the fair approve ✓
The foft, the pleafing violence of love.
Then let no forg'd complaints my foul affright,
Nor threatenings rob me of the wifh'd delight.

Ver. 398. — *Anglante's knight*—] Orlando, lord of Anglante.

He

He said; and for the soft attack prepar'd: 410
But soon a loud and sudden noise was heard:
The noise, resounding from the neighbouring grove,
Compell'd the knight to quit his task of love:
His ready helmet on his head he plac'd;
His other parts in shining steel were cas'd: 415
Again with curbing bit his steed he rein'd,
Remounted swiftly and his lance regain'd.
Now, issuing from the wood, a knight is seen
Of warlike semblance and commanding mien:
Of dazzling white the furniture he wears, 420
And in this casque a snowy plume he bears.
But Sacripant, whom amorous thoughts employ,
Defrauded of his love and promis'd joy,
Beholds th' intruding champion from afar
With haughty looks, and eyes that menace war. 425
Approaching nearer he defies his force,
And hopes to hurl him headlong from his horse:
With threatening words the stranger makes return,
With equal confidence and equal scorn:
At once he spoke, and to the combat press'd, 430
His courser spurr'd and plac'd his lance in rest:
King Sacripant return'd with equal speed;
And each on each impell'd his rapid steed.

Not

Not bulls or lions thus the battle wage
With teeth and horns, in mutual blood and rage, 435
As fought these eager warriors in the field :
Each forceful javelin pierc'd the other's shield
With hideous crash ; the dreadful clangors rise,
Swell from the vales, and echo to the skies !
Through either's breast had pierc'd the pointed
wood, 440

But the well-temper'd plates the force withstood,
The fiery courfers, long to battle bred,
Like butting rams encounter'd head to head.
The stranger's with the shock began to reel,
But soon recover'd with the goring steel ; 445
While on the ground the Pagan's breathless fell,
A beast that, living, serv'd his master well.

The knight unknown, beholding on the mead
His foe lie crush'd beneath the slaughter'd steed,
And deeming here no further glory due, 450
Resolv'd no more the contest to renew ;
But turning swift, again pursu'd his way,
And left the fierce Circassian where he lay.
As when, the thunder o'er, the ether clears,
Slow rising from the stroke the hind appears, 455
Where stretch'd he lay all senseless on the plain,
Where fast beside him lay his oxen slain ;

And

And see the pine, that once had rais'd in air
 Its stately branches, now of honours bare :
 So rose the Pagan from the fatal place, 460
 His mistress present at the dire disgrace.
 He sigh'd full deeply from his inmost heart,
 Not for a wounded limb, or outward smart ;
 But shame alone his tortur'd bosom tore,
 A shame like this he ne'er confess'd before ; 465
 And more he sorrow'd, when the damsel freed
 His limbs encumber'd from the murder'd steed ;
 Long time he silent stood with downcast look,
 Till first Angelica the silence broke.

She thus began : Let not my lord bemoan 470
 His courser's fatal error, not his own ;
 For him had grassy mead been fitter far,
 Or stalls with grain surcharg'd, than feats of war !
 Yet little praise awaits yon haughty knight,
 Nor can he justly glory in his might ; 475
 For he, methinks, may well be said to yield,
 Who first forsakes the fight and flies the field.

With words like these the drooping king she
 cheer'd,
 When from the woods a messenger appear'd ;
 Tir'd with a length of way he seem'd to ride, 480
 His crooked horn and wallet at his side :

When

When now, approaching to the Pagan knight,
He ask'd if he had seen, with buckler white,
And snowy plumage o'er his crest display'd,
A warrior passing through the forest shade. 485

To whom thus Sacripant in brief again;
The knight you seek has stretch'd me on the plain:
But now he parted hence; to him I owe
My sham'd defeat, nor yet my victor know.

I shall not, since you wish me to reveal, 490
(Reply'd the messenger) your foe conceal:
Know then, the fall you suffer'd in the fight,
A gallant virgin gave, unmatched in might,
Of fame for deeds of arms, of greater fame
For beauteous form, and Bradamant her name. 495

He said; and turn'd his courser from the place:
The Saracen, o'erwhelm'd with new disgrace,
All mute with conscious shame, dejected stood,
While o'er his features flush'd the mantling blood;
Till to the damsel's steed the knight address'd 500
His silent steps, and now the saddle press'd;
Then plac'd the fair Angelica behind,
Resolv'd some more secure retreat to find.

Ere far they rode, they heard a trampling sound,
That all the forest seem'd to shake around: 505

They

They look, and soon a stately steed behold,
 Whose costly trappings shine with burnish'd gold;
 He leaps the steepy mounds, and crossing floods,
 And bends before his way the crashing woods.
 Unless the mingled boughs, with dusky shade, 510
 Deceive my erring fight (exclaim'd the maid)
 I see Bayardo in yon gallant horse,
 That through the woodland breaks his founding
 course:

One palfrey could but ill two riders bear,
 And fortune sends him to relieve our care. 515

King Sacripant, alighting on the plain,
 Drew near, and thought secure to seize the rein;
 But swift as lightnings flash along the sky,
 With spurning heels Bayardo made reply.
 It chanc'd beside him the Circassian stood, 520
 Else had he mourn'd his rash attempt in blood;
 Such dreadful force was in the courser's heel,
 The stroke had burst a mount of solid steel.

Ver. 512.—*Bayardo*.—] Many wonders are told in the romances of this horse. It is said that he was found by Malagigi in a grotto, together with a suit of armour and the sword Fulsberta, all under the guard of a horrible serpent, and that by his magic art he got possession of, and gave them to Rinaldo. SEE *INNAMORAMENTO di RINALDO*, C. iv.

Then

Then to Angelica with easy pace

He moves, and humbly views her well-known
face: 525

A Spaniel thus, domestic at the board,

Fawns after absence, and surveys his lord.

The damsel was remember'd by the steed

Wont at Albracca from her hands to feed,

What time Rinaldo, courted by the maid, 530

With foul ingratitude her love repay'd.

Now boldly in her hand she took the rein,

Strok'd his broad chest, and smooth'd his ruffled
mane:

While conscious he, with wondrous sense indu'd,

Still as a lamb, beside her gently stood, 535

Ver. 529. *Wont at Albracca*—] Malagigi, who was made prisoner by Angelica, (see General View, &c.) being released upon his parole, endeavoured to persuade Rinaldo to return her love; but all his arguments proving ineffectual, he, in revenge, by a magical illusion, decoyed his cousin from the Christian camp: Bayardo, being left behind, came into the possession of Astolpho, who, going to the siege of Albracca, in aid of Angelica, was overthrown before the walls of that city, when his horse was seized by Agrican; who being afterwards slain, Bayardo came into the hands of Orlando, who had lost his horse Briadoro. Orlando at last having recovered his own, and departing from Cathay on a new adventure, left Bayardo in Albracca with Angelica, who soon after sent him to his master Rinaldo. See ORLANDO INNAM.

They look, and soon a stately steed behold,
Whose costly trappings shine with burnish'd gold;
He leaps the steepy mounds, and crossing floods,
And bends before his way the crashing woods.
Unless the mingled boughs, with dusky shade, 510
Deceive my erring sight (exclaim'd the maid)
I see Bayardo in yon gallant horse,
That through the woodland breaks his founding
course:

One palfrey could but ill two riders bear,
And fortune sends him to relieve our care. 515

King Sacripant, alighting on the plain,
Drew near, and thought secure to seize the rein;
But swift as lightnings flash along the sky,
With spurning heels Bayardo made reply.
It chanc'd beside him the Circassian stood, 520
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The watchful Pagan leap'd into the seat,
 And curb'd, with streighten'd reins, Bayardo's heat.
 The palfrey to Angelica remain'd,
 Who gladly thus her former place regain'd.

Now as by chance she cast her eyes aside, 540
 A knight on foot in sounding arms she spy'd:
 When sudden terror on her face was shown,
 Soon as the knight for Amon's son was known.
 Long had he woo'd, but she detests his love;
 Not swifter from the falcon flies the dove. 545
 He hated once, while she with ardor burn'd;
 And now behold their several fortunes turn'd.
 This cause at first from two fair fountains came,
 Their waters different, but their look the same:

Amidst

Ver. 548.—*two fair fountains*—] “As many of these specious and wonderful tales in romance writers, are borrowed from Greek or Latin poets, so this story of the two fountains of Ardena, with their different effects, is borrowed from Claudian, in his description of the gardens of Venus.

Labunter gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
 Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis:
 Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

Two fountains here, of different nature, rise:
 This dulcet draughts; that bitter streams supplies:
 While here dire poison flows to taint the heart,
 Fame tells that Cupid tempers there his dart.”

UPTON, Notes on Spenser, B. iv. C. iii.
 Spenser

Amidst the shade of Arden's dreary wood, 550

Full in each other's view the fountains stood:

Who drinks of one, inflames with love his heart,

Who drinks the other stream contemns his dart:

Rinaldo tasted that, and inly burn'd;

The damsel this, and hate for love return'd. 555

Soon as Angelica beheld the knight,

A sudden mist o'erspread her chearful sight;

While with a falt'ring voice and troubled look,

To Sacripant with suppliant tone she spoke;

And begg'd him not th' approaching chief to
meet, 560

But turn his courser, and betimes retreat.

Does then my prowess (Sacripant replies)

Appear so mean and worthless in your eyes,

That you too feeble deem this slighted hand,

The force of yonder champion to withstand? 565

Spenser mentions one of these fountains in his FAIRY QUEEN.

Much more of price, and of more gracious power,

Is this, than that same water of Arden,

The which Rinaldo drank in happy hour

Described by that famous Tuscan pen:

For that had might to change the hearts of men

From love to hate. ——— Book iv. C. iii.

Have you forgot that memorable night
 When at Albracca I maintain'd the fight?
 In your defence, unarm'd, I durst oppose
 King Agrican, and brav'd a host of foes.

Not so (she said)—nor to reply she knew; 570
 As thus she spoke Rinaldo nearer drew,
 Who now began the Pagan king to threat,
 Soon as his eyes the well-known courser met,
 And that lov'd face he view'd, whose charms had fir'd
 His ravish'd bosom, and his soul inspir'd. 575

But cease we here: the ensuing book shall tell
 What strife between these haughty warriors fell.

Ver. 566.—*that memorable night.*—]See note on ver. 326. Concerning the force mentioned in Romances to have been set down before Albracca, Milton, to express the idea of a prodigious course, alludes to it in the following lines:

“ Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp
 When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Galaphron, from thence to win
 The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
 His daughter, fought by many prouest knights,
 Both Paynim and the Peers of Charlemain;
 Such and so various was their chivalry.”

PARAD. REG. B. iii. ver. 336.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BATTLE betwixt Sacripant and Rinaldo. Angelica, flying, meets with a hermit, who, by a magical illusion, parts the two rivals. Rinaldo, returning to Paris, is sent by Charlemain on an embassy to England. Bradamant, seeking her lover Rogero, meets with Pinabello, from whom she hears a melancholy story of his misfortunes. She promises him assistance; and afterwards, being deceived, falls into a pit.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AH! why so rare does cruel Love inspire
Two tender bosoms with a mutual fire!
Say, whence, perfidious, dost thou pleasure find
To sow diffention in the human mind?
In shallow waters when I fain would keep,
«Thou, to my ruin, draw'st me to the deep:
From those, that love me, dost avert my love,
To place it where no sighs, no sufferings move!
Thou giv'st Angelica t' enslave the knight,
Yet mak'st him hateful in the virgin's sight: 10
But when she lov'd him, and his form admir'd,
He, with aversion, from her love retired.

Ver. 11. *But when she lov'd him,—*]See General View o
BOYARDO's Story.

With grief he now in flames unpity'd burns,
Thus equal fortune scorn for scorn returns.

Rinaldo furious thus—Base thief! alight! 15
Forfake my courser, and restore my right.
Think not such theft shall unreveng'd succeed,
Impending punishment awaits the deed:
But more—yon damsel to my arms resign;
'Twere far unmeet such beauties should be thine. 20
Wer't not a shame, that hence a thief should bear
A steed so stately, and a maid so fair!

Thief! dost thou say!—take back th' opprobrious
lye,
(With equal rage the Pagan made reply)
But, if we trust the common voice of fame, 25
'Tis thou far more deserv'st th' opprobrious name.
This instant shall the important strife decide,
Who merits best the courser, and the bride:
Yet this, so far our thoughts conform, I own,
No equal to her charms the world has known. 30

As when two hungry mastives from afar.
By hate or envy mov'd, prepare for war;
Slowly they meet, their threatening teeth they show,
With livid fire their glaring eye-balls glow:
At last with snarls the bitter fray they wage, 35
And bite and tear in mutual blood and rage.

So

So, after piercing taunts and vengeful words,
The mighty warriors drew their shining swords.

One urg'd the conflict from the courser's height,
One on his feet below maintained the fight: 40

Nor think the horseman could th' advantage boast,
His force was useless and his prowess lost;

For well, by nature taught, the faithful steed
Against his lord refus'd his strength and speed:

Nor could Circaffia's prince, by skill or force, 45
With spur or bit direct the restiff horse.

Now prone to earth his head Bayardo thrust;

Now wheel'd around; now furious spurn'd the dust;

When haughty Sacripant in vain had try'd

Each vary'd art to tame his headstrong pride, 50

His hand he laid upon the saddle-bow,

And swift alighted on the plain below.

Ver. 44. *Against his lord refus'd*] In the Orlando Innamorato, Orlando, who had lost his horse Brigliadoro, having got possession of Bayardo, and engaging in combat with Rinaldo, a contest arising between them, the horse refuses, in the same manner as here, to fight against his master. B. i. C. xxvi.

"These kind of tales told of the great sagacity of horses, and the love which they bear their masters, have more than poetical warrant for their truth; for historians relate the same of the horses of Alexander and Julius Cæsar."

UPTON, notes on Spenser, B. v. C. iii.

The Pagan, thus escap'd Bayardo's might,
 Between the chiefs ensu'd a dreadful fight.
 Now high, now low, their rapid steel they ply; 55
 While from their arms the fiery sparkles fly!
 Not swifter the repeated strokes go round,
 Which hollow Ætna's winding caves resound,
 When Vulcan bids the ponderous hammers move,
 To forge the thunder and the bolts of Jove. 60
 Sometimes they feign a stroke; sometimes they stay;
 Then aim the thrust, as skilful in the play.
 Sometimes they rise; then stoop upon the field;
 Now open lie; then crouch beneath the shield;
 Now ward; then with a slip elude the blow; 65
 Now forward step; then backward from the foe:
 Now round they move; and where the one gives place,
 The other presses on with eager pace.

Brave Amon's son*, collecting all his might,
 His weapon rais'd to strike the Pagan knight; 70
 When Sacripant, to meet the falchion, held,
 Compos'd of bone and steel, his ample shield:
 The sword Fusberta, rushing from on high,
 Pierc'd the tough plates; the sounding woods reply;

* RINALDO.

The

Ver. 73. *The sword Fusberta,—*] This strange affectation of
 giving names to swords was common with them; thus Joyosa
is

The bone and steel, like ice, in shivers broke ; 75
His arm benumb'd confess'd the dreadful stroke.

This, when the fair and fearful damsel view'd,
And well perceiv'd the mischief that ensu'd,
A death-like paleness chac'd her rosy bloom,
Like one who trembling waits his fatal doom. 80
She thinks the time admits of no delay,
And fears that hour to be Rinaldo's prey ;
Rinaldo, hateful to her virgin breast,
Though love of her his amorous soul distress'd.
She turn'd her palfrey to the woods in haste, 85
And through a narrow thorny passage pass'd,
While oft she cast behind her timorous view,
And deem'd she heard Rinaldo close pursue.
Not far she fled, but where a valley lay,
She met an aged hermit on the way: 90
His beard descending on his breast was seen,
Severe his aspect, and devout his mien.

is the name of Charlemain's sword, in *ASPRAMONTE*; Chrysaor, is the name of Arthegal's sword, in *Spenser*; Caliburn, of King Arthur's, in the romance of that name; Ascalon, of St. George's, in the *Seven Champions*; Tranchera, of Agrican's, in *Boyardo*; and in *Ariosto*, besides Fushberta, we have Rogero's Balifarda, and Orlando's Durindana. In *Spenser*, Arthur's sword is called *Mordure*; and his shield or banner, *Pridwen*, and his spear, *Roan*, by the romance writers.

He

He seem'd with years and frequent fasting worn,
And gently on a slow-pac'd ass was born :
While all his form bespoke a pious mind, 95
From the vain follies of the world refin'd :
Yet, when the fair and blooming maid appear'd,
So much her looks his drooping spirits cheer'd ;
Though cold and feeble, as his age requir'd,
An unknown warmth his languid pulse inspir'd. 100
Of him the damsel sought the nearest way
To where in port some ready vessel lay,
That there embarking, she might quit the shore,
And never hear Rinaldo mention'd more.
The hermit, vers'd in magic, strove to cheer 105
The virgin's thoughts, and dissipate her fear ;
Drew from his side a book his skill to prove,
With promise every danger to remove.
A leaf he'd scarce perus'd, when to their sight,
In likeness of a page, appear'd a spright ; 110
Who, by the force of strong enchantment bound,
Went where the knights in cruel strife he found ;
And when his eyes the furious fight espy'd,
Between them boldly rush'd and loudly cry'd.

Ver. 114.—*and loudly cry'd.*] The poet returns to Angelica.
Book viii. ver. 199.

Tell

Tell me, ye warriors! what avails the strife, 115
Though either should deprive his foe of life;
If without sword unsheath'd, without the fear
Of shatter'd armour, or the lifted spear,
Orlando now to Paris safe conveys
The maid, whose charms your fond contention raise?
Not hence a mile, the couple I descry'd, 121
Whose bitter taunts your empty pains deride.
Attend my counsel—cease your fruitless fight,
And, while occasion serves, pursue their flight:
For know, if Paris' walls they safely gain, 125
Henceforth your hopes to see your love are vain.

He said: the gallant knights on either hand,
Struck with the news, abash'd and silent stand;
Condemning each his judgment and his eyes,
That thus their rival should obtain the prize. 130
At length, a sigh deep-issuing from his breast,
His steps Rinaldo to his steed address'd;
And vow'd, o'ercome with anger and disdain,
To glut his vengeance on Orlando slain;
Nor bade farewell, nor with a courteous mind, 135
He proffer'd once to take the knight behind.

Ver. 136.—*the knight behind.*] We hear again of Sacripant in the
ivth Book, ver. 313, where he is delivered by Bradamant, with the
other knights, from the castle of Atlantes.

Urg'd

Urg'd by the well-known spur, the fiery steed
Bore all before him that oppos'd his speed :
Nor trench, nor steepy mound, nor thorny shade,
Nor crossing flood, Bayardo's passage stay'd. 140
Deem it not strange Rinaldo seiz'd again
The generous courser fought so long in vain ;
Who, fraught with human sense, when first he view'd
The trembling damsel's flight her track pursu'd.
Not idly from the Christian camp he fled, 145
But to regain the maid his master led,
Who then, on foot, a dreadful combat wag'd
With a fierce baron, hand to hand engag'd :
The faithful steed, to guide him where she went,
His course sagacious to the forest bent : 150
Nor suffer'd yet his generous lord to ride,
Lest he should turn him from his path aside.
By him Rinaldo twice the fair o'ertook,
And twice the fair his eager fight forsook :
For first Ferrau, as late my tale disclos'd, 155
Then Sacripant his amorous hopes oppos'd.
Bayardo now, confiding in the spright,
Whose specious falsehood had amus'd the knight,

Ver. 148. *With a fierce baron,—*] Rogero, with whom Rinaldo fought at the last general battle. See General View of *BOY-ARDO'S* Story.

Pursu'd

Pursu'd his way, and patient of command,
Obey'd the spur, and answer'd to the hand. 160
Rinaldo, fir'd with love and stern disdain,
To Paris flies, and gives up all his rein:
So deep the tidings rankled in his thought,
Which the vain phantom of the hermit brought.
Nor ceas'd his eager journey morn or night, 165
Till the near city rose before his sight;
Where Charlemain, with his defeated crew,
Th' unhappy remnants of his strength withdrew:
A siege expecting now, he bends his care,
Supplies of stores and forces to prepare. 170
He sinks the trenches, fortifies the walls,
And every aid, in time of danger, calls;
Provides an embassy to England's shore,
With speed auxiliar prowess to implore:
Resolv'd again to tempt the doubtful field, 175
And try what war another day might yield;
Then sends Rinaldo to the British clime,
Known by fair England's name in future time.
Sore griev'd the Paladin at this command,
Not that he shunn'd to tread the British land, 180
But that the hasty charge his prince enjoind,
Bade him, reluctant, leave the fair behind;

Yet, as his duty call'd, he takes his way,
And speeds to Calais, restless of delay.

The knight, impatient to return again, 185
Against the counsels of the sailor-train,
Tempts the black sea, that wears a threatening
form,

And, murmuring hoarse, forebodes the future storm.
The wind, who sees the knight his power despise,
In dreadful tempests makes the billows rise, 190
And with such fury whirls them from below,
That o'er the mast th' insulting waters flow.

The skilful mariners, with busy care,
Strike their broad sails to shun the watery war;
And think th' abandon'd harbour to regain, 195
Whence, in ill hour, they dar'd to brave the main.
Fools! never hope (the wind indignant cry'd)
Unpunish'd thus my empire to deride!

Raging he speaks, and makes the crew obey
On pain of shipwreck, as he points the way. 200
Before, behind, unweary'd howls the blast :
With humble sails the wandering vessel pass'd,
Now here, now there, amidst the watery waste. }

But since a web so various I prepare,
Where every thread by turns demands my care, 205

I leave

I leave Rinaldo in the stormy main,
 And turn to noble Bradamant the strain.
 The warlike virgin, whose resistless might,
 Had from his courser thrown Circaffia's knight.
 Not Charlemain, or joyful France, survey'd 210
 With less delight the valour of the maid,
 Than the known prowess of Rinaldo's arms,
 Such martial fire her daring bosom warms!
 To her a gentle youth affection bore,
 Who came with Agramant from Afric's shore; 215
 Whom Agolant's unhappy daughter bred,
 The vigorous offspring of Rogero's bed;

And

Ver. 206. *I leave Rinaldo—*] The poet returns to Rinaldo, Book iv. 368.

Ver. 214. *To her a gentle youth—*] For the loves of Rogero and Bradamant, see General View of BOYARDO'S Story.

Ver. 216. *Whom Agolant's unhappy daughter—*] For the genealogy of Rogero, take the following fictitious account from Boyardo.

“After the Grecians had taken Troy, and put most of their prisoners to the sword, among whom was Polyxena, daughter of Priam and Hecuba, who was sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles; in order entirely to extirpate the race of Hector, they sought for Astyanax; but Andromache, to preserve his life, concealed him in a sepulchre, and took another child in her arms, with whom being found, they were both put to death. In the mean time, the real

Astyanax

And she, nor nurs'd in wilds, nor savage-born,
 Receiv'd not love like his with maiden scorn;
 Though fortune yet had giv'n the dame and
 knight

220

But once to speak and meet each other's fight.

Now Bradamant explores with fond desire
Her lover, call'd Rogero from his fire;
And unaccompany'd securely far'd,
As if a thousand squadrons were her guard. 225
Soon as her arm had cast in single fight,
Low on his mother earth Circaffia's knight;
A wood she travers'd, then a mountain pass'd,
And to a limpid river came at last,

Aftyanax was fafely conveyed, by a friend of his father, to the ifland of Sicily, when, being grown to man's eftate, he conquered Corinth and Argos: he eftablifhed a government at Messina, and married the queen of Syracufa, but was afterwards killed by treachery, and his widow, being driven from the city by the Greeks, took fhelter in Rifa, where fhe was delivered of a fon named Polydore, from whom defcended Clovis and Conftantius. Conftantius was the head of the line of Pepin, father of Charlemain; and from Clovis came Rogero, who married Galicella, daughter of Agolant: Rogero, being cruelly murdered, and his city destroyed, his wife fled to the coaft of Africa, where fhe was delivered of two children, a boy and a girl, and died foon after: the boy, called Rogero, was brought up by Atlantes, a magician. See ORLANDO INNAM. B. ii. C. i. &c.

That

That through the mead its gentle current drew, 230
Where ancient trees with spreading branches grew.
A pleasing noise the murm'ring waters made,
Inviting swains to drink beneath the shade :
A rising hillock on the left was seen,
That fenc'd from noon-tide heat the chearful
green. 235

Here, as the virgin turn'd her eyes aside,
On the fair bank a comely youth she spy'd :
Fast by the margin of the flood he lay,
The margin with a thousand colours gay.
Alone and silent in a pensive mood, 240
With steadfast gaze the crystal stream he view'd :
Not distant far a tree his courser held,
Aloft were hung his helmet and his shield :
His eyes were moist with tears, his head declin'd,
Sad indications of a troubled mind. 245

Urg'd by desire which prompts each generous heart
In others woes to bear a friendly part,
The virgin begs th' afflicted knight to show
His secret state, and whence his sorrows flow :
To whom the stranger all his grief display'd, 250
Mov'd with the courteous speeches of the maid,
And by her looks mislead, that seem'd to tell
Some gallant warrior prov'd in battle well.

Thus he—Know, gentle knight, a valiant crew
 Of horse and foot, in aid of Charles, I drew, 255
 When near Pyrene's hills the Christian force
 Encamp'd t' oppose Marfilius in his course.
 With me a damsel went, from whom my breast
 Had long the powerful fire of love confess'd :
 When, lo ! we saw near Rhodan's rapid tide 260
 A knight all-arm'd a flying steed bestride.
 Soon as the robber (whether hellish spright
 That with a human form deceiv'd the sight,
 Or mortal born) beheld my blooming fair,
 Swift as a falcon through the yielding air, 265
 He flew, and seiz'd her trembling with dismay,
 Then bore her sudden in his arms away :
 Unconscious of my loss, till with surprise
 I heard in air her lamentable cries.
 So from the clouds descends the ravening kite, 270
 And gripes the chicken in his mother's sight.

What could I do, alas ! encompass'd round
 With steepy mountains and a rocky ground ?
 His courser flew, when mine, oppress'd with toil,
 Could scarcely move amidst the stony foil. 275

Ver. 261.—*a flying steed.*—] The fiction of this griffin-horse
 Ariosto's own, nothing like it occurring in Boyardo.

Wild

Wild with my fate, I rov'd with frantic mind,
Careless of life, and left my men behind :
Thence turning o'er the craggy deserts stray'd,
While love's blind impulse blindly I obey'd.
Six tedious days, from morn to eve, I pass'd 280
O'er many a pendent cliff and horrid waste ;
A pathless way, uncultur'd and forlorn,
Where not a track of human feet was worn.
At length a wild and lonely vale I found,
With hills and dreadful caves encompass'd round. 285
Here, in the midst, a wond'rous rock I view'd,
On which a strong and stately castle stood :
It seem'd afar to shine like glowing flame ;
Nor harden'd earth, nor stone compos'd the frame.
As nearer to the mountain's base we drew, 290
The beauteous pile more struck my raptur'd view.
This fort, the demons, from th' infernal plains
By fuming incense drawn and magic strains,
Enclos'd with steel, to which the Stygian wave,
And Stygian fire eternal temper gave : 295
A dazzling polish brighten'd ev'ry tower,
Which spots could ne'er defile nor rust devour.

The robber scours the country day and night,
Then, with his prey, he thither bends his flight :

Thither my fair, my better part he bore, 300
 And never, never must I view her more!
 What hope remain'd! In vain with longing eyes,
 I see the place where all my treasure lies!
 The rock so high and steep, who enters there,
 Must learn to wing his passage through the air. 305
 So when the mother-fox, with anguish stung,
 Hears in the eagle's nest her crying young;
 She circles round the tree, with wild affright,
 No wings vouchsaf'd her for so vast a flight.

While in suspense I stood, from far I spy'd 310
 Two champions and a dwarf that seem'd their guide;
 These with the hopes of praise had fir'd their mind,
 But soon these hopes dissolv'd in empty wind.
 They both were warriors of establish'd fame:
 A monarch one, Gradasso was his name; 315
 The other was a youth of courage prov'd,
 Rogero, in Biserta's court lov'd.
 They come (declar'd the dwarf) to try their power
 Against the lord of this enchanted tower,

Ver. 311. *Two champions and a dwarf*—] Boyardo tells us, that after the deliverance of Orlando, Gradasso and Rogero were led by a dwarf to an adventure of a castle, which seems to be the story here continued by our poet. See ORLANDO INNAM. B. iii. C. vi, vii.

Who

Who through the air, enclos'd in armour bright, 320
Directs his wondrous courser's rapid flight.

Then I—Vouchsafe, O generous knights! to hear
A wretch's fond complaints with pitying ear;
Or if in fight your arms victorious prove,
(As sure I trust they shall) restore my love. 325

Then all my griefs I spoke; while tears that roll'd
Down my wan cheek, confirm'd the tale I told.

With courteous words they answer'd my request,
And down the mountain to the castle press'd:

Aloof I stood the battle to survey, 330
Beseeching Heaven to aid the doubtful day.

Meanwhile the warriors to the rock drew nigh,
Disputing who should first th' adventure try.

At length Gradasso (whether lots design'd,
Or else Rogero to his will inclin'd) 335

Lifts to his mouth the horn: the cliffs around,
The rock and fortrefs to the noise resound!

When, lo! the magic knight, with instant speed,
Rush'd from the portal on the flying steed.

At first he seems by slow degrees to rise: 340

Like cranes, prepar'd to sail to foreign skies,

Till, with collected wind, at once they spring

Aloft in air, and shoot upon the wing.

With such a flight the necromance towers,
 That scarce so high th' ethereal eagle soars! 345
 But, when he sees his 'vantage best below,
 With closing pinions on th' unwary foe,
 He sinks precipitate—as from above
 Descends the manag'd falcon on the dove.
 And ere Gradasso can perceive his flight, 350
 He feels the spear with dreadful strength alight:
 The spear breaks short; Gradasso strikes again;
 But furious strikes the yielding air in vain.
 The stern magician fearless on the wind
 Ascending, leaves the champions far behind. 355
 The good Alfana, with the force oppress'd,
 Reclin'd on earth awhile the shock confess'd:
 Alfana was the mare Gradasso rein'd,
 The fairest beast that ever knight sustain'd.
 And now the forc'rer mounts the starry skies, 360
 Then wheels around, and down again he flies;

Ver. 356. *The good Alfana, —*] Alfana, the name of a wild breeding mare. It was very unusual for the knights in romance to make use of mares, esteeming it derogatory from their dignity; but Gradasso is said to have taken an oath, never to mount a horse till he could get possession of Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse.

Now

Now on Rogero falls, who seeks to bring
His needful succour to th' astonish'd king.
The swift assault disturbs the youthful knight,
While scarce his horse supports th' unequal fight; 365
And when he turns to strike, he sees the foe
Ride on the clouds and mock the frustrate blow.
In ample circles round he steers his course,
And threatening one, on t' other bends his force:
No pause he gives, but rushing by surprise, 370
Confounds their senses and distracts their eyes.

Thus did these three the doubtful strife maintain,
That high in air, these lowly on the plain;
Till rising night her dusky veil display'd,
And wrapt each object in surrounding shade. 375

Think not my words in artful fiction dress,
Whate'er I speak was to my view confess:
Yet, with reluctance now, my tongue declares
A tale that such a face of falsehood wears.

On his left arm the foe was seen to wield, 380
Clos'd in a silken case, a mighty shield;
Whose polish'd orb, whene'er reveal'd to fight,
The gazer strikes with such a powerful light;
In death-like slumber on the ground he lies,
And to the foe becomes an easy prize! 385

Bright as Pyropus shines the buckler's blaze;
No mortal e'er beheld such dazzling rays;

Full

Ver. 386. *Bright as Pyropus* —] Prince Arthur's shield in Spenser is something of this kind, which is always kept covered with a veil.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen,

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes;
Or when the flying heav'ns he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glist'ring ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attain,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay, &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. i. C. vii.

Prince Arthur being engaged with the Soldan, discovers his shield, in order to dazzle the eyes of the Soldan's horses.

At last from his victorious shield he drew
The veil, which did his powerful light empeach,
And coming full before his horses' view,
As they upon him press'd, it plain to them did shew.
Like light'ning flash that hath the gazer burn'd,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away, &c.

B. v. C. viii.

Perhaps,

Full in their eyes the flashing splendor play'd,
 And prone on earth each knight was senseless laid.
 Like theirs, a sudden sleep my senses bound ; 390
 But when, at length, recovering from the ground
 I rose, and fought the knights and dwarf again ;
 Dark was the mount and desolate the plain !
 Th' un pitying foe had seiz'd the hapless pair,
 And borne them to his castle through the air. 395

Perhaps, as Mr. Upton observes, the original may be found in the *Ægis* of the Greeks.

Phœbus himself the rushing battle led ;
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head :
 High held before him, Jove's enormous shield
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field.
 Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.

Again —

As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
 Sate doubtful conquest hov'ring o'er the field :
 But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
 Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast, &c.

POPE'S *Iliad*, B. iv. ver. 348—360.

Ver. 395. *And borne them to his castle—*] The idea of this castle seems to be taken from the *ORLANDO INNAMORATO*, where we meet with a garden, made by Atlantes, on the summit of a rock, on mount Carena, in Africa, surrounded with a wall of glass, in which he kept Rogero, to preserve him from the evil influence of his stars.

Thus by the light, that o'er their eyes he spread,
 Their liberty is gone, my hopes are fled !
 Then from the place despairing I withdrew,
 But ere I parted took a last adieu :
 Now judge, what woes with mine can equal prove 400
 Of all the various woes that spring from love.

Thus said the knight, and thus his fortune mourn'd,
 Then penfive to his silent grief return'd :
 This was that earl, whose birth Maganza claim'd,
 Anselmo's son, and Pinabello nam'd ; 405
 Who, like his race for wicked actions known,
 Increas'd his kindred vices by his own.

The warlike virgin with attention stood,
 While Pinabello his complaint pursu'd :
 When first Rogero's much-lov'd name she heard, 410
 A sudden gladness in her looks appear'd ;
 But when she found a base magician's pow'r
 Detain'd him thus ignobly in a tower,
 Her pitying bosom glow'd with anxious pain,
 And oft she begg'd to hear the tale again. 415

Ver. 398. *Then from the place—*] The allegory of the shield and castle is thus explained by the Italian commentators. The shield shews, how the eyes of the understanding are blinded by the desires of concupiscence ; or represents the violence and frauds, which worldly passions employ over reason and true virtue : the castle represents the carnal appetite, that holds men prisoners, as some say, that by Atlantes is figured love.

Then

Then full inform'd : Sir knight (she cry'd) give o'er
This unavailing grief, and mourn no more.

Since from our meeting here, perchance may flow
Your happiness, and ruin to your foe.

Haste ; to the castle be our course address, 420

Whose walls are with so rich a treasure blest :

Nor shall we find in vain our labour spent,

If favouring fortune answer my intent.

And shall I, then, your luckless feet to guide,
Again those mountains pass? (the youth reply'd) 425

For me, indeed, but little were the smart

To toil my body, having lost my heart.

Yet why should you steep rocks and barren plains

Thus rashly tread, to purchase slavish chains?

Hence, warn'd in time, if evil chance ensues, 430

Not me unjustly, but yourself accuse.

Thus having said, he mounts without delay

To lead the noble damsel on the way ;

Who for Rogero means the fight to prove,

And hazard life or freedom for her love. 435

When lo ! a messenger that swiftly rode,

Pursu'd them close behind, and call'd aloud :

The same, who told king Sacripant the force

Of Bradamant had hurl'd him from his horse ;

Who

Who from Montpellier and Narbona came, 440
 With sudden tidings to the martial dame,
 That all the land was kindled with alarms,
 And all the coast of Acquamort in arms :
 That, losing her, their safety and their guard,
 Marfeilles was for the foes but ill prepar'd ; 445
 And, by this message, with their fears dismayed,
 Implor'd her counsel and immediate aid.

Struck with the virtues of her dauntless mind,
 The king to ~~Amon's~~ ^{Lands} daughter had assign'd
 This town, and for many miles, that lay 450
 'Twixt Vare and Rodon stretching to the sea.

These tidings heard, a doleful pause ensu'd,
 And undetermin'd for awhile she stood :
 On that side honour and her friends assail'd ;
 On this the stronger fires of love prevail'd. 455
 At length resolv'd to end the task design'd,
 And free Rogero in the tower confin'd ;
 Or, if her enterprize successless prov'd,
 Remain a prisoner with the youth she lov'd.
 The damsel first excus'd a short delay, 460
 Then sent the messenger well-pleas'd away.

Now, turning round, her former path she took ;
 Her Pinabel pursu'd with alter'd look ;

Conscious

Conscious her lineage to that house she ow'd,
For which he ever nourish'd hate avow'd ; 465
And anxious fears perplex'd his troubled mind,
Lest she should know him of Maganza's kind.
An ancient feud between these houses reign'd,
And both the strife and hatred still maintain'd ;
Full oft oppos'd in stern debate they stood, 470
And dy'd the ground beneath with mutual blood.
For this the caitiff bent his thoughts to frame
Some treason to deceive th' unwary dame.

Such various passions had disturb'd his breast,
With enmity, with doubts and fears possess'd, 475
Unheeding where he pass'd, he lost his way,
And through a gloomy forest chanc'd to stray ;
Where in the midst a steepy mount appear'd,
That in a craggy rock its summit rear'd.
Meanwhile the dame of Clarmont's noble kind, 480
With heedful steps pursu'd the knight behind.

When Pinabel beheld the dusky shade,
He ponder'd in his thoughts to leave the maid ;
And thus began—While yet we view the light,
'Twere best to seek a shelter from the night : 485
Beyond that hill, unless my mem'ry fail,
There stands a stately castle in the vale :

Here

Here patient wait, while from yon height I try
T' explore the prospect with a surer eye.

So saying, to the hill he bent his course, 490
And up the steepy summit spurr'd his horse ;
Thence, looking round, he sought some path to take,
By which he might the damsel's track forsake :
When sudden here a monstrous cave he found,
Hewn out with labour in the stony ground : 495
Full thirty cubits deep it seem'd in show :
A fair and lofty gate appear'd below,
Which, by its ample structure, seem'd design'd
For entrance to some larger place behind,
And through the shade a glimmering brightness
gave, 500.

As of a torch that burnt within the cave.

While here in deep suspense the traitor stood,
The cautious virgin, who his steps pursu'd,
Fearful to lose the track, still kept in view
Her faithless guide, and near the cavern drew. 505

His first design thus foil'd, a sudden thought
Of treacherous purpose in his bosom wrought :
He makes the damsel from her steed alight,
And pointing out the cavern to her sight,
Tells her within its confines he had seen, 510
A ~~dame~~ of beauteous face and graceful mien ;

Whose

Whose courtly looks and costly garments show'd
Her birth deriv'd from no ignoble blood:
But from her eyes she pour'd a tender shower,
And seem'd her lost condition to deplore. 515
And when he thought t' attain a nearer view,
And learn the cause from which her grief she drew,
One from the inner grot with fury came,
And seizing carry'd off the weeping dame.

The dauntless Bradamant, whose generous mind,
Unconscious of the wile the wretch design'd, 521
With ardor glow'd to give the fair one aid,
Revolves how best she may the cave invade:
When on a lofty elm she cast her eyes,
And midst the boughs a mighty branch espies: 525
This with her sword she hews, and lops the leaves,
That done, the cavern's mouth the pole receives.
She prays her treacherous guide aloft to stand,
And grasp the end, tenacious, in his hand.

Ver. 523. *Revolves how best she may the cave invade.*] One of the most favourite achievements of the knights of old was to search into caverns, where they met with many wonderful adventures. Thus Don Quixote descends into the cave of Montesinos, and, at his return, relates many extravagant incidents, which his distemper'd imagination had furnished him with in the true spirit of romance.

DON QUIXOTE, Part ii. C. xxii.

Now

Now first within the cave her feet descend, 530
While as she sinks, her arms her weight suspend :
When Pinabello, scoffing, ask'd the maid
To leap below—then loos'd his grasp, and said :
O! would that all thy race with thee were join'd,
That thus I might at once destroy the kind. 535

But happier fortune than the traitor meant,
All gracious Heaven, to save the guiltless, sent :
The pole first lighted on the ground below,
And instant shiver'd with the forceful blow ;
Yet thus the fury of the shock sustain'd, 540
That Bradamant preserv'd from death remain'd.

The sudden fall awhile surpris'd the maid,
As in th' ensuing book is full display'd.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

II
30

35

40

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. I.

F

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT, deceived by Pinabello, find herself in Merlin's cave, where she meets with Meliffa, who shews to her, in vision, all her descendants that were to make a figure in history. In this passage the poet pays a compliment to the most illustrious Italian families. Meliffa then instructs Bradamant how to deliver Rogero from the castle in which he was confined by Atlantes, and dismisses her.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHAT power will teach me lofty words to
find

For the great subject that inflames my mind?

What power will lend my venturous muse a wing

In tuneful lays my high conceits to sing?

A vigour mightier far must here be shown 5

Than e'er my fwelling bosom yet has known :

This

Ver. 1. *What power will teach —*] This invocation of Ariosto,
is apparently translated by Spenser in his Fairy Queen :

Who now shall give unto me words and sound

Equal unto this haughty enterprize?

Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground

My lowly verse may loftily arise,

And lift itself unto the highest skies?

This verse my patron claims, which dares to trace
The fountain whence he draws his glorious race!

Amidst th' illustrious chiefs by fate design'd
With righteous government to blefs mankind, 10
O Phœbus! you, whose eye the world surveys,
Ne'er view'd a line like this, whose deathless praise,
In peace and war, shall fill the lips of fame;
Whose blooming honours shall endure the fame,
(Or vain the light prophetic in my soul) 15
While Heaven, unchanging, whirls around the pole.
To blazon all their virtues would require
Not my weak lute, but that immortal lyre,
On which, the giants quell'd, you sung above
The grateful praises of eternal Jove! 20

More ample spirit than hitherto was wont
Here needs me, while the famous ancestries
Of my most dreaded sovereign I recount,
By which all earthly princes she doth far surmount.

Again——

Argument worthy of Mœonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus' rote,
Whereon the ruins of great Offa hill,
And triumph of Phlegrean Jove he wrote.

B. ii. C. x.

O! should

O! should you here the wish'd-for aid impart,
And to the subject raise the sculptor's art;
Each noble image shall my fancy fill,
To challenge all my genius, all my skill;
Then what at first I may but roughly trace, 25
By slow degrees shall ripen into grace;
Till crown'd by you, I see with joyful eyes
Each labour'd form to full perfection rise.

But let the muse to him the story bend,
Whose breast, nor shield, nor cuirass could defend; 30
The treacherous Pinabel, who hop'd in vain
With murderous guile the damsel to have slain.
The traitor deem'd her in the cavern dead,
And, with a visage pale through guilty dread,
The place, polluted by his crime, forsook, 35
Then instant speeding back, his courser took:
That every action might his soul betray,
He with him bears the virgin's steed away.
But leave we him, who while his craft is shown
To seek another's fall, procures his own; 40
And turn to her, who nearly scap'd the doom,
In one sad hour to find her death and tomb.

Ver. 39. *But leave we him, —*] The story of Pinabello is continued, B. xx. ver. 803.

Soon as the maid again from earth was rais'd,
 With the hard shock and sudden fall amaz'd,
 She enter'd boldly through the gate, which gave 45
 An entrance to the second, larger cave.

The building, square within, and spacious made,
 A stately temple to the fight display'd.
 Magnificent the sumptuous pile appear'd,
 On pillars fair of alabaster rear'd. 50

An altar in the midst; and kindled bright,
 A lamp before, cast round a trembling light.

Soon as the damsel view'd, with pious mind,
 This sacred place for holy rites design'd,
 Devoutly on her knees the earth she press'd, 55
 And to the king of Heaven her prayers address'd.
 Meantime a sudden jarring sound was heard,
 When from a narrow gate a dame appear'd,
 Ungirt, with feet unshod, with hair display'd,
 Who, by her name address'd the warrior-maid. 60

And thus, O generous Bradamant! (she said)
 Not without Heaven's appointment hither led,

Ver. 58. — *a dame appear'd,*] Melissa, an enchantress; a character introduced by Ariosto, who, throughout the poem, interests herself in all the concerns of Rogero and Bradamant.

Merlin

Merlin foretold, that by a passage new
 Thou shouldst, descending here, his relicks view ;
 And hence I stay'd, to set before thy eyes 65
 The glorious fate predestin'd in the skies.
 Behold this ancient cave, by Merlin wrought,
 Merlin, in every art of magic taught :
 Here with bewitching looks, and wiles prepar'd,
 The lady of the lake his heart ensnar'd. 70

His

Ver. 67.—by *Merlin wrought*,] According to Jeffery of Monmouth, the famous magician Merlin was born at Kaermardin, i. e. Caermarthen, named by Ptolemy Maridunum. Merlin's mother, who was a niece and daughter of the king of Demetia, (or South Wales) giving an account of her wonderful conception of her son, a philosopher explains it, that it was some demon, or incubus, "some guileful spright," partaking partly of the nature of man, partly of angels, and assuming a human shape, which begot Merlin ; and this explains what Ariosto says, that Merlin was the son of a demon.

Di Merlin dico, del demonio figlio.

C. xxxiii.

Drayton, in his Polyalbion, song V, thus sings of Merlin, who was born at Caermarden:

Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not hear ?
 Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she play'd
 With a seducing spirit ———

F 4

Thus

His sepulchre is here, whose womb contains
 The deathless spirit, and decay'd remains :
 To this he by her blandishments was led,
 And what receiv'd alive, detains him dead.

His

Thus Spenfer, —

And sooth men say he was not the son
 Of mortal fire, or other living wight,
 But wond'rously begotten and begun,
 By false illusion of a guileful spright
 On a fair lady —

FAIRY QUEEN, B. iii. C. iii.

It is said that Merlin intended to build a wall of brass round Maridunum ; and so says Drayton, Polyalbion, song IV.

How Merlin by his skill and magic's wond'rous might
 From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a night ;
 And for Caermarden's sake would fain have brought to pass
 About it to have built a wall of solid brass ;
 And set his fiends to work upon the mighty frame ;
 Some to the anvil ; some that still enforc'd the flame ;
 But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf
 (For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by himself.
 For walking with his fay, her to the rock he brought
 In which he oft before his necromancies wrought,
 And going in thereat his magics to have shown,
 She stopt the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone :
 Whose cunning strongly crost, amaz'd whilst he did stand,
 She captive him convey'd into the fairy land.
 Then how the lab'ring spirits to rocks by fetters bound,
 With bellows rumbling groans, and hammers thund'ring found,

A fearful

His living soul must with his corse repose, 75
 Till the last trump the fatal angel blows :
 Then shall the just award his deeds requite,
 With sin polluted, or with virtue white.

His

A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep,
 Their master to awake, suppos'd by them to sleep ;
 As at their work how still the grieved spirits repine,
 Tormented in the fire, and tired in the mine.

Spenser again,

———A little while,
 Before that Merlin dy'd, he did intend
 A brazen wall in compass to compile
 About Caermarthen, and did it commend
 Unto his sprites to bring to perfect end ;
 During which time the lady of the lake,
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did send,
 Who therefore forc'd his workmen to forsake,
 Them bound till his return, their labour not to flake.

In the mean time by that false lady's train,
 He was surpriz'd and bury'd under bier,
 Ne ever to his work return'd again, &c.

B. iii. C. iii.

This lady of the lake appears to have been a fairy or nymph, with whom Merlin was enamoured: the story of her deceiving him is thus related in the romance called *Morte Arthur*, or the life and death of prince Arthur, printed by Caxton in 1485.

“ The

His voice survives, and oft is heard to come
 In tuneful music from the marble tomb. 80
 To all that question, is his wisdom shown;
 He tells the past, and makes the future known:

I many

“ The lady of the lake and Merlin departed; and by the way, as they went, Merlin shewed to her many wonders, and came into Cornwaile : And alwaies laid about the lady for to have her favour; and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him; for she was afraid of him, because he was a divells sonne, and she could not put him away by no means. And so, upon a time it hapned that Merlin shewed to her in a roche (rock) where-as a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, which went under a stone, so by her craft and working she made Merlin to go under that stone, to let him wit of the marvailles there. But she wrought so there for him, that he came never out, for all the craft that he could doe.”

B. i. C. lx.

But in the life of Merlin, this adventure is related with circumstances nearer the account given by our author.

“ Merlin’s mother having secretly conceived by a demon, was, after her delivery, condemned to be put to death, for breach of chastity; but her son, an infant, defended, and set his mother at liberty. Merlin, being grown up, went to the court of Uther Pendragon, where he established the famous round table, wrought many wonderful works, and uttered a number of prophecies; here he fell in love with the lady of the lake, whom he used to call the white serpent; before his death, he erected a tomb, in the forest of

Nortes,

I many days have in this cave remain'd,
 To which I travell'd from a distant land;
 For he, whose sage predictions never ly'd, 85
 This hour for thy arrival prophesy'd.

She

Nortes, capable to hold him and his mistress; and having shewed it her, he taught her a charm that would close the stone, so that it could never be opened. The lady, who secretly hated him, began one day to caress him exceedingly, and at last made him go into the tomb, in order to try whether it was large enough: Merlin, being entered, she closed the stone upon him, where he died: his spirit being likewise confined by the force of the spell, continued from time to time to speak, and to give answers to such questions as were put to him."

We shall quote one more passage of Spenser, where he gives a noble description of the cave, which was the scene of Merlin's incantations. Britomart, and her nurse old Glauce, go to consult this magician:

To Maridunum, that is now by change,
 Of name Cayr Mardin call'd, they took their way;
 There the wife Merlin whilom went, they say,
 To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
 In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
 That of no living wight he mote be found,
 When so he counsell'd with his sprights encompass'd round.

And if thou ever happen that same way
 To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
 It is an hideous, hollow cave, they say,
 Under a rock that lies a little space

From

She said, and Amon's daughter, while she spoke;
 With silence heard, amazement in her look;
 When casting on the ground her bashful eyes,
 She to the dame with modest grace replies : 90

Alas!

From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace,
 Amongst the woody hills of Dynevowre;
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
 To enter into that same baleful bower,
 For fear the cruel fiends should thee unwares devour.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear,
 And there such ghastly noise of iron chains,
 And brazen cauldrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring pains
 Do tofs, that it will stun thy feeble brains;
 And oftentimes great groans, and grievous founds,
 When too huge toil and labour them constrains:
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing founds
 From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

B. iii. C. iii.

This description is not entirely the fiction of the poet, as there are sufficient vouchers to produce for the truth of the story. "In a rock of the island of Barry, in Glamorganshire, there is a narrow chink or cleft, to which if you put your ear, you shall perceive all such sort of noises, as you may fancy smiths at work under ground; strokes of hammers, blowing of bellows, grinding of tools, &c. See Camden's Britannia. Drayton, in the above lines, alludes to this story of the lady of the lake, and to this marvellous cave.

Ariosto,

Alas! what praise has my unworthy name,
 That prophets my arrival should proclaim?
 Then rapt with joy at such a blest event,
 Silent she follow'd where the matron went,
 Slow leading to the tomb, in which detain'd 95
 The ghost of Merlin with his bones remain'd.
 Hard was the polish'd marble, smooth and bright,
 And like a ruddy flame dispell'd the night,
 Though here the sun refus'd his cheering light.
 Whether some marble, by its nature, shows 100
 A beam, that like a torch in darkness glows:
 Or else by verse, and fumigating powers,
 Or signs imprest in planetary hours,
 (As best may seem) this wonder was compos'd;
 The lustre many a pleasing sight disclos'd; 105
 Pictures and statues, that with various grace,
 In order rang'd, adorn'd the sacred place.

Ariosto, with the liberty of a romance-writer, places Merlin's grot in France, and removes the scene of several of his actions to that place."

See UPTON and WARTON's Observations on Spenser.

Not far from Caermarthen, is a hill called Merlin's hill, near the brow of which is a rock, known by the name of Merlin's chair, in which it is said, that famous prophet used to sit, when he uttered his prophecies.

Scarce

Scarce o'er the threshold pass'd the warrior-dame,
 And to the cavern's deep recesses came,
 When from the breathless clay with pleasing strain,
 T' accost the fair the spirit thus began. 111

May fortune all thy just endeavours aid,
 O ever chaste, and ever honour'd maid!
 From whose glad womb must spring the fruitful race
 That Italy, and all the world shall grace! 115
 That ancient blood, which once in Ilium shin'd,
 By the two noblest streams in thee conjoin'd,
 The joy, the flower of every race shall yield,
 Between the Danube and the Nile reveal'd,
 The Tagus and the Ind, or all that lies 120
 Between Calisto and th' Antarctic skies.
 Hence chiefs shall rise, and many a valiant knight,
 Who with their counsel, and their arms in fight,

Ver. 116. *That ancient blood,—*] Rogero and Bradamant, both descended from Aftyanax: Rogero, son to Rogero of Rifa, and Bradamant, niece to Charlemain. See note on B. ii. Ver. 216.

Ver. 119.—*The Danube and the Nile—*] The Danube, a river in Germany; the Nile, a river in Egypt; the Tagus, a river in Portugal; the Ind, or Indus, a river in India, whence the country receives its name: By the Antarctic skies, is meant the south pole; and by Calisto, the north, being a constellation in that part of the heavens.

Shall

Shall on their Italy devolve their fame,
And spread in war the glory of her name. 125
Then righteous monarchs shall the sceptre hold,
Who, as the sage Augustus rul'd of old,
Or godlike Numa, with their gentle reign
Shall bring on earth the golden age again.
Hence to fulfil what Heaven has long decreed, 130
For which 'tis doom'd thou shalt Rogero wed,
Boldly pursue the ardor of thy soul,
Nor think that aught can thy desires control;
For he who keeps thy knight in captive bands,
Shall sink oppress'd beneath thy conquering hands. 135

Here ceas'd the voice; the matron now prepares
To show to Bradamant her destin'd heirs.
A crew of spirits, summon'd by the dame,
Appear'd, (but well I know not whence they came)
Together now assembled in the place, 140
But differing each in habit, and in face.

Then, in the temple, by her side she plac'd
The warlike fair, but first a circle trac'd;
And, to defend her from the spirits, spread
A magic covering o'er the virgin's head; 145
She bade her silent stand, then op'd a book
In which she read, and with the demons spoke.

Lo! from the outward cave they rush'd to view,
 And thickening, round the sacred circle drew;
 But all attempts to enter fruitless found, 150
 As if a fosse or rampart stretch'd around.
 Then in the cavern, where the shining tomb
 Contain'd the holy relicks in its womb,
 The demons enter'd, when, in order due,
 They thrice had past around in fair review. 155

Should I (th' enchantress thus bespoke the dame)
 Attempt to tell the deeds, and every name
 Of these, who by their shadowy phantoms rise
 Before their birth, to pass before your eyes,
 The hours were short the story to repeat, 160
 Nor could one night the mighty task compleat;
 And hence, as time may serve, my lips shall tell
 Those chiefs alone whose virtues most excel.

Behold the first, thy likeness form'd to bear
 In comely countenance and graceful air; 165
 In Italy the leader of thy race,
 Sprung from Rogero's, and from thy embrace.

Ver. 164. *Behold the first,—*] It is to be observed, that this account of the descent of Rogero is fictitious; since Rizieri of Rifa, (or as he is here called Rogero) left no son; and this Rizieri, the first Paladin, lived a considerable time before Charlemain. DOLCE.

I deem

I deem to see by his victorious hand
 Maganza's treacherous blood distain the land ;
 To see his justice claim the vengeance due 170
 From those, whose guilt his noble father slew.
 By him shall Desiderius be repell'd,
 Who last in Lombardy the sceptre held.
 The emp'ror shall his valiant deeds repay
 With Calaon and Estè's lordly sway. 175
 Behold thy grandson next, Uberto near,
 The glory of Hesperia's land in war !

Ver. 168.—*by his victorious hand*] The father of this Rogero was said to have been traiterously murdered by the tribe of Maganza, when this son, growing up, was made general in the service of Charlemain, and revenged the death of his father. At this time Desiderius XXII. and last king of Lombardy, rebelled against the church ; when pope Adrian calling in the assistance of Charlemain, Desiderius was constrained to shut himself up in Pavia, and was afterwards driven into Lyons in France. In this service Rogero is said to have distinguished himself, and to have been rewarded by the emperor with the government of Estè and Calaon, two castles in the jurisdiction of Padua.

EUGENICO.

Ver. 176.—*Uberto near,*] Uberto was count of Estè and Comacchio : he is said to have treated his subjects as his children, and to have preserved their obedience, rather by the affection which his indulgence excited in them, than by any severe exertion of his authority.

He shall his arms against the Moors extend,
 And from their rage the holy church defend.
 Survey Alberto, fam'd for warlike toils, 180
 Who decks the temples with unnumber'd spoils.
 Hugo appears with him, his valiant son,
 Who plants his conquering snakes in Milan's town.
 The next is Azo, who, his brother dead,
 Shall o'er th' Insubrians his dominions spread. 185

Ver. 180. *Survey Alberto*, —] Berengarius I. having besieged and taken Milan, Alberto headed an army and defeated him: Hugo, son of Alberto, afterwards acquired the dominion of Milan, and planted his standard there, in which was painted a dragon or serpent. Otho, a valiant leader of that family, in the holy war of Jerusalem, under Godfrey, slew Volucius, a Saracen captain, who wore on his crest a serpent devouring a child; hence his descendants took a serpent for their arms. EUGENICO.

Tasso, in his catalogue of warriors, mentions this Otho;

— Otho fierce, whose valour won the shield
 That bears a child and serpent on its field.

B. i. ver. 417.

Ver. 184. *The next is Azo, who*, —] Azo I. who succeeded his brother Uberto in the government of Milan, till, to avoid the snares laid for him by Berengarius, he fled to Otho I. duke of Saxony, Anno, 938, taking with him his wife big with child.

See!

See! Albertazo, who with counsel sage
 Shall Berengarius and his son engage;
 Well worthy to receive from Otho's hands
 His daughter Alda, pledg'd in nuptial bands.
 Another Hugo see! O virtue known, 190
 When the fire's courage dies not with the son!
 'Tis

Ver. 186. *See! Albertazo, who—*] Of three Berengarius's, who deriving their origin from the kings of Lombardy, had the title of emperor, this, who was the third, coming into Italy with his son, at the head of a great army, seized the government, after the death of Lotharius, and reigned eleven years, styling himself emperor, and his son king of Italy. He made war against Atone, lord of Cannossa, and besieged him three successive years, till the latter being ready to surrender himself, was, through the advice of Albertazo, succoured by Otho, king of the Germans; when Berengarius and his son were vanquished and confined, one in Austria, and the other in Constantinople, where they died miserably. Albertazo, for his virtue and good counsel, espoused Alda, Otho's daughter: others say, that he obtained her for his gallant behaviour at a tournament, which the emperor gave in Transilvania.

Ver. 190. *Another Hugo see!—*] Gregory V. who had been made pope through the interposition of Otho III. being insulted by the Romans at the instigation of Crescentius, fled to the emperor; whereupon Crescentius elected another pope, who hearing that Otho had made Hugo general of his army, retired with Crescentius into the castle of St. Angelo: they were both taken and put to death

'Tis he, who shall with justice on his side
 Abate the rancour of the Roman pride:
 To Otho and the Pope assistance give,
 (Otho the third) and from their foes relieve. 195
 See Fulco, who forsakes th' Italian fields
 And to his brother each possession yields;
 While thence he goes, with better fate to gain
 A mighty dukedom on the German plain.
 He props the honours of the Saxon race 200
 Which shall at length himself and offspring grace.
 Azo the second is the next in fight,
 More fam'd for gentle peace than rugged fight.

On

by Hugo, who having replaced Gregory in the papal chair, that pontiff made a decree, that the emperor should in future be elected from the barons of Germany. Hugo having lived with great honour, died at Pistoia: to him Otho, as a reward of his merit, gave the government of all Tuscany; though some authors affirm to the contrary.

Ver. 196. *See Fulco, who forsakes* —] Of Albertazo and Alda were born Hugo and Fulco: after the death of the emperor Otho, who, before he came to the empire, was duke of Saxony, his daughter Alda succeeded to that dutchy: whereupon Fulco resigned to his brother all his patrimony in Italy, and went into Saxony to succeed to his mother's inheritance, where he made himself duke of Saxony,

Ver. 202. *Azo the second* —] Bertoldo and Albertazo, sons of Azo II. opposed the emperor Henry II. who being a cruel enemy

to

On either hand see where his sons appear;
 There Albertazo, and Bertoldo here. 205
 By this shall second Henry be subdu'd,
 And Parma's meadows stream with Belgian blood:
 By that the glorious countess shall be led,
 (The chaste Matilda) to his bridal bed;
 From mighty Henry sprung, who brings in dower
 With her one half Italia to his power. 211
 Behold Bertoldo's dearest pledge in view,
 Thy own Rinaldo next; to whom is due
 The fame of having freed the pontiff's lands
 From impious Frederic Barbarossa's hands. 215

Behold

to the church, compelled pope Gregory VII. to sell the benefices: at that time the countess Matilda, widow of Godfrey, a powerful lord, and grand-daughter of Henry I. and governess of many places, took the part of the church. Rodolpho, duke of Saxony, was made emperor in opposition to Henry, and a battle fought near Parma with great slaughter of the Belgians, when Henry was driven out of Italy. Rodolpho fell in the battle; with him was Bertoldo of Estè, a very valiant captain: Matilda married Albertazo; but a few years after, discovering that he was related to her first husband, the marriage was annulled, by the consent of the pope, and she led a holy life, leaving, at her death, her possessions to the church.

Ver. 213. *Thy own Rinaldo*—] Rinaldo, son of the fourth marquis of Estè, Anno, 1102, with many other Italian potentates,

Behold another Azo, doom'd to reign
 O'er fair Verona and its wide domain;
 Who marquis of Ancona shall be known,
 When Otho and Honorius fill the throne.
 'Twere long to tell the names of all thy race 220
 That in the conclave shall obtain a place:
 To tell each enterprize their arms shall gain,
 What conquests for the Roman church obtain.
 Lo! other Azos, other Hugos near:
 See Fulco, and Obizo next appear. 225
 Behold two Henrys, both the fire and son:
 Two Guelphos: this has conquer'd Umbria's town;

tates, fought against the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and Octavian the anti-pope, in defence of pope Alexander III. This Alexander is he, who, being closely pressed by Frederic, fled to Venice, where he resided for some time in the convent of Carita, in the habit of a cook, till he was discovered to the superior, and at last restored to the popedom. Rinaldo, in this enterprize, bore for his standard a white eagle in an azure field, which was afterwards worn for the arms of the house of Este.

Ver. 227. *Two Guelphos*:—] In the faction of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, arising from the disputes between the emperor Frederic II. and the pope; the lords of Este sided with the Guelphs against the emperor, for which cause the church bestowed on them the duchy of Spoleti. This faction took its name from Guelpho and Ghibello, the heads of each party.

See

See now Spoleti's ducal gown he wears:
And lo! who turns to smiles Italia's tears:
Of him I speak (Azo the fifth survey) 230
To whom shall tyrant Ezellino pay
His forfeit life; a wretch abhorr'd on earth,
And to the demon said to owe his birth.

Ver. 230. *Azo the fifth*—] Ezellino de Romano, for his unexampled cruelty, called the son of the devil, by the favour of the emperor Frederic II. entering Lombardy with a vast army, made himself master of many cities, among which was Padua; when desiring to usurp the dominion of Milan, he left it to go to the siege of Mantua. Azo V. having retaken Padua, set at liberty above two thousand prisoners, besides many women of quality. In the dungeons, above four hundred and sixty persons were found so worn with hunger, and covered with filth, as not to be known, though most of them afterwards appeared to be Paduans*. His prison was a labyrinth, in which he caused the person who made him the model, to be first shut up; at his return from the siege of Mantua, he commanded all the Paduans in Verona to be massacred; of eleven thousand, only twenty-eight, remained alive. He then marched to Padua, but finding it not to be retaken, returned to Verona, and ordered the twenty-eight he had before spared, to be hanged in the market-place: at last being taken by Azo, who gave him three wounds, he was sent to Sonzino, where refusing nourishment, and, as some say, tearing open his wounds, he ended his detestable life.

* The cruelties of Ezellino are testified by Pietro Gerardo, of Padua, who was his contemporary.

He shall with cruelty his kingdom fill,
 And fair Aufonia ravage at his will; 235
 That Marius', Nero's, and Antonius' deeds,
 Caius' and Sylla's crimes his guilt exceeds.
 Behold the second Frederic's forces yield,
 By second Azo conquer'd in the field,
 While he shall o'er the happy land preside, 240
 Where Phæbus, on the fatal river's side,

Ver. 235. — *fair Aufonia* —] The ancient name for Italy.

Ver. 236. — *Marius, Nero,* —] Caius, Caligula, and Nero, emperors of Rome, whose reigns were one continued scene of cruelty: Marius and Sylla, the first consul, and the last dictator, in the time of the republic, massacred many Romans in the civil contest between them: by Antonius, he means Marc Antony, who after the death of Julius Cæsar, in concert with Augustus, was author of the bloody proscription, which cut off so many of the commonwealth party, among whom fell that celebrated orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Ver. 240. — *the happy land preside,* —] Ferrara, situated on the banks of the Po. Frederic, persecuting the church, was excommunicated by Honorius III. and many cities were taken from him, among which was Ferrara, which was given to Azo of Este, for his gallant behaviour against Frederic.

Invok'd

Invok'd his breathless son with tuneful lyre,
 His son, who fought to guide his father's fire :
 Where the sad sisters tears of amber shed,
 And Cygnus, chang'd, his snowy plumage spread. 245
 This land he from the holy see obtains,
 A recompense for all his glorious pains !
 But where's his brother Aldobrandin lost,
 Who frees the popedom from a mighty host ;
 When the fierce Ghibellines, by Otho led, 250
 Shall round the capitol their numbers spread ;

Ver. 252.—*his breathless son*—] Phaeton, who, undertaking to guide the chariot of the sun, set the world on fire: he was thunder-struck by Jupiter, and fell into the Po: his sisters, lamenting his death, were changed into trees dropping amber, and his grandfather Cygnus into a swan. See OVID MET. B. ii.

Ver. 248.—*his brother Aldobrandin*—] Otho IV. making war against the church, assisted by the Ghibelline faction, obliged pope Innocent IV. to retire into the capitol. Aldobrandin of Este, the first marquis of Ferrara, with other powers, obliged Otho to return to Germany. The marquis, being in want of money to carry on the war, borrowed large sums of the Florentines, leaving his brother Azo with them in pledge; and having defeated the emperor, and killed the earl of Celano, who espoused the cause of Otho, he died in the flower of his age, not without suspicion of poison, leaving his brother Azo his heir.

Whose

Whose fury has the neighbouring lands o'er-run,
 Whose force has Umbria and Piceno won?
 He, wanting treasure to pursue the war,
 Shall go supplies in Florence to prepare; 255
 And there, no other pledge he has to leave,
 His brother as his surety they receive.
 Then shall he spread his conquering signs again,
 And rout the German army on the plain;
 Replace the church upon her ancient seat, 260
 And fam'd Celano's earls with vengeance meet:
 Till, while he fights the sacred pastor's cause,
 He ends his youthful bloom with just applause!
 He leaves his brother Azo to command
 O'er fair Pifauo and Ancona's land; 265
 Each town, from Trent to where Ifaurus glides,
 Between the Apennines and briny tides;
 But (more than gold or gems) he leaves behind
 With him his virtues and heroic mind.
 Fortune all other gifts again may take, 270
 But never can the power of virtue shake.
 Rinaldo next, whose deeds his soul proclaim
 Worthy the glorious race from which he came.
 But

Ver. 272. *Rinaldo next*,—] Rinaldo, son of Azo, and defender
 of the church, was confined in Naples by Frederic II. where
 being

But cruel fortune views with envious eyes;
 At Naples, by conspiracy, he dies! 275
 Then young Obizo takes his grandfire's reign,
 And Modena and Rheggio adds to his domain.
 Such is his courage, that the people's choice
 Shall make him lord with one united voice.
 His offspring Azo see, the sixth that wears 280
 The name, whose hand the Christian standard bears.
 Adria is his; in nuptial union ty'd,
 Sicilia's daughter shines his blooming bride.
 Lo! in yon amiable and friendly band,
 The most illustrious princes of the land, 285
 Obizo, Aldobrand, for virtue nam'd:
 For love and clemency, Alberto fam'd;

With

being taken off by poison, his natural son Obizo, was by pope Innocent III. with the consent of the emperor, legitimated, and succeeded to the lordship of Ferrara: he afterwards, by force of arms, reduced Modena and Rheggio.

Ver. 280.—*Azo see, the sixth*—] Many Christians being besieged in the city of Ptolemais in Syria, in the time of Charles II. king of Sicily and Naples, a crusade was proclaimed for their deliverance: in this enterprize Azo was made standard-bearer, and for his merits obtained to wife Beatrice, the daughter of king Charles.

Ver. 287.—*Alberto fam'd*;—*With Nicholas*:—] Nicholas of Estè, and Alberto his brother, purchased, for twenty thousand

With Nicholas: but time denies t' explain
 How with Faenza they enlarg'd their reign;
 And Adria more securely made their own, 290
 By whose proud name the briny seas are known;
 With that fair town, which from the blushing rose,
 To Grecian bards its pleasing title owes.
 And, near the Po, a place whose walls contain
 A crew that wish for tempests on the main. 295
 I leave Argento, Lugo, many a town,
 And many a castle of deserv'd renown.

thousand ducats, the city of Faenza, of John Awcutt, an English captain of the pope's: they afterwards obtained many victories against Bernabo Visconti and other potentates. Nicholas is said, never to have been too much elated with prosperity, or depressed by adversity. *Properly his John Hawkwood, a leader of condottieri.*

Ver. 290.—*Adria*—] A city, not far from Ferrara, which gives name to the Adriatic gulph.

Ver. 293.—*its pleasing title owes.*] He means Rovigo, called in Latin Rhodigium, from Rhodos, which in Greek signifies a rose.

Ver. 294.—*a place whose walls contain—A crew*—] Comacchio, a town in the Ferrarese, situated between Primaio and Volano, two branches of the Po, which often overflows and does great damage to the country: these people, who were most of them fishermen, are said to be desirous of storms, because at that time great quantities of fish are thrown up in the fens.

See

See Nicholas! whom yet in early years,
To honours of command the land prefers.
He shall the vain designs of Tydeus quell, 300
Who rashly dares against his power rebel.
In rising dawn of youth, his sole delight
In rugged arms, and labours of the fight;
By which he soon obtains a mighty name,
Amid the greatest chiefs the first in fame. 305
He makes his foes their vain endeavours mourn,
And on themselves their cruel arts shall turn.
Otho the third in vain his power withstands,
(Tyrant of Rheggio and of Parma's lands)
At once resigning, in the fatal strife, 310
To him his kingdom and his wicked life.
He shall the limits of his sway extend,
But ne'er, unjust, another's rights offend.
For this th' Eternal Ruler of the heaven
No stated bound has to his empire given: 315

Ver. 298. *See Nicholas! whom, yet —*] Azo of Este, who had been driven from his country, seeing Alberto dead, who left only an infant son, named Nicholas, thought of returning, with the assistance of Tydeus, count of Conio; but the child's guardians opposed him, and made Nicholas lord of Ferrara, who, being grown to man's estate, slew Otho III. who had usurped Rheggio and Parma, and obtained the government of these cities by the voluntary consent of their inhabitants.

All

All his designs shall ever prosperous prove,
 'Till snatch'd from earth to grace the skies above.
 See Lionel; and next (a mighty name!)
 Borso behold, his happy age's fame!
 He shall in calm repose preserve with care 320
 Those realms his ancestors had gain'd in war.
 He cruel Mars in gloomy caves restrains,
 And binds the hands of Rage in iron chains.
 The great designs that fills his generous breast,
 Shall all be turn'd to make his people blest. 325
 Lo! Hercules! of whom 'twere hard to tell
 If he in arts of peace or war excel.

He,

Ver. 318. *See Lionel*; — *Borso behold*, —] Lionel and Borso were natural sons of Nicholas; Hercules and Sigismund, legitimate: Nicholas, dying, left his legitimate children his heirs, and recommended them to the protection of Lionel, who, seizing the government, confined the two brothers at Naples, and reigned nine years. At his death, he left behind him a young son, named Nicholas, to the care of his brother Borso, who generously recalled the two brothers, and educated them as his own children. This prince was universally beloved for his many virtues; and having magnificently entertained the emperor Frederic, was by him honoured with the title of duke Ferrara, which title was confirmed by pope Paul II. since which time his successors retained the names of dukes of Ferrara.

Ver. 326. *Lo! Hercules!* —] Hercules I. the second duke of Ferrara, after the death of Borso, succeeded to the dukedom which had

He, by his virtues, shall at length obtain
The lordship, thirty years his right in vain !
Pulians, Calabrians, and Lucanians find 330
His glorious deeds, and bear them still in mind :
Conquest for him her brightest wreath prepares,
When, for the king of Catalan he dares
Th' embattled field ; nor shall one deed alone
Exalt him midst the princes of renown : 335
For ne'er before shall ruler of the land
Deserve such honour at his country's hand :
Not that their city (with industrious toil)
He moves from fens, and builds in fertile soil ;
And for his citizens extends the bound, 340
And sinks a fosse, and raises walls around ;
Adorns with porticos the spacious streets,
With temples, theatres, and princely seats.

had been his right for thirty years, and beheaded Nicholas, the son of Lionel, who came with the aid of the marquis of Mantua, to get possession of the government. Being afterwards embroiled with the Venetians, he was despoiled of many lands, and besieged in Ferrara. A peace being made, Hercules fought in the service of Alphonso, king of the Catalans, and gained many victories for him : by his prudence and good conduct, he escaped the oppression of Charles VIII. king of France, who had subdued great part of Italy, and driven the before-mentioned Alphonso from his kingdom.

Not that, unweary'd in his country's cause,
 He frees her from the winged lion's paws: 345
 Or when proud Gallia rouses all to arms,
 And Italy is kindled with alarms,
 His state alone enjoys a peace sincere,
 From abject tribute free and servile fear:
 Not even for these, and many blessings more, 350
 His native soil shall Hercules adore,
 So much, as that he leaves, to bless mankind,
 Alphonso and Hippolito behind:
 Whose friendship may be match'd with that of old
 By story'd page of Leda's offspring told; 355
 Who each, by turns, could seek the nether reign
 To give his brother to the world again.

Ver. 345. — *the winged lion's paws* :] The arms of the country put, by a figure, for the country itself.

Ver. 353. *Alphonso and Hippolito* —] Alphonso I. the third duke of Ferrara, and cardinal Hippolito, his brother, both patrons of Ariosto.

Ver. 355. — *of Leda's offspring told* ;] Castor and Pollux : Castor was the son of Tyndarus and Leda, and Pollux the son of Jupiter, begot by him, under the form of a swan, of Leda : these brothers were celebrated for their friendship ; and Pollux, who inherited immortality from Jupiter, desired that he might share it with his brother, which being granted, they are feigned to live and die by turns.

So

So shall these two for ever stand prepar'd,
 Each with his own the other's life to guard;
 And more defend their land in raging war, 360
 Than steely bulwarks rais'd by Vulcan's care.
 Alphonso see! the prince, whose soul shall shine
 With wisdom and with piety divine;
 That men shall deem Astrea left the earth
 To visit after ages at his birth! 365
 Nor shall he less in adverse times require
 The prudence and the valour of his fire;
 For with a scanty force, he fees at hand
 On one side Venice with a numerous band;

Ver. 362. *Alphonso see! the prince, —*] Alphonso being at variance with the pope and the Venetians, the former made a league with Ferrando, king of Naples, who sent him Fabritius Colonna, with four hundred men at arms, and Pietro Navarro, with two legions of old Spanish soldiers: he likewise took the Switzers into his pay, and equipped a fleet in the Tyrrhene seas. Navarro entering, by Romania, into the Ferrarese, took Bastia by storm, a fortress belonging to the duke, cutting all to pieces. Alphonso, taking the field, routed the enemy, and recovered Bastia: being wounded with a stone, in the head, his men, who believed him slain, to revenge his death, put all the pope's people to the sword. He afterwards signalized himself at Ravenna, in defence of the king of France, where he gained that memorable victory over the forces of Spain and pope Julius II.

She, on the other, who may better claim 370
 A fury's title, than a mother's name;
 Against her offspring cruel wars to wage
 With more than Progne's or Medea's rage!
 Oft as he issues forth by day or night,
 He puts his foes by land and sea to flight. 375
 His forces shall Romania's power o'erthrow,
 And stain with blushing streams the banks of Po.
 The hireling Spaniard shall his anger feel,
 Who for the pontiff draws th' avenging steel.
 The foe at first shall Bastia's castle gain, 380
 The captain, in the sudden onset, slain.
 But soon the victor must his conquest mourn:
 See! great Alphonso swift to vengeance turn;
 When not a wretch escapes the general doom
 To bear the fatal tidings back to Rome. 385
 His counsel, with his lance united, gains
 The laurell'd glories of Romania's plains,
 Against stern Julius, and the Spanish bands;
 He gives the conquest into Gallia's hands.
 The country round shall pour a crimson flood, 390
 Where floundering steeds shall swim in seas of blood;

Ver. 371.—*than a mother's name.*] The poet here seems to mean
 the pope, or mother church, that, till then, had always cherished the
 race of Este as her sons.

The

The dead unbury'd lie: such heaps shall fall;
 The Spaniard, Greek, Italian, Dutch, and Gaul!
 He, whom his vest pontifical reveals,
 Whose honour'd brows the sacred hat conceals, 395
 Is he — the cardinal in future time,
 The church's great support! in prose and rhyme;
 The theme of every tongue; whose boundless praise,
 Like Cæsar's, shall demand a Virgil's lays.
 'Tis his with noblest deeds t' adorn his race: 400
 So Phœbus' beams the frame of nature grace,
 Put Luna, and the fainting stars to flight,
 And shining conquer every other light.
 Methinks I see him with a scanty train,
 Departing sad, return with joy again; 405
 While fifteen gallies captive to the shore
 He brings, besides a thousand vessels more.
 Behold two Sigismundos next appear;
 See the five sons of great Alphonso near;

Ver. 396.— *the cardinal*, —] Hippolito.

Ver. 406.— *fifteen gallies* —] The Venetians going up the Po with a fleet against Alphonso, cardinal Hippolito went out of the city with some horse and foot, and coming to Volona, a castle near the Po, planted the artillery there to such advantage, that finding the enemy's gallies unprovided, most of the crews being on shore, he sunk four of them and took fifteen; but Angelo Travisano, the admiral, escaped with one.

Who shall their glories through the world display, 410
 To fill the distant lands and spacious sea.
 View Hercules the second, first advance,
 Who weds the daughter of the king of France.
 See next Hippolito, whose acts shall shine,
 And like his ancestors adorn his line: 415
 The third Francisco call'd: one common name,
 The latter couple from Alphonso claim.
 But should I vainly thus attempt to tell
 The names of all that in thy race excel,
 Before my tale were done, the rising light 420
 Must often chace the fleeting shades of night.
 And now (if so you deem) 'tis time to cease,
 And give the sprites dismissal hence in peace.

Here, when she found the damsel thus dispos'd,
 Hermagic book the learn'd enchantress clos'd. 425
 At once the phantoms vanish'd from the view,
 And, where the prophet's corse was laid, withdrew.
 When Bradamant at length the silence broke,
 And thus the sage prophetic dame bespoke:
 What mournful pair was that, who plac'd between
 Alphonso and Hippolito were seen? 431

Sighing

Ver. 412. *View Hercules the second,*—] Hercules II. the fourth duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 430. *What mournful pair.*—] Ferrante of Estè, natural brother to Alphonso and Hippolito, either through views of ambition,

Sighing they came, their eyes to earth declin'd,
 And gloomy sadness seem'd to fill their mind;
 Far from their brethren's way their steps they press'd,
 As if they shunn'd to mingle with the rest. 435

At this demand, the prophetess appears
 With visage chang'd, her eyes are fill'd with tears.
 Unhappy youths! what misery (she cry'd)

For you the wiles of treacherous men provide.

O race renown'd! O great Herculean seed! 440

Ah! let your goodness for their errors plead:

From you their veins the richest currents prove;

Let justice here give way to brother's love!

She then proceeded in a softer tone:

Seek not to ask, what must not now be shown: 445

Ah!

tion, or because Alphonso refused to procure him satisfaction for an injury which he had received from Hippolito, had conspired with Julio, his natural brother, to assassinate the duke; but the plot being discovered, they were condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 439. — *the wiles of treacherous men* —] The poet, by this equivocal expression, seems desirous to cast a veil over the guilt of these brothers.

Ver. 445. *Seek not to ask,*] This passage is a close copy of Virgil, where Æneas, seeing in a vision his successors pass before

Ah! gentle maid! suffice the good you know;
 Nor wish for that, which found, may cause your woe.
 Soon as to-morrow's dawning light we view,
 The readiest path together we'll pursue,
 To where Rogero is in durance laid: 450
 Myself will guide you through the forest-shade;
 And, when we reach the margin of the flood,
 Will teach you every winding of the road.
 All night the virgin in the cave remain'd,
 With sage discourse by Merlin entertain'd, 455

him, in the same manner as is here related of Bradamant, asks the same question, and receives for answer,

— *Luctus ne quere tuorum.* *ÆN. vi.*

Seek not the sorrows of thy race to know.

Concerning the misfortunes of the youths here alluded to, Sir John Harrington tells the following story:

“It happened that Hippolito and one of these brothers fell in love with a courtesan, who shewing less affection to Hippolito, was one day very earnestly importuned by him to know what moved her to prefer his brother before him; she answered, it was his beautiful eyes; upon which, Hippolito ordered them to be thrust out; but the youth found means to preserve his sight, and meeting no redress, by making his complaint to the duke, he, and the other brother here mentioned, conspired to kill him; but at the time of the execution, their hearts failed them, and the plot being discovered, they were kept in perpetual imprisonment.” Notes to Sir JOHN HARRINGTON'S Translation, B. iii.

Who often warn'd th' attentive maid to prove
Propitious to her dear Rogero's love.
Soon as the skies began to glow with light,
She left the subterranean caves of night;
But first with sage Melissa, took her way 460
Through gloomy paths impervious to the day;
At length, ascending, reach'd a desert place
With savage hills, untrod by human race.
The live-long day, unresting, they pursu'd
Their course, and many a rock and torrent view'd,
Still, as they went, endeavouring to allay 466
With sweet discourse the labours of the way.
But chief the prophets instructs the maid
How she may best th' imprison'd champion aid.
Though you were Mars, or Pallas' self (she cry'd) 470
And drew as many warriors on your side,
As Afric's prince, or mighty Charlemain,
You would oppose th' enchanter's power in vain.
Not only does he rear (amazing sight !)
His tower of steel on such a steepy height: 475
Not only does he rule a winged horse,
That strangely through the air directs his course;
But on his arm he bears a blazing shield,
That casts the gazer senseless on the field;

And should you keep your eye-lids clos'd, to shun 480
 The hidden force of this terrestrial sun,
 How then the battle's progress could you know,
 When your foe flies, or when he aims a blow?
 But to withstand his arts on me rely,
 Nor can the world an aid like this supply. 485
 King Agramant a ring of great import,
 Has given to one Brunello of his court,
 Who now before us on the way is seen:
 This ring (late taken from an Indian queen)
 Is such, that he who wears it on his hand, 490
 May every fraud of magic power withstand.
 No less Brunello knows of servile guiles,
 Than he, who keeps your knight, of magic wiles.
 This man, so skill'd and crafty in deceit,
 His monarch sends to work a hardy feat, 495
 That, by his cunning and enchanted ring,
 He from the castle might Rogero bring,
 Whom much the king esteems: but shall he owe
 His freedom to a Pagan, and our foe?

Ver. 486. *King Agramant a ring* —] This seems to be a new attempt of Brunello to free Rogero a second time from the hands of Atlantes. It has been before related, from Boyardo, how he was taken from the enchanted garden on Mount Carena in Africa. See Note on B. ii. Ver. 395.

Ver. 489. — *an Indian queen*] Angelica, daughter of Galaphron.

Three

Three days your course along the shore pursue ; 500
(The shore will soon appear before our view)
The third your steps will to the dwelling bring,
Where you shall meet the man that wears the ring.
His stature (keep the picture in your mind)
Is not six spans, his head to earth declin'd, 505
Dark is his tawny skin, and black his hairs ;
On his pale face a bushy beard he wears :
His eyes are swoln ; his squinting looks aside ;
His eye-brows staring, and his nostrils wide :
His dress, which gives you all the man complete, 510
Is short and strait, and for a courier meet.
With him you doubtless must awhile discourse
On the strange castle, and th' enchanter's force.
Then speak your wish to dare th' adventurous deed,
And make in fight the necromancer bleed ; 515
But let him no suspicion entertain
You know the ring that makes enchantments vain.
Soon will he proffer on your way to ride,
And to the rocky mountain be your guide.
Then follow him, and mark my words aright, 520
Soon as the rock appears before your sight,
Your fix'd resolves let no compassion shake,
But seize the wretch, his forfeit life to take :

For

For should his lips receive the ring, he flies
Involv'd in mist from your astonish'd eyes. 525

Thus speaking ; to the shore at length they drew,
Where Bourdeaux and Garonna rose to view ;
And here, but first some tender tears they shed,
They parted as their different purpose led.
Duke Amon's daughter, whose impatient breast 530
Rogero fill'd, her eager journey press'd,
Till at an inn at length she ceas'd her way,
And saw Brunello there at close of day.

Full well she knew the man she fought to find,
So well his form was treasur'd in her mind : 535
She questions where he goes, and whence he came,
While lies to all he frames ; nor less the dame,
Warn'd of his arts, for falsehood, falsehood deals,
Her country feigns ; her name, and race conceals ;
While watchful on his hands her eye she bends, 540
And every look, his treachery known, attends.
As thus distrust on either side prevails,
A dreadful noise each startled ear affails.

But cease we here, my lord ! to tell the cause ;
And here awhile permit the tale to pause. 545

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT, following the advice of Melissa, takes the ring from Brunello, defeats Atlantes, the magician, and sets his prisoners at liberty : but soon after loses her lover Rogero, who is carried from her in a wonderful manner, by the contrivance of Atlantes. Rinaldo, who was sent on an embassy to England, being cast by a tempest on the coast of Scotland, is entertained at an abbey, where he is acquainted with the misfortune of Geneura, daughter to the king of Scotland, and undertakes to fight in her behalf.

THE
FOURTH BOOK

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THOUGH we too oft diffimulation find
Th' attendant vice of a degenerate mind;
Yet, since in this bad world we must oppose
A thousand perils and a thousand foes,
A blameless art, in time of need pursu'd, 5
Has oft been found the means of future good;
A sure defence from threatening danger prov'd;
Impending shame, and death itself remov'd.
If after proofs long try'd, and try'd in vain,
You scarce at last a faithful friend attain; 10
A friend to whom you truly can impart
Each little care that fills the secret heart:
How with Brunello shall the maid proceed,
Brunello, strange to every virtuous deed;

But

But as Melissa had display'd before, 15
Of treason fram'd, and vers'd in guileful lore?
She to deceive, no less her mind applies,
As best befits with him, the fire of lies!
While thus their mutual converse they pursue,
Still on his hands she bends her heedful view; 20
When sudden cries their startled ears invade,
O! glorious mother! (cry'd th' astonish'd maid)
O! king of heaven! from what dread wonder grows
This strange alarm? but soon the cause she knows;
She sees the host and all the household near; 25
Who in the window or the streets appear
Gazing aloft, as when the vulgar spy
A dark eclipse, or comet in the sky.
And now a wondrous sight the virgin saw,
(A wondrous sight, surpassing nature's law) 30
A courser through the air direct his flight,
Who bore upon his back an armed knight.
Large were his wings, with different colours grac'd,
And in the midst the magic knight was plac'd:
His shining arms of polish'd steel appear'd, 35
And tow'rs the western skies his course he steer'd;
Till sinking, he behind the mountains flew.
Then said the host (and well the truth he knew)

Ver. 22. *O! glorious mother!*] The virgin Mary.

Behold

Behold a strange magician fam'd afar;
Oft seen to journey through the fields of air. 40
Sometimes he seems amid the stars to rise;
And now, more lowly, near the earth he flies;
While every beauteous damsel in his way,
The necromancer seizes as his prey.
Thus all whose features charms transcendent share, 45
Or those, who give themselves the name of fair,
With terror struck, avoid his hated sight,
And shun the face of day with pale affright.
On a high rock (the host pursuing said)
He holds a castle by enchantment made; 50
A fortress built of stone, whose frame excels
Whate'er of wondrous, old tradition tells.
Full many knights have sought the place in vain,
For none could boast they e'er return'd again;
That much I dread, so dear th' adventure cost; 55
His life, or liberty, each warrior lost!

This tale with joy th' attentive virgin heard,
In hopes (nor after, vain her hopes appear'd)
Soon by the magic ring's assisting power,
To quell th' enchanter, and destroy his tower. 60
Then to the host she said: let one be found,
Whose steps may guide me to this fatal ground;

For

For know, I burn with rage to prove my might
 On this magician in immediate fight.
 Thou shalt not want an aid (Brunello cry'd) 65
 Behold, myself I proffer for your guide.
 The windings of the road I can display,
 With many secrets to beguile the way.
 With grateful thanks I take you for my guide,
 (In hopes to gain the ring, the maid reply'd) 70
 The host a courser brought the virgin-knight,
 Apt for the road, and strongly limb'd for fight;
 On this she mounted, and her way pursu'd,
 Soon as the rising morn the day renew'd.
 From steep to steep, from wood to wood they
 pass'd; 75
 Till fam'd Pyrene's hills they reach'd at last.
 There may the fight, in skies serene, explore
 Gallia and Spain, with either distant shore:
 Thence from the summit shew'd a rough descent,
 That winding to the lower valley went; 80

Ver. 76. — *Pyrene's hills*.—] Boyardo's enchanted garden was on Mount Carena in Africa; Ariosto's castle, on the hills that divide Spain from the furthest part of France, formerly called Aquitania. The plain at the foot of these hills, was called Ronsevaux, (Ronsevalles) where romances tell us, the Christians met with that memorable defeat from the Saracens, in which fell almost all the principal knights and paladins of France.

Where

Where, in the midst, a rocky mountain stood,
On which aloft the fort of steel they view'd,
That rear'd to heaven, with such stupendous height,
Made all beneath seem little in its fight,
Behold th' enchanter's tower (Brunello said) 85
In which the knights and dames are prisoners made.

Hewn in four equal sides, the mountain rose
Above the plain; nor path nor step it shows
T' assist the feet, but seem'd a place design'd
For some strange animal of winged kind. 90

The virgin now perceiv'd the hour was come
To seize the ring, and seal Brunello's doom:
But her great soul th' inglorious thought disdain'd,
To see, with blood like his, her weapon stain'd:
Since she might safely of his ring deprive, 95
And yet preserve the helpless wretch alive.

Then, while Brunello unsuspecting pass'd,
She seiz'd him unawares, and bound him fast
To a strong trunk beneath the beech's shade:
But from his finger first the ring convey'd. 100

In vain his every art Brunello tries,
And begs his freedom with unmanly cries:
She leaves him; and, with steps secure and slow,
Forfakes the hill, and seeks the plain below:

Then winds her horn, that echoes to the skies, 105
 And having breath'd a blast, with shouting cries
 She boldly to the field her foe defies.

Nor long she stays, the fierce enchanter hears,
 And, issuing from the castle-gate, appears:
 But Bradamant beheld with secret joy, 110
 Her foe no weapons in the field employ.
 Nor lance, nor heavy mace, nor sword he wore,
 To bruise the armour, and the corset bore.
 On his left arm was brac'd a mystic shield,
 Whose wondrous orb a crimson veil conceal'd. 115
 His right hand held a book, and while he read,
 Illusive phantoms round his foes he spread.
 With spear, or sword, he seem'd to urge the fight:
 And oft had dazzled many a warrior's fight.

Ver. 111.—*no weapons in the field*—] Pinabello, in the second book, had described the magician as making use of weapons in the battle with Gradasso and Rogero; but it must be remembered, that his fight was deluded by magic, as Ariosto in this passage, says:

His right hand held a book, and while he read,
 Illusive phantoms round his foes he spread.
 With spear, or sword, he seem'd to urge the fight, &c.

Ver. 117.

But the poet now, speaking in his own person, represents the matter as it really appear'd to Bradamant.

But no illusion was his flying steed ; 120
A griffin and a mare the mingled breed
Compos'd ; and like his fire his feet before,
His head, his feathers, and his wings he wore ;
(In all the rest his mother-mare was shown)
And by the name of griffin-horse was known. 125
Such, though but rarely, in those hills appear,
Beyond where ocean feels the freezing year.
Thence had the enchanter drawn him by his skill,
And made him soon obedient to his will ;
Taught him the saddle and the reins to wear, 130
And o'er the earth and seas his master bear.
But all the rest that in the fight he show'd,
From airy visions of enchantment flow'd ;
Yet nought against the maid avail'd his art,
Such wisdom could the sacred ring impart. 135
And now she seems enrag'd to strike the wind ;
Now darts before ; then swiftly turns behind.
At last (for so Melissa had requir'd,
To win the palm which most the maid desir'd)
In fury from her steed she seems to light, 140
And eager on her feet pursue the fight.
This seen, the necromancer bends his care,
With one enchantment to conclude the war ;

And, thinking now the damsel to confound,
 Removes the covering from his buckler's round. 143
 Such was his wont—awhile the shining ray
 He kept conceal'd to hold the knights in play:
 For, with a sportive mind, he took delight
 To see them wield the sword and spear in fight.
 So when the wily cat a prisoner draws 150
 Some hapless mouse within her cruel claws;
 Wanton awhile she joys his fears to see,
 Nor yet will kill, nor set the captive free.
 To that we might, in every former war,
 The foul magician and the knights compare: 155
 But not in this, the ring with powerful aid
 Here gave th' advantage to the warrior-maid,
 Who watchful as she fought t' escape surprize,
 Attentive on the forc'er fixed her eyes:

Ver. 150—the wily cat—] Many passages in Ariosto are of the
 ludicrous kind, of which this simile is an example, which is taken from
 the most common and familiar image in life: there is an instance of
 this kind still more ludicrous, where he describes the universal terror
 spread by Astolpho's horn in the enchanted palace of Atlantes. B.
 xxii. ver. 161.

In casa non resta gatta ne topo.

Nor cat nor mouse within the dwelling stay'd.

Such passages, blended with others truly epic, prove Ariosto's style
 and imagery to be of the mixed kind.

Soon

Soon as she saw the buckler's blaze reveal'd, 160
She clos'd her eyes, and tumbled on the field :
Nor think the splendor of the beaming light,
As with the rest, had power to hurt her sight ;
But the wise virgin took this artful course,
To lure the vain enchanter from his horse. 165
Her wile succeeding, swiftly wheeling round,
The flying horseman lighted on the ground :
On foot he leapt, and left behind his shield,
Ty'd to his saddle, in the veil conceal'd,
Then hasten'd where th' expecting damsel lay ; 170
So waits a wolf to make the kid his prey ;
While, on the ground neglected, he forsook
(With which he wag'd the war) his magic book.
Now with a chain to bind his foe he thought,
A chain prepar'd, for such a purpose brought ; 175
But here an unexpected difference found ;
The noble damsel hurl'd him to the ground ;
He far unfit a strife like this to wage ;
She strong in youth, and he deprest with age.

Now Bradamant her conquering weapon spread, 180
And from his shoulders thought to part his head ;
But, marking well his face, her hand restrain'd,
As if such mean revenge her soul disdain'd.

She view'd the visage of her prostrate foe,
With wrinkles furrow'd o'er, and worn with woe; 185
Who, by his silver locks and reverend mien,
At least the course of seventy years had seen.

For Heaven's sake, youth! conclude the fatal strife,
(The lost magician said) and take my life.

But she no less to save his life conspir'd, 190
Than he to leave the hated light desir'd.

Meantime a new desire possess'd the dame,
To learn th' enchanter's country, and his name;
And what he by that rocky tower design'd,
Built in a wild, to ravage all mankind. 195

Alas! for no ill purpose (thus replies
The old enchanter, mingling tears and sighs)
On yon steep rock I built my settled home,
Nor avarice makes me round the country roam;
But fond affection would my soul incite, 200
To save from peril great a gentle knight,
Long threaten'd by his stars in Gallia's land
To die a Christian by a treacherous hand.

A youth like this, for looks and courage bold,
Ne'er did the sun 'twixt either pole behold; 205
Rogero call'd: his infancy with care
I nurs'd: Atlantes is the name I bear.

Desire

Desire of fame, but more his cruel chance,
With Agramant allur'd his step to France:
While I, who love him with a parent's love, 210
Seek him from France and danger to remove:
For this alone I rais'd the stately tower,
To keep Rogero's life from fortune's power;
Where late I kept him prisoner safe, and where
I vainly hop'd, alas! yourself, to bear! 215
With gallant dames and knights I fill'd the place,
With many others of the noblest race;
That, though deny'd to leave this safe retreat,
Society might make his bondage sweet.
Except their freedom, I with care provide 220
For every want, for every wish beside.
Whate'er the world affords each various coast
To give delight, these castle walls can boast:
The song, the dance, the costly garb, the feast;
Whate'er the heart can think, or tongue request! 225
Well had I sworn, and well the fruits enjoy'd;
But thou art come, and all my works destroy'd.
Alas! if like your gentle looks, you bear
A gentle heart, in pity hear my prayer.
That buckler take, which I with joy resign, 230
And take that flying steed which once was mine.

Or, hast thou friends in yonder tower confin'd?
Free one, or two; remain the rest behind.
Nay, all my prisoners, if thou seek'st, receive,
So thou alone wilt my Rogero leave. 235
But if, alas! ev'n him thou would'st remove;
Before thou lead'st to France the youth I love,
Ah! let me by thy pitying sword be slain,
And free this spirit from her house of pain.

To this the maid—Thy fruitless plaints give o'er,
For know, I will the captive knight restore; 241
Nor offer shield, nor courser to resign,
No longer yours, by right of conquest mine:
Or were they yours to give, could gifts like these
For such a warrior's loss my mind appease? 245
For this Rogero is confin'd with care,
T' avoid the threatening influence of his star!
O blind to fate! or, grant you can foresee,
What human power shall alter Heaven's decree?
But if your own near fate you never knew, 250
Far less another's fate your art can view.
Request not death from me; such prayers are vain:
Or if sincere you seek to end your pain;
Though all the world denies, the noble mind
Can from itself its own dismissal find: 255

But

But first set wide the castle gate with speed,
And let your prisoners all from bonds be freed.

So spoke the virgin; and without delay,
With old Atlantes took her eager way.

Chains of his own the necromancer bind; 260

The cautious damsel follows close behind;

For, still in doubt, some secret guile she fear'd,

Though deep submission in his face appear'd.

Now near they came, where on the rocky side,

Scarce to be seen, a narrow clift she spy'd, 265

By which the steps, in windings from the mead,

To the high summit of the mountain lead.

Atlantes from the threshold mov'd a stone,

Where mystic signs and characters were shown:

Beneath were vessels, whence was seen expire 270

Sulphureous smoke that came from hidden fire.

All these the forc'rer broke; and sudden grew

The country desert, comfortless to view!

As oft from nets the thrushes take their flight,

So swift the necromancer flew from sight: 275

At once with him, dissolved to empty air,

The vanish'd castle left the mountain bare.

Surpris'd, themselves the knights and ladies found

From stately rooms remov'd to open ground:

★ While

While many view'd their present state with pain, 280
And wish'd for pleasing slavery again.

Gradasso, Sacripant were there to see:

The knight Prasilfo too, from prison free,

Who with Rinaldo came from eastern lands;

Iroldo join'd with him in friendly bands. 285

Here noble Bradamant with joy perceiv'd

Her lov'd Rogero, him for whom she griev'd;

Who, when he saw the beauteous maid, express'd

The grateful transports of an amorous breast;

As one he valu'd, to his soul more dear 290

Than golden beams of light, or vital air,

Ere since the day, the fair her helm unbound,

And in her lovely head receiv'd a wound.

Each other night and day they fought in vain,

Nor till this blissful hour could meet again. 295

Now when with longing eyes Rogero view'd

Where she, his lov'd, his fair deliverer stood,

Ver. 283.—*Prasilfo*—285. *Iroldo*,—] Christian knights in Boyardo's poem, who had been imprisoned with Rinaldo, Dudon, and others, in a castle in the east, and being afterwards delivered, set out with Rinaldo for France, to the assistance of Charlemain, and are here supposed to have been taken prisoners by Atlantes.

Ver. 292. *Ere since the day*,—] See General View of BOYARDO'S Story.

So vast a pleasure fill'd his ravish'd mind,
He deem'd himself the happiest of mankind.

From shameful bondage freed, the warriors
came, 300

Where in the valley stood the conquering dame:

And where the wondrous courser they beheld,

Who wore the buckler in the veil conceal'd.

The damsel now to seize his reins essay'd,

And, till she nearer drew, the courser stay'd; 305

But soon he spreads his wings, and spurns the plain;

Then, at a little distance, lights again.

Eager she follows, where she sees the steed

Now here, now there descending on the mead.

Thus, on the sandy shore, in mazy rounds, 310

The wily crow the spaniel's search confounds.

Gradasso, Sacripant, Rogero try'd;

Alike each knight his several art apply'd;

Some on the hills, some planted on the plain,

As best they thought the winged steed to gain; 315

But he (when first he had the warriors led

Up the rough paths to every mountain head,

And in the marshy vales beneath convey'd)

At length beside Rogero gently stay'd.

This was Atlantes' work, whose aged breast 320

A thousand anxious boding fears oppress'd,

Who

Who oft had rack'd his thoughts with pious care,
 To save Rogero from his fatal star.
 For this he bids the griffin-horse alight,
 To bear from Europe's climes the youthful knight.
 Rogero thought to lead him on the way, 326
 But the steed, stopping short, refus'd t' obey.
 From good Frontino then he leaps with speed,
 (Frontino was the champion's generous steed)
 He dares the strong-plum'd courser to bestride, 330
 And claps his goring rowels in his side;
 Who runs awhile, till rising from the plain,
 He spurns the ground beneath and soars amain.
 So when the master lets the falcon fly,
 At once he sees his prey, and shoots along the 335
 sky.
 The maid, alarm'd, beheld with shuddering sight,
 Her dear Rogero in this dangerous plight:
 Such various passions in her bosom wrought,
 She seem'd awhile depriv'd of sense and thought.
 What she of youthful Ganymede had heard, 340
 To heaven, by Jove's almighty will preferr'd,

Ver. 328.—*Frontino*—] The horse which Brunello stole from Sacripant, and gave to Rogero.

See General View of BOYARDO'S Story.

She

She doubts may prove of her Rogero true,
Whose equal graces charm'd the gazer's view.
His course she follows through the distant skies,
While yet his course she reaches with her eyes; 345
Even when the distance leaves her sight behind,
She follows still, and views him in her mind.
Her tender bosom heaves with labouring sighs,
While ceaseless sorrows trickle from her eyes.
But when her lover long in vain she mourn'd, 350
Her looks upon his gallant steed she turn'd,
Then, parting, took Frontino by the rein
In hopes to give him to his lord again.

Meantime the monster flew, nor knew the knight
To rule the reins, or stop his rapid flight. 355
He sees the face of earth decreas'd in show,
And every lofty summit left below;
So far remov'd, no more his eye descries
Where the vales sink, or where the mountains rise.
But when the steed has gain'd so vast a height, 360
He seem'd a little spot to mortal sight,
He steer'd his course, to where in western streams
The sun descends, when Cancer feels his beams.
He cuts his airy way; as vessels sail
On prosperous seas before the driving gale. 365

But let him go, and well his voyage speed,
While to Rinaldo must the tale proceed.

Rinaldo that, and all th' ensuing day,
Was driven by tempests o'er the watery way:
From morn till eve the wind unceasing blew: 370
Now to the west, and now the north they drew;
At last upon the shore of Scotland light,
Where Caledonia's forest rose to fight,

That

Ver. 366. *But let him go,—*] He returns to Rogero, B. vi. ver. 111. and to Bradamant, B. vii. ver. 212.

Ver. 373. — *Caledonia's forest —*] The forest of Caledonia, famous for its dreary solitudes, was the scene of the exploits of many of the knights errant, of which such fabulous accounts are given in the books of chivalry of those times: of these knights, the principal were the five following mentioned by our author.

Tristram, son of Meliadis, king of Leonis, and one of the first of the errant knights sworn at the round table. Marco, king of Cornwall, having engaged to marry Isotta, daughter of king Languines, sent his nephew Tristram to Ireland, to fetch over the bride. Isotta's mother, having prepared an enchanted potion to make her daughter beloved by her husband, had entrusted it to a confidante, when it happened, that Tristram and Isotta, in the voyage, tasted of the potion, and became violently enamoured of each other. King Marco, having some time afterwards surprised the lovers together, snatched up

Tristram's

Isotta or Isolda

That midst its ancient oaks was wont to hear
 The riven target, and the shiver'd spear: 375
 Here once were seen, beneath these shades rever'd,
 Each errant-knight in Britain's combats fear'd:

From

Trifram's lance, which stood without the chamber, and slew him therewith: upon which Isotta fell on the body, and expired. Trifram's companion was,

Launcelot, a knight also sworn of the round table, and son of Bando, king of Benoich: he was deeply in love with queen Guenever, wife to king Arthur, and no less beloved by her: after her death he became a hermit. Launcelot was deceived by a daughter of king Piscatore, who, seeing his passion for the queen, by a crafty wile lay with him in her stead, and had by him a son called,

Galafas Galaffo, who being created a knight by his father, was the first that sat in the chair of Merlin: he is said to have obtained the holy vessel in which our Saviour eat with his disciples; and was reputed a saint. *the original*

Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon, king of England: Jeffery of Monmouth informs us, that Uther Pendragon fell in love with Igerne (or Jogerne) the wife of Gorlois, prince of Cornwall. In the absence of Gorlois, Merlin, by his magic, transformed Uther into the likeness of Jordan, a familiar friend of Gorlois, himself assuming the figure of one Bricel; by means of which artifice Uther enjoyed Igerne, and begot king Arthur, who is said to have been the greatest king that ever lived: he was so renowned a warrior, that he slew with his own hand four hundred and sixty men in battle, and added other kingdoms to his own: he wore a golden helmet, with a dragon for his crest; thus Spenser in his Fairy Queen:

His

From regions far and near, well known to fame,
 From Norway, Germany, and Gallia came
 Each gallant chief, who nobly scorn'd his life, 380
 Where death or conquest crown'd the glorious strife!
 Here

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightness and great terror bred,
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedy paws ——— B. i. C. vii.

On his shield was engraved the effigies of the virgin Mary: he bore a lance of uncommon size and weight, with which he slew his son Mordites, who had rebelled against him, and lay in ambush to assassinate him; hence Dante says:
Rather his nephew Mordred, who also slew him.

Con ess' un colpo per le man d'Artù.
 With this a blow from Arthur's hand ———

This prince was the first that established the order of the round table, with so many famous knights: his end is uncertain; some say, that he received his mortal wound in fighting against his traitorous nephew Mordred; but the old Welch bards had a strange tradition, that he was not dead, but would return after a time, and reign in as great authority as ever.

Galvano, (or Gawaine) there were two of this name, one the nephew of Arthur, a man of great valour, and one of the round table: the other was under Amadis de Gaule: they were both great knights, and achieved many adventures. On the beach of the sea, near Milford-haven, is a natural rock shaped into a chapel, which tradition reports

Here Tristram mighty deeds perform'd of old,
 Galaffo, Launcelot, and Arthur bold,
 Galvano brave ; with more that titles drew
 Both from the ancient table, and the new ; 385
 Knights, who have left to speak their valiant mind,
 More than one trophy of their worth behind.

Rinaldo arms, his steed Bayardo takes,
 And landing on the shore, the sea forsakes :
 He bids the pilot Berwick speed to gain, 390
 And there till his arrival to remain.

Without a squire the fearless knight pervades
 The gloomy horror of those dreary shades ;

ports to have been the burying place of Sir Gawaine, the nephew of Arthur." See PORCACCHI, WARTON'S, and UPTON'S notes on Spenser, &c.

Ver. 385. — *the ancient table, and the new ;*] "The round table was not peculiar to the reign of king Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. Any king was said to "hold a round table," when he proclaimed a tournament attended with some peculiar solemnities." See Reliques of Ancient Poetry, Vol. i. p. 35.

Ver. 392. — *the knight pervades*] This passage has more the air of the old romances than most parts of the poem. A prince, sent from his sovereign on an embassy to a foreign power, being landed near a forest, instead of taking the nearest way to execute his commission, wanders up and down in search of adventures : however, the reader may perhaps be tempted to overlook this inconsistency for the sake of the episode thereby introduced.

Now here, now there, as most be hop'd to find
Adventures of a new and dreadful kind. 395

The first day brought him to an abbey fair,
Whose wealth was spent with hospitable care,
Beneath its roof reception to provide
For knights and dames that through the forest ride.
The monks and abbot with a friendly grace, 400
Welcom'd the brave Rinaldo to the place ;
Who now enquir'd (but not till grateful food
Had cheer'd his spirits and his strength renew'd)
How in the compass of that savage ground,
Adventures strange by wandering knights were
found. 405

He might (they answer'd) 'midst the woods essay
A thousand perils in the lonely way ;
But, as the place, so were the deeds conceal'd,
And seldom to the wondering world reveal'd.
Far rather go (they cry'd) where, done in fight, 410
Your actions may be view'd in open light :
Where after toil and danger follows fame,
With ready trump your praises to proclaim.
But if indeed your honour you regard,
Then hear the noblest enterprize prepar'd, 415
That ever yet, in ancient times or new,
A courteous warrior could in arms pursue.

Our

Our monarch's daughter needs a gallant knight,
In her defence to wage a single fight
Against a lord (Lurcanio is his name) 420
Who seeks to spoil her of her life and fame.
He to her father thus accus'd the maid,
(Perhaps by hatred more than reason sway'd)
That she receiv'd, confess'd before his fight,
A lover at her window in the night. 425
Her crime in flames she expiates by the laws,
Unless a champion rises in her cause
Within a month, (now hastening to an end)
Her life against th' accuser to defend.
The cruel laws of Scotland's realm decree 430
That every maid, of high or low degree,
Accus'd of yielding to the luring fire
Of lawless love, in torment shall expire:
Nor aught can save the wretched damsel's life,
Unless some warrior dare the generous strife. 435
The king, who for his Geneura's safety fears,
(Such is the name his hapless daughter bears)
Proclaims through every city, far and near,
That he who dares in her defence appear,
Whose arm shall lay her proud accuser low, 440
(If he his birth to noble parents owe)

Shall for his bride the royal maid receive,
With such a dower as fits a prince to give.
A deed like this should more your sword demand,
Than wandering thus amid the forest land. 445
You will the flower of beauteous dames obtain,
'Twixt distant India and th' Atlantic main;
With power and wealth, and knighthood's envy'd
praise,
To crown with blessings all your future days.
Our king shall fix on you his sovereign grace, 450
Whose arm preserv'd the honour of his race.
Yet more, the law of chivalry demands,
To save from infamous and treacherous hands
A maid, who, by the world's consent, may claim
Among the chafteft minds the foremost name. 455

Rinaldo mus'd awhile, then made reply :
And must a damsel be condemn'd to die
Because she circled in her yielding arms,
And kindly blest'd her lover with her charms?
Accurst be those that could such laws procure ! 460.
Accurst be those that still such laws endure !
Let cruel virgins rather cease to live,
Not those who life to faithful lovers give :
Nor ask I now if with consenting ear,
Geneura deign'd her suitor's vows to hear ; 465

In her defence shall all my force be try'd :
Procure me speedily a skilful guide ;
And give me but th' accuser's face to see,
I trust, in heaven, to set Geneura free.
I mean not now (what truth perchance denies) 470
T' affirm that guiltless of the deed she dies ;
But mean to show what madness fill'd his mind,
Who first devis'd this law for woman-kind,
When man to multitudes his love displays,
Nor meets alone impunity, but praise. 475
And soon I hope, in heaven, to prove the wrong,
To suffer tamely such an act so long.

The rest with good Rinaldo deem'd the same,
While all agreed their ancestors to blame :
Nor could the king escape from censure free, 480
Whose justice ne'er revers'd the harsh decree.

Soon as the rosy morn, with splendor bright,
Reveal'd the hemisphere of rising light,
Rinaldo arm'd, and mounted on his steed,
He took a trusty squire the way to lead ; 485
Then left the abbey, and his course pursu'd,
For many miles along the gloomy wood,
To seek the city destin'd for the strife,
On which depended fair Geneura's life.

To make the shorter way, they chanc'd to take 490
A path more lonely, and the road forsake.

When near at hand they hear a screaming found,
The forest echoes to the noise around,

One spurs Bayardo, t' other spurs his steed,
To search the valley whence the cries proceed. 495

Betwixt two men a damsel there was seen,
Who distant seem'd of fair and comely mein ;

But ne'er before did dame or damsel show
Looks more deprest with anguish or with woe.

On either side the ruffians ready stood 500
With naked swords to dye the ground with blood ;

While she with prayers and many a flowing tear,
Did for awhile the dreadful stroke defer.

Rinaldo comes, and when the fair he spies,
He hastens to her aid with threatening cries. 505

Soon as the murderers saw th' approaching knight,
At once they turn'd their backs in sudden flight ;
Through the dark vale precipitate they flew ;

Nor would the Paladin their steps pursue,
But, drawing near the damsel, sought to hear 510

Her deep distress, and whence her death so near ;

Then, for dispatch, commands the squire to bear
Behind him, on their way, the weeping fair ;

While, as they rode, he better mark'd her face,
Her beauteous features, and her pleasing grace 515
That favour'd of a court; though still appear
Upon her troubled looks the marks of fear.
Again Rinaldo ask'd, what cruel fate
Had so deprest her to this wretched state?

She then, with lowly voice, began to tell 520
What in th' ensuing book we shall reveal.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

✱

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE
FIFTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO hears, from Dalinda, the tale of the loves of Ariodantes and Geneura, with the treachery of Polineſſo, who had contrived to blacken the reputation of Geneura, and cauſed her to be openly accuſed of incontinence; in conſequence of which, by the laws of Scotland, ſhe was condemned to death. Rinaldo takes up her cauſe before the king, and enters the liſt with her enemy.

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE beasts, that haunt the wood or graze the
plain,

Or tame or savage, mutual peace maintain;
But if sometimes they chance to mix in war,
The generous males with females never jar:
The she-bear from the other never flies, 5
The lioness beside the lion lies:
The she-wolf with her mate securely lives,
Nor the bull terror to the heifer gives.

What strife, or what Megæra has possest
The deep recesses of the human breast, 10
That oft the husband and the wife engage
In wordy conflict; oft with impious rage,
Against

Against each other aim the vengeful blow,
 While gushing tears the genial bed o'erflow;
 Nor tears alone, but some, by fury led, 15
 In crimson streams the vital current shed?

Accurst is he, and born in evil hour,
 Who dares rebel against the sovereign power
 Of nature's laws, to strike the weeping fair,
 Or from her tresses rend a single hair: 20
 But he, whose breast such small remorse can feel,
 T' attempt her life with poison, or with steel,
 I ne'er can deem a man; but, 'scap'd from woe,
 Some fiend infernal from the realms below.

The two assassins, such we justly name, 25
 Driv'n by the brave Rinaldo from the dame;
 Whom to that lonely vale their guile betray'd,
 To hide their dreadful crime in dreary shade:
 I left the dame preparing to relate,
 The secret cause of her unhappy state, 30
 To good Rinaldo, her preserver-knight;
 And thus, pursuing, I the tale recite.

The damsel now began: Prepare to hear
 Such deeds as never yet have reach'd the ear,

Ver. 33. *The damsel now began:*] There is scarcely any part of the poem more simple and unadorned than this tale, and which admits of so little elevation in an English version.

As

As never stain'd the most inhuman crew: 35
Not such Mycenæ, Thebes, or Argos knew!
If yonder sun that darts his beams around,
Shines more remotely on our native ground,
'Tis doubtless that he shuns this hated place,
With horror viewing such an impious race. 40

That men on foes exert their dreadful rage,
Examples have been seen in every age;
But that dire mind what savage fury sways,
Who friendship's warmth with fiend-like ill repays!
That, undisguis'd you all the truth may know, 45
I will from first the cause impartial show.
Why these assassins did with barbarous ire
Against my blooming tender youth conspire.

Know then, my lord, I yet a girl, was sent
To court, and to Geneura's service went; 50
By her receiv'd, I flourish'd in her grace,
And in the palace held an honour'd place.
But cruel love my state with envy saw,
And soon, alas! subdu'd me to his law:
He made, of every youth and comely knight, 55
The duke of Albany my sole delight.
We hear the speech, we see the looks express,
But who can view the secrets of the breast?

His

His love, avow'd, my bosom first inspir'd
With tender thoughts, with gentle wishes fir'd: 60
So far at length my fond belief was led,
That I receiv'd him to my virgin bed.
Nor that alone; but that recess I chose
In which sometimes the princess would repose;
In which conceal'd her choicest treasure lies, 65
A close retreat, remote from vulgar eyes!
There by a gall'ry to the window join'd,
A favour'd friend might easy entrance find.
By this I often introduc'd my love,
A filken ladder throwing from above. 70
'Twas thus I did th' enamour'd duke receive,
Whene'er Geneura's absence gave me leave;
Who us'd to change her bed, sometimes to fly
The burning heat, sometimes the freezing sky.
Securely oft we met, and void of fear 75
Indulg'd our flame, for 'gainst the palace here
Some lonely ruins stood, where night or day
None ever pass'd his visits to survey.
For many a month to all the court unknown,
In frequent joys our secret hours had flown: 80
So blind was I, I ne'er discover'd yet
That little truth was his, but much deceit;
Though

Though the base treasons of his faithless breast
Were plainly by a thousand signs exprest.
At length, without disguise, he durst confess
His close design Geneura to possess:
Nor know I, if his love was then begun,
Or ere he yet my giddy thoughts had won.
Judge, in my bosom if he bore a part,
Or rather, if he rul'd not all my heart;
He own'd his purpos'd suit, nor blush'd with shame
To ask my friendly aid to win the dame;
But vow'd his ardor feign'd, in hopes alone
To form a near alliance to the throne;
As none, among the nobles of the blood,
Except the king, in rank before him stood.
And promis'd, should my counsel e'er ensure
His sovereign's favour, and the bride secure;
The service, ever present to his mind,
In ties of gratitude his soul should bind:
That I alone, his wife, his friends above,
Should reign th' unrivall'd partner of his love.

I (that his happiness endeavour'd still,
Nor e'er in thought or deed control'd his will)
Took all occasions that I saw to raise
In fair Geneura's ear my lover's praise.

Heaven

Heaven knows how truly I employ'd my art
To serve him with a just and faithful heart!
But vain th' attempt my much-lov'd duke to place
With many a trial in the fair one's grace. 110
Another love was kindled in her breast,
Another lover all her soul possess'd:
A comely courteous knight had rais'd a flame,
A knight, who from a foreign region came:
He, with his youthful brother, left the port 115
Of distant Italy, for Scotland's court;
Where soon in arms such vast renown he gain'd,
No son of Britain greater praise obtain'd:
The king esteem'd him, and his favour show'd,
By gifts of honour, and of wealth bestow'd: 120
Castles and towns he gave to his command,
And rank'd him midst the barons of the land.
This knight the name of Ariodantes bore,
The monarch lov'd him much, his daughter more:
The warrior's valiant deeds with warmth inspir'd 125
Her gentle soul, but more the lover fir'd:
Since well she knew, for her what flame possess'd
The gentle Ariodantes' constant breast.
Her growing passion made the virgin hear
My lover's praises with averted ear: 130

The more, to gain his suit, with prayers I strove,
The more her hatred rose and spurn'd his love.

I sooth'd his grief, and oft essay'd to make
Th' ambitious duke his vain design forsake.
I show'd him how the damsel's soul possess'd 135
With Ariodant, for him alone confess'd
The darts of love: when Polinesso heard
(Such was his name) what little hopes appear'd
T' obtain his wish, each thought of tender kind
Driv'n from his soul, his fierce revengeful mind, 140
Enrag'd to see another favour'd more,
To hate converted what was love before;
Between Geneura, and her favourite knight,
Resolv'd to kindle rage and jealous spite,
And so the fire of enmity increase, 145
As ne'er again might be compos'd to peace:
Nor would he trust with me his treacherous thought,
But counsel only from himself he sought.
At last, he thus his speech began to frame:
My dear Dalinda, (thus I'm known by name) 150
Thou see'st the tree, though often hewn, will shoot
Fresh branches from the new divided root;
Thus nought can wholly my desires suppress,
Though lopt so often by their ill success;

Yet think not that I prize the haughty dame, 155
But baffled!—scorn'd—my soul rejects the shame!
This is my will: whene'er by love inspir'd
We meet, the princess to her bed retir'd,
Take every garment that aside she throws,
And on yourself her ornaments dispose: 160
Like her attempt to dress your flowing hair,
Let every gesture feign Geneura's air.
Before the window take your silent stand,
And let the ladder down with ready hand.
Then will I come, in fancy prepossess 165
That you are ^{she} ~~her~~ you seem by ~~men~~ ^{me} and vest:
For well I trust, while thus myself I cheat,
To cure my fond desire with this deceit.

He said; and I unconscious ne'er perceiv'd
(So far had love my thoughts of sense bereav'd) 170
That what he ask'd, my treacherous lover meant,
With secret guilt t' effect some base intent;
But like Geneura cloth'd in vestment white,
Receiv'd his visits many a secret night;
Nor saw the reason working in his mind, 175
Till all had follow'd, which his guile design'd.

His purpose thus secur'd, the wily duke
Aside th' unwary Ariodantes took;

For

For once they liv'd in friendship's social band
Ere fatal rivals for Geneura's hand. 180

With deep regret I find (he thus address'd
The gentle knight) when singled from the rest,
Amidst my peers I show'd you most regard,
You should so ill my partial choice reward.

Full well you know what love (long time declar'd)
With mine Geneura's gentle heart has shar'd; 186
And see me now preparing to demand
The maid in marriage from my sovereign's hand.

Why will you then disturb my rightful claim?
Why thus indulge a rash and hopeless flame? 190
I swear, had Heaven revers'd our fates, to thee
My juster choice had left the fair-one free.

It moves me more to view your fruitless pain,
(Thus Ariodantes answer'd him again)
Since, ere your thoughts aspir'd to win the dame, 195
My soul had nourish'd long the growing flame;
And ne'er could sympathy more powerful prove,
To join two amorous minds in mutual love.

Why then respect not you our friendly band,
Or pay my vows the deference you demand? 200
Were you beheld with more propitious eyes,
Long since had I resign'd the beauteous prize:

But well I hope the princely maid to wed,
 Though your possessions may be wider spread :
 Not less my deeds by Scotland's king approv'd, 205
 And by his daughter am I more belov'd.

O'erweening confidence (the duke rejoin'd)
 Has but deceiv'd thy fond distemper'd mind !
 Sincere the progress of thy love impart,
 And, in return, will I disclose my heart. 210

So he, who in success appears to yield,
 Shall to his happier rival quit the field.
 Whate'er thou speakest, yon' Heaven I here attest,
 The tale shall safe within this bosom rest ;
 So shalt thou vow, thou never wilt disclose 215
 Whate'er my friendship may in thee repose.

This said; each other's secrets to conceal
 They swore; then Ariodant began to tell
 His love's pursuit, and undisguis'd display'd
 His tender contract with the royal maid ; 220
 Who, if the king her fire her suit deny'd,
 Vow'd, for his sake, to shun the name of bride.
 He urg'd his hopes, by many battles won
 In former fields, by trophies yet unknown,
 Which still he hop'd in future fields to gain, 225
 For the king's fame and welfare of his reign,

To

To rise so high in rank, the monarch's voice
Should yield his daughter, and confirm her choice.
Behold (he cry'd) the point my love has gain'd,
And none, I deem, has equal grace obtain'd. 230
I seek no other at Geneura's hand,
Till sanctify'd by Hymen's holy band:
'Twere vain to ask her more, whose virtuous mind
Leaves every maid in chastity behind.

When Ariodantes thus with truth declar'd 235
How far he deem'd his love might find reward,
Duke Polineffo, who with guile devis'd
To make Geneura by her knight despis'd,
Thus fraudulent pursu'd—Now hear me tell,
How far my happier chance can thine excel. 240
With thee she feigns, she scorns thy hated name,
While with vain hopes she feeds thy boasted flame;
But better proofs of love to me affords,
Than airy promises, and empty words:
Which, under secrecy, I shall reveal; 245
Though lady's favours we should still conceal.
No conscious month revolves, but sees me led
Full many a night to fair Geneura's bed;
Beholds me clasp her yielding in my arms,
And riot, unconfin'd, in all her charms. 250

Judge, if thy favours can with mine compare;
Then yield to me, and seek some kinder fair,
Since love has crown'd my happier fortune there.

'Tis false! (thus Ariodant incens'd replies)
Thou hast defam'd the fair with odious lyes; 255
And hast devis'd what thou hast said, to prove
If shallow tales can fright me from my love.
But since too much Geneura's fame they stain,
It fits, what thou hast spoken, to maintain.
This instant will I brand thee, ere we part, 260
A liar and a traitor in thy heart.

'Twere weak indeed (the duke again reply'd)
A strife like this by combat to decide;
When here I offer, what these lips have told,
Those eyes shall witness, and the truth behold. 265

At this to stagger Ariodant began,
While through his bones a chilling tremor ran:
And but some glimmering yet of hope remain'd,
His heart had scarce its vital heat retain'd.
His bosom throb'd, his shifting colour fled, 270
As thus at length with falt'ring words he said:
When you disclose this deed before my sight,
(Attend me here my sacred promise plight)
Thenceforth I vow to leave Geneura free,
So liberal found to you, so harsh to me! 275

In

In vain your words my constant mind would move,
Unless these eyes her fatal falsehood prove.

This said, they parted: soon was fix'd again
The night my treacherous duke to entertain:
When to complete the snare his craft had wrought,
My guileful lover Ariodantes fought; 281
And bade him take his stand th' ensuing night
Amidst those ruin'd piles, conceal'd from fight.

But Ariodantes now in thought began
To doubt that this conceal'd some murderous train;
That the false duke, by rival hatred sway'd, 286
A secret ambush for his life had laid,
Pretending there a cruel proof to give
Of what his thoughts till then could ne'er conceive.
Yet was he firm to go, but on his guard, 290
Resolv'd for all assaults to be prepar'd;
That, if the chance requir'd, he bravely might
Withstand his ambush'd enemy in fight.
His brother was a knight of prudence found,
Of all the court in arms the most renown'd, 295
Lurcanio call'd, and less, with him, he fear'd,
Than if ten others on his side appear'd.
This gallant youth he bade his arms prepare,
And led th' adventure of the night to share.

Not that he told the secrets of his heart, 300
For these to him, nor none, would he impart.

And now approach'd so near the destin'd place,
As from the hand a stone might fly the space,
He plac'd Lurcanio there, and thus he said :
When need demands, then hasten to my aid ; 305
But till my voice you hear, forbear to move ;
Be silent, as you prize your brother's love.
Go, fear me not, — (his brother thus reply'd)
Then Ariodantes, parting from his side,
Went to th' appointed place, his station took, 310
And on my window fix'd his anxious look.
Now, from a different part the traitor came,
So ready to pollute Geneura's fame ;
Without delay the wonted signal made
To me, who little knew what snare was laid. 315
Then in a dress Geneura us'd to wear,
Soon as I found my Polineffo there,
I from th' apartment to the gallery drew,
And stood, on ev'ry side expos'd to view.
My vest was white, and richly to behold, 320
Deck'd all around with costly fringe of gold ;
A golden net descending from my head
With crimson flowers, was o'er my habit spread.

Lurcanio

Lurcanio now, who deem'd with anxious mind
Some ill for Ariodantes' life design'd, 325
And partly by a natural passion led,
Desire of knowing how his fortune sped,
With wary tread his brother's steps pursu'd,
And silent near him undiscover'd stood.
Meanwhile I thoughtless came: the silver moon 330
Resplendent on my glittering garments shone:
Nor seem'd I much unlike the royal fair,
In outward person, or in borrow'd air;
And both the brethren, by the duke deceiv'd,
The well-concerted fraud for truth believ'd. 335
Judge at that time what cruel pangs possess'd
The wretched Ariodantes' tortur'd breast.
Now Polineffo comes, and full in fight
Receives the ladder, and ascends the height.
Then, thinking none beheld what fondly pass'd 340
Around his neck my eager arms I cast,
And, as I ever had my duke caress'd,
With many a tender kiss his lips I press'd,
Which he with warmth return'd: th' unhappy knight,
Who stood spectator of this hated fight, 345
So deeply sunk beneath the load of grief,
His soul resolv'd from death to seek relief;

Then

Then drew the sword, despairing, from his side,
And to his breast the fatal point apply'd.
Lurcanio (who surpris'd my lover view'd 350
Ascend the gallery where disguis'd I stood,
But knew not for the duke) advanc'd with speed,
Soon as he saw his brother's frantic deed,
And seizing hastily his furious hand,
From his rash act the hapless knight restrain'd: 355
Had he been more remote, or longer stay'd,
In vain, alas ! had prov'd his pious aid.

Ah wretched, senseless brother ! (thus he cry'd)
What rage has turn'd your better thoughts aside?
Thus for a woman is your death design'd? 360
All false, as clouds that flit before the wind !
Far rather let her die, her sex's stain !
But for a nobler end your life retain.
Before this crime she justly claim'd your love ;
But now she should alone your hatred move ; 365
Since your own eyes have witness'd to her shame,
And seen how low she prostitutes her fame.
Then let those arms, against yourself employ'd,
Before the king her sire her fate decide.

When Ariodantes sees his brother nigh, 370
He seeks no longer on his sword to die ;

With

With seeming calm he veils his secret pains,
But still his former purpose fix'd remains.
Departing thence, he with him bears the smart
That gives no ease to his distracted heart. 375

Next morning early he the court forsook,
(Nor leave of brother or of friends he took)
None but Lurcanio and the duke could know
The cause that made him thus his home forego;
While of his absence, in the royal court, 380
And o'er the land, was various the report.

Eight days elaps'd, at length a pilgrim came
With mournful tidings to the princely * dame,
That Ariodantes in the sea was lost:
Not by the Eastern wind, or Boreas tost, 385
But that himself his own destruction found,
And leaping headlong in the waves, was drown'd.
Ere this last fatal act (the stranger said)
He thus bespoke me, there by fortune led:

" Draw near, my friend, and be Geneura told 390
" The hidden cause of what you now behold:
" Tell her 'tis this, these eyes too much have seen,
" Ah! happy, if these eyes had never been!"
By chance we then upon a mountain stood
That tow'rd's Hibernia bellies o'er the flood. 395

* GENEURA.

Soon as he ceas'd to speak, I saw him leap
From the high rock, and plunge into the deep.
Him in the sea I left; and now I come
To bring the tidings of his hapless doom.

Half dead with grief the news Geneura heard;
A sudden paleness on her face appear'd. 401
O Heaven! what did she, and what words she said,
When laid in private on her faithful bed!
She strikes her bosom, and her garment tears,
She rends with cruel hands her golden hairs; 405
Repeating oft what, with his latest breath,
Sad Ariodantes nam'd his cause of death;
That the strange issue of his fate was such,
His eyes in hapless hour had seen too much!

Soon was the fame o'er all the kingdom spread,
Of Ariodantes thus untimely dead. 411
Not with dry eyes the king his loss survey'd;
While pious tears each knight and lady paid,
At these unhappy tidings, o'er the rest
Heart-piercing anguish fill'd his brother's breast; 415
By such example oft his soul inclin'd
To die, and be at least in death conjoin'd;
This many a time returning to his thought,
That false Geneura such destruction wrought.

At

At length revenge so far possess'd his mind, 420
So far did rage and grief his reason blind,
That he the royal grace no longer priz'd,
But the king's hatred, and the land's despis'd.
The peers assembled now, the time he took
T'address the throne, and thus indignant spoke. 425

Attend, my lord! while I the cause relate
That urg'd my brother to his hapless fate.
Your daughter's was the crime: 'twas she distress'd
With deep affliction Ariodantes' breast.

He lov'd the princess; (why should I conceal, 430
Or blush so pure a passion to reveal?)

And hop'd at length t' obtain her for his bride,
By numerous virtues, and by service try'd.

But while the bashful lover thus receives
The modest odor of the distant leaves, 435

He sees another to the tree ascend,
And from the boughs the blooming fruitage rend.

He said, and instant to the king display'd
The seeming crime, so late to sight betray'd,
Attesting that himself beheld the dame 440

Receive the secret partner of her shame;
A wretch unknown, that veil'd in dark disguise

Conceal'd his person from observing eyes:

Concluding,

Concluding, that he stood in fight prepar'd
To prove the truth of all his tongue declar'd. 445

Judge if the father struck with grief appear'd,
When he this fatal accusation heard ;
Both with the tale surpriz'd, and that he knew
Unless to her defence some warrior drew
To give Lurcanio in the field the lye, 450
He must his dearest child condemn to die.

Our laws, my lord ! have doubtless reach'd your ear,
Where every damsel is by doom severe
Condemn'd to certain death, who yields her charms
To any other but a husband's arms : 455
Unless some knight th' accuser dares to brave,
And from her threaten'd fate the damsel save.

The king has caus'd his heralds to proclaim,
(As deeming falsehood wrongs Geneura's fame)
That he who clears her honour from the stain, 460
The royal maid, with princely gifts, shall gain.
As yet no champions in her cause appear,
Each views his fellow's face with marks of fear ;
In arms so dreadful is Lurcanio's might,
That all, with terror, seem to shun the fight. 465
Her cruel fortune adds this sorrow more,
Her absent brother treads a foreign shore,

The

The brave Zerbino, who in field displays
Such deeds as merit ever-during praise:
But could he hear in time her dangerous state, 470
How would he fly t' avert his sister's fate!

The monarch, who would all his thoughts employ
By other means, than arms, the truth to try,
Secur'd some damsels of Geneura's train

In hopes the fatal secret to explain; 475

And hence I dreaded, if myself were caught,
The duke and I in danger might be brought.

That night, in fear, the palace I forfook,

And, privately withdrawing, fought the duke :

Declar'd how much to both it might import 480

That I without delay should quit the court.

He prais'd my prudence; promis'd to provide

A safe asylum where I might reside;

Appointing two, to guide me through the wood,

Where near, he said, his lonely fortrefs stood. 485

Reflect, fir knight, if acts like mine should prove
To Polineffo marks of faithful love;

Then say, that maids must ever hope in vain

For tender love to be belov'd again.

This cruel, perjur'd, and ungrate ful man, 490

At length to doubt my constant faith began;

And

And fearing lest I should at length reveal
 The treacherous act he labour'd to conceal;
 He feign'd I should awhile from court retire,
 Apart to shun the king's impending ire; 495
 And sent me thence to this remote retreat,
 Here, not my safety, but my death to meet.
 For secretly he gave my guides command,
 Soon as their steps had reach'd this forest-land,
 To take my life—lo! how my faith was paid! 500
 Too well his dire command had been obey'd,
 Had not my cries so timely reach'd your ears:
 Behold how Love his votaries prefers!

Thus to the Paladin Dalinda told
 Her mournful tale, while still their way they hold;
 And if before he meant t' assist the dame, 506
 When just suspicion seem'd to tax her fame;

Ver. 504. *Thus to the Paladin —*] See Shakespear's *Much Ado About Nothing*, where the circumstances of the plot, so far as relate to Claudio and Hero, are very similar to this story of Ariodantes and Geneura: but one of our last new tragedies, called the *Law of Lombardy*, is more immediately built on the incidents of Ariosto's fable. This story of Geneura was imitated by Melain de Gelais, a French poet, about 1572. Another tale was written on the same subject, entitled, *Conte de l'Infante Geneure fille du roy d'Ecosse*, 1556.

More earnest now his bosom's zeal appear'd,
When thus the cruel calumny he heard.
Then tow'rd's St. Andrew's town with eager haste 510
Rinaldo with the squire and damsel pass'd;
The king and court were there; and there the strife
Must soon decide his daughter's death or life.

As nearer to the neighbouring towns they drew,
They found a squire who gave them tidings new; 515
That a strange champion there in armour came,
Who undertook to clear Geneura's fame;
Unknown his cuirass, and unknown his shield,
His name and lineage from his squire conceal'd;
For since he first appear'd, he ne'er expos'd 520
His face to view, but wore his beaver clos'd.
This heard, Rinaldo swift his way pursu'd,
And soon the city and the gates he view'd.
There seem'd Dalinda fore oppress'd with fear,
Till brave Rinaldo's words her spirits cheer: 525
Observing how the gates were closely barr'd,
He ask'd the cause, and thus reply'd the guard:
That thence the crowd were fled to view the fight
Between Lurcanio and a stranger-knight,
Which, distant, on a spacious plain they wag'd, 530
And that the combatants were then engag'd.

None here Rinaldo's eager course oppos'd,
 The porter open'd, and the gate re-clos'd:
 Through the void city pass'd the gallant knight;
 But, by the way, he made the dame alight; 535
 And bade her wait the issue of the fight.

Impatient thence he hastens to the field,
 Where the two knights their wrathful weapons wield;
 Who many blows had given on either part:
 There fought Lurcanio with revengeful heart 540
 Against Geneura; while on t'other hand
 The stranger's courage well her cause maintain'd.
 With these, six warriors in the lists appear
 On foot; the cuirass on their breast they wear.
 The duke of Albany there takes his place, 545
 Upon a gallant steed of generous race:
 To him, as to high constable, they yield
 To keep the order of the list'd field.
 Fierce were his looks, exulting in his thought,
 To see Geneura in such danger brought. 550

Through the thick press Rinaldo forc'd his way;
 No multitudes Bayardo's course could stay:
 Those, who the tempest of his coming found,
 Appear'd not slow to give the courser ground.
 Rinaldo, eminent above the rest, 555
 Appear'd the flower of chivalry confess:

Till, near the king arriv'd, his course he stay'd ;
All listening round to hear the words he said.

My noble lord, (the champion thus began)
The hands of yonder combatants restrain. 560

Whoe'er shall perish in the doubtful strife,
Must undeserv'd resign a noble life.

One thinks himself by justice only led,
But treason o'er his head a mist has spread :
That fatal error which his brother slew, 565

Himself to brave the dangerous combat drew :

The other knows not yet if wrong or right

Attend his cause, but issues to the fight,

The courteous prowess of his arms to try,
Rather than let such matchless beauty die. 570

Lo ! here I come to give the guiltless aid,

Avenging on the traitor, the betray'd :

But first, bid each awhile his rage forbear,

Then audience give to what I shall declare.

The king was mov'd with what Rinaldo said, 575

Both by his words and noble presence sway'd ;

Then, stretching out his hand, commands the peace,

And bids awhile the combatants to cease.

When to the king, and barons of the land,

The knights, and populace on either hand, 580

Rinaldo all the subtle snare display'd

By Polineſſo for Geneura laid.

The tale explain'd, he offer'd with his ſword

Ev'n there to prove the truth of every word.

Now Polineſſo, ſummon'd to the place, 585

Appear'd with deep confuſion in his face ;

But yet with boldneſs, he the fact deny'd :

Soon ſhall we (ſaid Rinaldo) this decide.

Thus, ready arm'd, the liſt prepar'd in view,

They both, without delay, to combat drew. 590

What tranſport to the king, and all the land,

To hear Geneura's innocence maintain'd !

Each hop'd, that God would openly proclaim

How falſehood had defac'd her ſpotleſs name.

The duke was known for every treacherous art, 595

Unjuſt, and cruel, fraudulent of heart,

That none could wonder ſuch a villain's mind,

A ſnare ſo horrid and ſo black deſign'd !

Now Polineſſo ſtands with fear confeſt,

With bloodleſs viſage, and with panting breath. 600

Thrice ſounds the trump, and at the warning blaſt,

His lance in reſt the trembling traitor plac'd !

On t'other hand Rinaldo came, and try'd

At one fierce courſe the conflict to decide.

Nor err'd the weapon from the knight's intent, 605
But through the traitor's panting bosom went :
Pierc'd through and through, he, by the dreadful
force,

Was borne to earth six feet beyond his horse.

Rinaldo now dismounts ; and, as he lies,
Swift from the helpless wretch his helm unties. 610
But he, unable more to wage the war,
For mercy then prefers his humble prayer ;
And to the king and court on every side,
Confess'd the fraud for which he justly dy'd.

While yet with weak and faltering words he spoke,
His utterance fail'd, and life his limbs forsook. 616

The king rejoic'd his much-lov'd child to see
From threatened death and ignominy free.
Not with such transport (had some hostile power
Driv'n him an exile from his native shore) 620
Had he his crown regain'd ; and hence he gave
Distinguish'd honours to Rinaldo brave.

But when, his helmet rais'd, he knew the knight,
(A face before no stranger to his fight)
With lifted hands his thanks to Heaven he paid, 625
That sent so fam'd a champion to his aid.

The knight, who first t' assist Geneura came,
(Unknown to all his country and his name)

Who, arm'd in her defence, had fought the field,
Remain'd apart ; and all that pass'd beheld. 630
But now the king desir'd his name to know,
And begg'd him from his casque his face to show ;
That as his generous purpose claim'd regard,
He might with royal gifts such worth reward.
At length, with much entreaty, from his head 635
He rais'd his helmet, and to fight display'd
What in th' ensuing book we shall reveal,
If grateful to your ear appears my tale.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE
SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO

THE ARGUMENT.

The conclusion of the story of Geneura. Rogero is carried by the flying-horse to Alcina's island, where he finds a knight turned into a myrtle, who gives him an account of his transformation, and warns him to shun the wiles of the forcerefs. Rogero engages in combat with a troop of monsters, who oppose his passage from the city of Alcina ; and is afterwards accosted by two ladies belonging to her palace.

THE
SIXTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

MOST wretched man, who hopes in long
disguise

To veil his evil deeds from mortal eyes !

Though all were silent else, the sounding air,

The conscious earth his trespasss shall declare :

Th' Almighty oft in wisdom so provides, 5

The sin to punishment the sinner guides,

Who, whilst he strives t' elude each watchful sight,

Unheeding brings his lurking guilt to light.

Falſe Polineſſo deem'd his ſtate ſecure,

And all his treaſon from diſcovery ſure ; 10

Dalinda thus remov'd, from whom alone

He deem'd th' important ſecret could be known :

With

With crimes increas'ing, to the future blind,
He hasten'd on that fate he shunn'd to find ;
At once resigning wealth, the valu'd claim 15
Of friends, of life, and honour's nobler name !

Now each, impatient, urg'd the stranger-knight
To show his face so long conceal'd from sight ;
At length he lifted up the helm he wore,
Disclosing features oft disclos'd before : 20
Then Ariodantes all with joy perceiv'd
Him, for whose loss the realm of Scotland griev'd ;
That Ariodantes, whom, by fame mislead,
Geneura and his brother wept for dead ;
For whom the king, the court, the people mourn'd ;
So brave a knight, with every grace adorn'd ! 26

In this the peasant's truth appear'd to fail,
Whose lips had told the fair that fatal tale :
Yet had his eyes beheld the desperate knight
Leap headlong from the rocky mountain's height. 30
But, as it oft befalls the wretch, whose grief
Calls death, when distant, to his wish'd relief ;
To quit his purpose, when he sees him near,
So dark and comfortless his paths appear
Thus Ariodantes, plunging in the wave, 35
With late repentance sought his life to save ;

And

And strong of limbs above the waters bore
His head, and ply'd his arms and swam to shore.

Now every former thought of death he blam'd,
And senseless and unjust his fancy nam'd, 40

Then journey'd on with garments briny wet,
Till in a hermit's cave he shelter met;

Resolv'd awhile in secret there to stay,

Till time should to his ears the truth convey,
If for his loss suppos'd, Geneura griev'd, 45

Or if with joy the tidings she receiv'd.

And soon he heard so far her sorrows wrought,

As near to death th' unhappy virgin brought;

That stern Lurcanio, by resentment sway'd,

Had to the king accus'd the guiltless maid. 50

Now fierce his wrath against his brother turn'd,

Fierce as before for love his bosom burn'd.

With grief he learnt, that yet no gallant knight

Had ventur'd in Geneura's cause to fight:

Lurcanio's wisdom and his valour known, 55

All seem'd with care the doubtful strife to shun;

And thought the youth in such a dangerous strife,

T' assert a falsehood ne'er would risk his life.

But Ariodantes by despair impell'd,

Resolv'd to meet his brother in the field. 60

Can

Can I behold (the faithful lover said)
To cruel death my fair Geneura led?
Whom still I must my queen and goddess prize,
Dear as the light that shines before my eyes!
Just or unjust the cause, still let me fly 65
For her lov'd sake to conquer or to die.
Yet, ah! too sure I shall the wrong defend;
But be it wrong; my blood the strife shall end!
One thought alone in death will give me pain,
That, if I fall, Geneura must be slain! 70
This comfort yet remains, — 'twill then be prov'd
How well by Polinesso was she lov'd:
Then may she view her lover's faith display'd,
Who ne'er appear'd to combat in her aid;
While me, whose truth she could so ill requite, 75
She sees, for her defence, thus slain in fight.
Lurcanio too his punishment shall feel,
For having kindled first this flame of ill.
Remorse and grief shall rend his tortur'd breast,
When all the fatal conflict stands confest: 80
When, thinking to revenge his brother's death,
He finds him by his hand depriv'd of breath!
So mus'd the knight; and, having thus decreed,
Procur'd new armour, and a horse with speed;
His

His scarf was black; and round his ample shield, 85
With yellow-green was fring'd the fable field.

He next receiv'd a squire from Fortune's hand
Unknown to all, a stranger in the land:

Thus well disguis'd, with him the knight pursu'd
His way, and arm'd before his brother stood. 90
What follow'd then, my tale before has shown,
And how he was for Ariodantes known.

Not less the king rejoic'd his face to see,
Than his lov'd daughter from her danger free;
And justly deem'd he ne'er again could view 95
A youth in love so valiant and so true;
Who, when such seeming wrongs inflam'd his
thought,

With his own brother, in her cause, had fought.

Urg'd by his court, and at Rinaldo's prayer
He gave to Ariodant Geneura fair: 100

Albania's dukedom, which the king again

Receiv'd, the traitor Polineffo slain,

Which could not chance in more propitious hour,

He gave his daughter for her marriage dower.

Ver. 86. *With yellow-green—*] The colour of fading leaves:
In chivalry, this colour was worn as a mark of desperation. So
Bradamant wears a scarf of the same colour. Book xxxii.
ver. 325.

Rinaldo then Dalinda's cause embrac'd, 105
 And pardon gain'd for all her errors past,
 Who, weary'd with the world's unhappy state,
 Had vow'd to Heaven her mind to dedicate.
 Forfaking Scotland, she to Dacia went,
 And there her days in hallow'd cloisters spent. 110
 But now 'tis time to view Rogero's course,
 Who cuts the skies upon the winged horse.

Though brave Rogero was to fear unbred,
 Nor yet the colour from his cheeks had fled;
 Full well I dare affirm, his heart must quake, 115
 Like trembling leaves that to the breezes shake.
 He now has left Europa's climes afar,
 And past a mighty space that region, where
 Unconquer'd Hercules, in ages past,
 His boundary to the mariners had plac'd, 120

Ver. 111. *But now 'tis time—*] He returns again to Rinaldo, in the viiith book.

Ver. 120. *His boundary to mariners—*] The straits of Gibraltar, where Hercules was said to have planted his pillars, as the utmost bounds of navigation, the great ocean lying beyond: Thus Taffo—

Tempo verrà, che san d'Ercole i segni.

Favola vile ai naviganti industri.

The time will come, when sailors yet unborn,

Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn.

Jer. Del. B. xv. ver. 220.

The

The Griffin-horse, a beast most strange to fight,
With such a strength of pinion urg'd his flight;
No winged animal of swiftest breed,
Could dare to mate with him in rapid speed:
Nor can we, join'd with him, the bird compare 125
Whose mighty talons Jove's artillery bear.
Not swifter scarce the glancing lightning flies;
Or vengeful bolt that rends the sullen skies.
At length he seems preparing, tir'd with flight,
In airy rings upon an isle to light: 130
An isle like that, where, from her lover fled,
Long time conceal'd within her secret bed,
The virgin Arethusa runs in vain
By a strange course beneath the roaring main.
Midst all his way through ample fields of air, 135
Rogero had not seen a place so fair;
Nor had he search'd the vary'd world around,
A more transporting clime could e'er have found.
To this the monster with his rider bends,
And, after many a spacious wheel, descends, 140
There cultur'd plains, and grassy hills appear,
Green meadows, shady banks, and waters clear;
Delightful groves where palms and laurels grew,
Cedars, and myrtles, pleasing to the view:

With

With flowers and fruits the orange stands between;
All intermix'd, a various sylvan scene ! 146

These, with their shade, afford a safe retreat
From all the burning of meridian heat.

Amid the boughs secure, with fluttering wing,
The nightingales with tuneful voices sing ; 150

While midst the roses red, and lilies fair,
For ever nurs'd by kindly Zephyr's care,

The nimble hares, in wanton mazes, play'd ;
And stately stags with branching antlers stray'd :

Without the fear of hostile hands they stood 155
To crop, or ruminate their grassy food.

The wild goats frolic ; leap the nimble deer ;
That in this rural place in troops appear.

Soon as the earth so nigh Rogero found,
To reach with safety, on th' enamell'd ground 160

With gladsome heart he leaps, but still detains
His flying courser by the straitened reins ;

Till, 'twixt a laurel and a pine-tree plac'd,
He to a verdant myrtle ties him fast.

Near this a cool and crysal fountain flows, 165
Which fruitful palms and cedars round enclose.

His helm and buckler here aside he threw ;
And from his hands his warlike gauntlets drew.

Now

Now to the hills he turn'd, and now the seas,
Receiving in his face the kindly breeze, 170
Which gently in the oaks and beeches play'd,
Whose waving tops a pleasing murmur made.
Now in the limpid stream he bathes his lips;
And now his hands within the water dips,
To cool his throbbing pulse, and veins that glow'd
Opprest beneath his massy armour's load. 176
Nor was it strange he should so fiercely burn,
Who had no little time his cuirass worn;
But, thus completely arm'd, had made his way
Three thousand miles without a moment's stay. 180

Meantime his courser, that beside him stood
In the close shadow of the tufted wood,
Drew sudden back, impell'd with starting fear,
As from some object in the covert near;
But while in vain to loose his bands he try'd, 185
He shook the myrtle where his reins were ty'd;
Shook with such force, as made the leaves around
Fall from the boughs, and strow in heaps the ground.
As, when by chance a hollow cane is plac'd
Amid the flames by slow degrees to waste, 190
Soon as the heat has rarify'd the wind
That in its narrow womb remains confin'd,

Hissing it raves to be so closely pent,
 Till freed at length the fury finds a vent:
 So writh'd with pain th' offended tree appear'd, 195
 Till, groaning, from its bark these words were heard.
 If pity in your breast can entrance find,
 As sure your looks proclaim a courteous mind;

Ver. 196.—*these words were heard.*] Spenser has a story of this kind, where Fadrubio is described as turned into a tree; on which passage Mr. Upton has the following remark.

"I believe that the reader need not be put in mind, that this wonderful tale (so well adapted to the genius of romance) is taken from Virgil, where Æneas plucking a bough of myrtle, sees from the ripe drops of blood trickling down, from whence a piteous voice was heard:

Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood—
 O! fly from this inhospitable shore,
 Warn'd by my fate, for I am Polydore.

DRYDEN Æn. B. III. ver. 60.

"'Tis no wonder, that Ariosto, (who is an allegorical and a moral writer, as well as a romance writer) should copy this tale from Virgil. Rogero, having tied his winged horse to a myrtle-tree, the ghost, which was therein lodged by enchantment, speaks to him and tells him, he was formerly a knight; but by the witchcraft of Alcina, he was transformed into a tree; and that others were changed into various beasts and other forms; the true image of the man being lost through sensuality."

UPTON'S NOTES TO FAIRY QUEEN, B. i. C. ii.
 From

From my torn trunk unbind this monster's rein:
Enough my own afflictions give me pain! 200
Nor need, alas! external rage be shown
T' increase the woes I have already known.

Rogero started at the vocal sound,
But when his ears the wondrous speaker found,
Amaz'd he hasten'd and his steed unty'd, 205
His glowing face with flushing colour dy'd.
Forgive my crime, whate'er thou art (he said)
Or parted ghost, or goddess of the shade!
Unknowing, that beneath thy rugged rind
Conceal'd, an inmate spirit lay confin'd, 210
I suffer'd thus thy leaves to strow the place,
And to thy ^{boughs} ~~greens~~ permitted this disgrace.

But, gracious still, refuse not to declare
Thy name that doest so strange a body wear,
In which enclos'd a human spirit lies; 215
So Heaven defend thee from inclement skies!
If all the power I from above receive
Can ease thy suffering, or thy woes relieve;
Behold, I promise by that virgin fair
Whose image in my better part I bear, 220
I will with word and deed thy cause maintain,
As may deserve thy grateful thanks again.

Rogero ceas'd; and, as the warrior spoke,
 From head to foot the trembling myrtle shook:
 Then from the bark exhal'd a dewy sweat; 225
 Like green wood crackling in the fiery heat.

Thy courtesy (the myrtle thus began)
 Persuades me to reveal my secret pain;
 Both who I was, and what enchanted power
 Transform'd my shape upon this fatal shore. 230
 A Paladin of France was I, by name
 Astolpho call'd, and not unknown to fame.
 Orlando and Rinaldo (who shall grace
 With mighty deeds the earth) partake my race;
 And, at my father Otho's death, the land 235
 Of England would have fall'n to my command.

Ver. 232. *Astolpho !call'd,—*] Astolpho makes a considerable figure in the ORLANDO INNAMORATO, where, in the course of his adventures, he is imprisoned by Monodant, a Pagan king, in the east, together with Rinaldo, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Dudon: but these knights being afterwards delivered by Orlando, set out to go to the assistance of Charlemain. Astolpho, Rinaldo, and Dudon, travelling in company, arrive at the castle of Alcina, where Astolpho is decoyed from the rest, in the manner here related by Ariosto.

Ver. 235.—*Otho*—] Ariosto has this tradition of a king of England by the name of Otho, from the romance writers. See the genealogy of the house of Clarmont, Book xxiii, ver. 156.

So fair was I, that many a damfel fought
 My love, till I my own destruction wrought.
 Returning from those isles, around whose shores,
 Remote from hence, the Indian ocean roars; 240
 Where good Rinaldo and myself detain'd,
 With others long in prisons dark remain'd,
 Till we again review'd the joyful light,
 Freed by the valiant arm of Brava's knight:
 Against the west, along those sands we came 245
 That feel the southern heat of Phœbus' flame;
 There, as our way and cruel fortune drew,
 One morn we chanc'd a stately tower to view,
 And issu'd thence Alcina we espy'd
 Alone, and standing by the ocean side; 250
 Where without hook or net (most strange to thought)
 Whatever fish she pleas'd, to land she brought.

Ver. 244. — *Brava's knight*:] Orlando, called the knight of Brava.

Ver. 251. — *without hook or net* —] This passage is entirely taken from Boyardo: Alcina fishing, her deceiving Aftolpho with the whale which appeared an island, &c. may be seen in the ORLANDO INNAM. B. ii. C. xiii.

The various fishes taken by Alcina, are said to denote the different ranks and conditions of men, that are captivated by vice, and the whale which carries away Aftolpho, to shew that we often forsake solid happiness for fallacious appearances.

At her command, the dolphins left the stream ;
 With open mouths the mighty tunnies came ;
 The sea-calves, rising troubled from their sleep, 255
 Forfook their beds, and hasten'd from the deep :
 Of various forms and size, a thousand more,
 In numerous shoals came swimming to the shore.
 The monsters of the seas, tremendous whales
 Above the water show'd their ample scales. 260
 Among the rest a mighty whale we view'd,
 The greatest sure that ever swam the flood,
 And, as he lay unmov'd, by looks deceiv'd,
 We all the monster for an isle believ'd ;
 So huge he seem'd, so vast a distance spread 265
 From his broad tail extending to his head !
 Alcina drew the fishes to the shore,
 With nought but simple words and magic power.
 Her, with Morgana, both for ill design'd,
 One womb produc'd to punish human kind, 270

Now

Ver. 269. — *Morgana*, —] Morgana, a fairy, is a considerable personage in Boyardo, though but lightly touched upon in Ariosto; the former Poet calls her the Fairy of Riches; she imprisons many knights in her enchanted palace, and among the rest Rinaldo, Dudon, Prasildo and Iroldo, who are released by the valour of Orlando: she tempts Orlando with the prospect of riches, which he despises. Spenser seems to have taken his idea of Mammon's tempting Guion, from

Now on my face she cast her eager sight,
 And seem'd to view my features with delight,
 Then soon resolv'd me from my friends to part;
 And ah! too well she prov'd her wily art!

For,

from this fiction of Boyardo. Orlando being urged to prosecute an adventure that was to procure him great treasure, replies:

— di pericol solo e di fatica,
 Il cavalier si pasce e si nutrica:
 Speranza d'acquistar oro ed argento,
 La spada non m'aria fatto cavare.

The hardy knight to deeds of glory bred,
 Is nurs'd by labour and with danger fed,
 Then deem not that I draw the sword in vain,
 The silver bright, or gleaming gold to gain.

Berni, ORLANDO INNAM. B. i. C. xxv.

Guion, in Spenser, makes much the same answer to Mammon:

Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend,
 And low abase the high heroic spright,
 That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend:
 Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms be my delight,
 These be the riches fit for an adventurous knight.

B. ii. C. vii.

Thus Rogero, in Ariosto, in the present book:

— la cagion ch'io vesto piastra e maglia,
 Non è per guadagnar terra ne argento.
 — these shining arms my limbs enfold,
 Not lands to conquer or to purchase gold.

N 4

Spenser,

For, near advancing, with a smiling look, 275
 With courteous, soft deportment, thus she spoke.

Sir knight ! if you consent awhile to stay,
 And kindly here vouchsafe to pass the day,
 I'll show you, in the progress of my sport,
 Of countless fishes every different sort ; 280
 Some soft, some hairy, some with scales all bright,
 In number more than are the stars of night.

Or if you would a Syren view, whose voice
 With tuneful music makes the waves rejoice,
 Hence let us pass and reach yon neighbouring shore
 To which she comes at this accustom'd hour. 286

As thus she said, the monstrous whale she show'd,
 Which seem'd a little island in the flood.
 While I, too rashly (which I now lament)
 Believ'd her words, and on the monster went ; 290
 Rinaldo, Dudon, beckon'd, but in vain ;
 Not all their cares my rash attempt restrain.
 Alcina, with a smile, my steps pursu'd,
 And left the two as on the strand they stood.

Spenser, in his description of the riches of Mammon, visited by Guion, had undoubtedly an eye upon a similar passage in Boyardo, where that poet describes at large the subterraneous palace of the witch Morgana.

See ORLANDO INNAM. B. ii. C. viii.

See likewise Note to Book xix. ver. 272.

The

The whale, instructed well in her design, 295
Began to move, and cleave the foamy brine:
Then all too late my folly I deplore,
Soon as I see retreat the lessening shore.
Rinaldo leap'd, t' assist me, in the main.
But scarce escap'd with life to land again; 300
For then a furious wind was seen to rise,
That swell'd the seas, and troubled all the skies;
His following fortune ne'er attain'd my ear:
Meantime to dissipate my growing fear
Alcina gently strove, as all the day, 305
And next ensuing night, we held our way
Amidst the waves: at length this isle we gain,
O'er most of which Alcina holds her reign;
Which from her sister she unjustly won,
Who claims it, by her father's will, her own; 310
For she alone was born in marriage bed,
The others of incestuous mixture bred.

Ver. 303. *His following fortune—*] Here Boyardo entirely leaves Astolpho, and Ariosto takes up the story.

Ver. 309. *—from her sister—*] Logistilla: there were three sisters, Logistilla, Alcina, and Morgana. The allegory here is obvious. Alcina and Morgana represent luxury and lasciviousness; Logistilla, reason or virtue; these are continually at war with each other.

As

As these are of a fraudulent, impious mind,
And prone to every deed of evil kind ;
So does the other chafely spend her days, 315
And all her soul incline to virtue's ways.
Her sisters both conspire against her state ;
And many troops have rais'd, with deadly hate,
To drive the virgin wholly from the land,
And have, at times, a hundred castles gain'd. 320
Nor Logistilla (such her name) had known
By this, the smallest portion here, her own ;
But that a gulph her kingdom here defends,
And there a mountain's ridgy height ascends.
Nor yet Alcina and Morgana cease, 325
Nor let her ev'n possess this part in peace.
As vice and shameful pleasures fill their breast,
The virgin for her virtues they detest.
But to return to what myself besel,
And how I first became a tree, to tell. 330
Alcina gave me nameless charms to taste,
And all on me her ardent passion plac'd :
While in my arms such matchless sweets I press'd,
I seem'd at once of every joy possess ;
Of every joy, which fortune's hands bestow 335
So sparingly on mortals here below.

France

France I forgot, each dearer care beside,
And love alone my amorous thoughts employ'd.
My eyes were fix'd upon her face so fair,
While every wish began, and center'd there. 340

Her former lovers she esteem'd no more,
For many lovers she possess'd before:

I was her joy, was with her night and day,
And all the rest my high commands obey,
Mine was her love and mine the sovereign sway! }

But wherefore do I thus inflame the wound 346

For which, I fear, no cure can e'er be found?

Why recollect my happy hours, and know

That all my former bliss is turn'd to woe?

Too late, alas! I found her wavering mind 350

In love inconstant as the changing wind!

For scarce two months I held the fairy's grace,

When a new youth was taken to my place.

Rejected then, I join'd the banish'd herd

That lost her love, as others were preferr'd: 355

Lest these o'er various lands and nations spread,

Should e're divulge the shameful life she led,

Some here, some there, her potent charms restrain

In various forms imprison'd to remain;

In beeches, olives, palms, or cedars clos'd; 360

Or such, as me you here behold expos'd:

In

In fountains some, and some in beasts confin'd,
As suits the wayward fairy's cruel mind.
And you, fir knight, that in ill hour have found,
By ways uncommon, this enchanted ground ; 365
For whom some hapless lover must be spurn'd,
And to a senseless stone or river turn'd ;
You shall such pleasures with Alcina find,
To call yourself the happiest of mankind ;
But soon the common fate must be your own, 370
Chang'd to a beast, a fountain, tree, or stone.
Thus have I warn'd you of your dangerous state ;
Not that I think you can elude your fate ;
But yet, it fits you well inform'd to go,
And part, at least, of her deceits to know. 375
As different features in the face we find,
So differs too the genius of the mind ;
And you, perhaps, some secret have in store
T' escape, what numbers ne'er escap'd before.
Rogero, who Astolpho knew by fame 380
The valiant cousin to his beauteous dame,
Much for his strange unheard-of fortune mourn'd,
Whose form was to a senseless myrtle turn'd ;
And for her sake whose love his bosom fir'd
T' assist th' unhappy warrior much desir'd : 385

But

But here his power no further aid affords
Than kind consoling tears, and friendly words;
Yet, all he can! and now he seeks to know
If he to Logistilla's lands might go,
By any windings over hill or plain, 390
To shun the snares of false Alcina's reign.
A different path there lay (the myrtle said)
Which through rough crags and thorny thickets led,
If to the hill he kept the better hand, }
But hard the pass, for there a numerous band 395 }
Of armed men were plac'd to guard the land. }

His thanks Rogero to the myrtle paid,
Then took his leave, and parted from the shade,
Instructed well: his courser, by the rein,
He leads, but dares not press his back again; 400
While various schemes he fashions in his mind,
How safely Logistilla's realms to find.
Firm was his purpose every means to try,
Rather than in Alcina's bondage lie.
And first, he thought again to mount his horse, 405
And spur him through the air a distant course:
But fear soon made him lay that thought aside,
Nor tempt the danger he so lately try'd.
Unless I err (thus to himself he said)
By force a passage yonder shall be made. 410

Now

Now, as he pass'd along the ocean's side,
 Alcina's stately city he descry'd.
 An ample wall the whole encompass'd round,
 Which wide enclos'd a mighty space of ground.
 The height appear'd to reach the distant skies, 415
 And seem'd of solid gold to wondering eyes!
 When now more nearly to the walls he drew,
 (Such walls as ne'er before could mortals view)
 He left the plain and beaten path, that strait
 Led o'er the meadow to the lofty gate; 420
 And to the right, that tow'rd the mountain lay,
 The warrior more securely took his way.
 But soon an hideous crew oppos'd his course
 With savage fury, and with brutal force.

Ver. 423. — *an hideous crew* —] This passage is copied by Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, where he describes the troop of carnal lusts, besieging the fort or dwelling of temperance.

B. ii. C. xi.

Deformed creatures in strange difference;
 Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
 Some like wild boars late rouz'd out of the brakes,
 — — — — —
 Some like to hounds, some like to apes dismay'd,
 Some like to puttocks all in plumes array'd.

These monsters that attempt to stop Rogero, in his passage to Logistilla, or Virtue, signifying the different species of vice in the most brutal and fardid shapes. Their captain is Idleness, the promoter of every evil.

A crew

A crew so strange was never seen before, 425
That such deform'd and monstrous figures wore.
Some, from the neck below appear'd like men,
While heads of apes and cats above were seen.
Some, running, stamp'd with goatish feet the road,
And some the shape of nimble centaurs shew'd. 430
Lascivious youths were there, and old men mad;
Some naked, some in hairy vestments clad.
One, without reins, a speedy courser rides;
This, a slow ass; and that, an ox bestrides:
Some on a centaur's back their seat maintain; 435
Some press the ostrich, eagle, or the crane:
One held a bowl; a horn another blew:
Female and male; some, mixtures of the two.
A file, one bore, and one a ladder took;
A shovel, this; and that, an iron hook. 440
The captain of the band was there beheld,
His face was bloated, and his paunch was swell'd.
Upon a tortoise heavily he sat,
And mov'd along the field in tardy state;
His limbs supported as he pass'd along; 445
Drowsy with wine his heavy eye-lids hung.
Some from his face and forehead wip'd the sweat;
And others fann'd him to abate the heat.

One, form'd with human feet, with hands and breast,
But like a dog his head and ears confest, 450
With barking fought Rogero's course to stay,
And make him to the city bend his way.

You threat in vain, (reply'd th' undaunted knight)
While I have power to wield this sword in fight.

As thus he spoke, his shining blade he drew, 455
And brandish'd it before the monster's view:

The monster thought to strike him with his spear,
But this Rogero saw, and, drawing near,
Swift through his paunch the deadly weapon sent,
That through his back, a foot behind, it went. 460

And now, his courage rous'd, he brac'd his shield,
But still his foes more numerous press'd the field,

On every hand at once attack'd the knight,
Who with unyielding force maintain'd the fight;
While, as amid the furious throng he press'd, 465
Some to the teeth he clove, and some the breast.

Shield, helm, and cuirass no defence afford
Against the edge of his descending sword.

But now, thick swarming, round the youth they close,
And so on every side his course oppose, 470
To force the throng a greater strength demands
Than huge Briareus with his hundred hands.

Ye

Yet from the covering had the knight reveal'd
 Before their eyes the necromancer's shield,
 (That shield whose lustre laid the gazers low, 475
 Left by Atlantes at his saddle bow)
 At once their headlong fury had been quell'd,
 And prostrate all to press the earth compell'd:
 But here his generous soul perchance disdain'd
 To gain a conquest, not by valour gain'd. 480
 He fought determin'd rather on the field
 To die, than to such foes his freedom yield;
 When sudden from the gate appear'd in sight
 (Where shone the walls with golden splendor bright)
 Two lovely dames, whose air and habit show'd 485
 That not to lineage mean their birth they ow'd;
 Nor seem'd brought up in humble cottage state,
 But bred in rich apartments of the great;
 Each on a beauteous unicorn was plac'd,
 Whose snowy hue the ermin's white defac'd. 490
 So

Ver. 485. — *lovely dames*, —] By these two ladies, who easily persuade Rogero to turn again and enter the city of Alcina, may be generally understood, that though a good disposition will for a long time withstand the assaults of vice, which comes undisguised in its native deformity, it may notwithstanding yield to that temptation, which appears dressed up in the garb of decency.

Ver. 489. — *a beauteous unicorn* —] I see no particular allegorical allusion in the unicorns, on which these ladies are seated; which

So lovely both were form'd, so richly drest,
 And every look such dignity exprest,
 That each enraptur'd gazer seem'd to own
 Their charms were worthy heavenly eyes alone.
 Beauty and gallantry such forms must wear 495
 Would they embody'd to the fight appear!

And now the damsels near the meadow drew,
 Where brave Rogero closely prest their view.
 At once on every side disperse the bands:
 The ladies to the knight present their hands, 500
 Who, while his visage flush'd with rosy-red,
 Return'd them thanks for such a courteous deed;
 Then, at their suit, agreed to turn once more
 And seek the golden gate he shunn'd before.

The ornaments that o'er the portal rise, 505
 And jutting forward, seem to meet the eyes,

seem merely inserted for the sake of poetical description, and may be very allowable in this author, when Tasso in the historical part of his poem, has employed the same fictitious animals to draw the chariot of Armida.

JERUSAL. DEL. B. xvii.

— Freno il dotto auriga al giogo adorno,
 Quattro unicorni, a coppia a coppia avvinti.

Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,
 Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd.

Ver. 244.

On

On every side are richly cover'd round,
With jewels that in eastern climes abound.
Huge stately columns, by a master-hand
Of di'mond fram'd, the solid weight sustain'd. 510
So fair a structure ne'er before was seen
To fate the ravish'd eyes of mortal men!
Before the threshold wanton damsels wait,
Or sport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face, 515
Had modesty attemper'd every grace.
In vestures green each damsel swept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
These, with a courteous welcome led the knight
To this sweet paradise of soft delight. 520
And sure we this a paradise may name,
Where gentle love first lights his lambent flame!
Where festive pleasures every day employ,
Where every moment passes wing'd with joy!
No thoughts of hoary age depress the mind, 525
Nor care, nor want can here an entrance find;
While, with her horn, obsequious Plenty stands
To pour her riches forth from willing hands;
And with a smiling front for ever clear,
Inviting April revels through the year. 530

Enamour'd youths, and tender damsels, seem
To chant their loves beside a purling stream.
Some, by a branching tree, or mountain's shade,
In sports and dances press the downy glade ;
While one discloses to his friend, apart, 535
The secret transports of his amorous heart.
High o'er the beech and oak with wing display'd,
High o'er the lofty pine and laural shade,
The little loves in sportive circles fly,
And view their triumphs with exulting eye : 540
One at a lover's breast his weapon aims ;
With fraudulent art his nets another frames :
Here in the stream they temper shafts, and there
On circling stone their blunted points repair.

A stately courser soon was given the knight, 545
Of colour bay, and gallant in the fight ;
His costly trappings, glorious to behold,
Were all with jewels deck'd and shone with gold !
The old magician's steed, of winged kind,
A youth receiv'd, and slowly led behind. 550
The damsels now, whose aid dispers'd the band
That durst Rogero's purpos'd course withstand,
Thus, to the knight their gentle speech address'd :
My lord ! your valiant deeds, this day confess'd,

Have

Have given us courage from your hand to claim 555

A task that well befits your matchless fame:

Soon shall we come, where in our way there glides

A flood, that in two parts the plain divides.

A cruel wretch, we Eriphila name, *Eriphila "the dread of the
bikes" not Eriphila "the lion
of discord."*

Defends the bridge, and passage of the stream: 560

On all that tempt the pass she furious flies;

Dreadful she seems, a giants in size!

Poisonous her bite, long tusks arm her jaws;

And like a bear's, her nails and shaggy paws:

Nor here alone her threatening rage she bends, 565

And 'gainst each passenger the bridge defends;

But oft has round the garden-shades defac'd

With giant step, and laid their beauty waste.

Know, that the monstrous crew, whose fury late

Oppos'd your course without the golden gate, 570

Her offspring are; like her for prey they lust,

And like their dam are cruel and unjust.

Rogero then: Not one alone demand,

But ask a hundred battles at my hand.

Ver. 559.—*Eriphila*.—] *Eriphila* is explained to mean avarice: she is said to guard the bridge that leads to Alcina, to paint the avarice of women that will not satisfy the amorous desires of men, without liberal rewards.

Providence.

Whate'er defence my prowess can afford, 575

Is yours—command my person and my sword:

'Tis hence, these shining arms my limbs enfold,

Not lands to conquer, or to purchase gold,

But to display, to all, my guardian care,

Much more to dames so courteous, and so fair! 580

The dames return'd him thanks with grateful heart,
In words that equall'd well his great desert.

In converse thus they pass'd, till near they drew,

Where both the bridge and stream appear'd in view,

There they the guardian of the pass behold 585

With jewels blazing rich on arms of gold.

But, 'till another book, I cease to tell,

What with the giants the knight besel.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO encounters Eriphila, and, conducted by the two damsels, arrives at the palace of Alcina, who receives him with great joy; he is seduced by her allurements, and leads a life of luxury and effeminacy. Bradamant, hearing no tidings of him, since he was carried away by the griffin-horse, is in great affliction for his absence; she is met by Melissa, who undertakes to deliver him. Melissa assumes the form of Atlantes, and accosts the young warrior, reproaching him with his degeneracy.

THE
SEVENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHO travels into foreign climes, shall find
What ne'er before was imag'd to his mind ;
Which, when he tells, the hearers shall despise,
And deem his strange adventures empty lies.
The herd unletter'd nothing will believe 5
But what their senses plainly can perceive ;

Hence

Ver. 5. *The herd unletter'd—*] The author here plainly declares,
that the wonderful tales related by him have a concealed allegory :
so Berni, ORLANDO INNAM. B. i. C. xxv.

Questi draghi fatati, questi incanti,
Questi giardini, e libri, e corni, e cani,
Ed huomini selvaticchi, e giganti,
E fiere, e mostri, ch' hanno visi umani,

Son

Hence I shall ne'er with common minds prevail
 But little credit will they yield my tale.
 Yet what imports to me the vulgar ear,
 When these my words, without conception, hear? 10
 To you I write, whose judgment can descry
 The secret truths that, veil'd in fable, lie.

Son fatti per dar pasto agli ignoranti,
 Ma voi, ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
 Mirate la dottrina, che s' asconde
 Sotto queste coperte alte e profonde.

These fated dragons, every magic change,
 These books, and horns, and dogs, and gardens strange:
 These savage men, these shapes of giant race,
 And beasts and monsters with a human face,
 Are feign'd to please the vulgar ear: but you,
 Whom favouring pow'rs with better sense indue,
 Can see the doctrine sage, that hidden lies
 Beneath these mystic fables' deep disguise.

Thus Milton:

And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

IL PENSEROSO.

Ver. 11. *To you I write,—*] Some suppose that Ariosto here particularly addresses himself to Hippolito and Alphonso; but it rather seems a general apostrophe to every reader of taste and discernment.

I left

I left you there, when to the bridge and stream
By Eriphila kept, the warrior came.
A coat of mail of finest steel she wore, 15
With gems of various colours cover'd o'er;
The ruby red, the chrysolite was seen,
The yellow topaz, and the emerald green.
Her giant bulk no common steed bestrode;
A mighty wolf sustain'd her ponderous load: 20
A wolf she ^{de}roa'd; and o'er the river crost,
With stately trappings of no vulgar cost.
A beast so large Apulia never bred;
High as an ox he rear'd his towering head:
His frothy mouth no curbing bit restrain'd, 25
Nor know I how his foaming course she rein'd;
Her scarf a sandy hue display'd to fight,
And o'er her armour cast a fullen light:
Rais'd on her crest, and in her targe she held
A pictur'd toad with loathsome poison swell'd. 30
The damsels show'd her to th' expecting knight,
Where, from the bridge, she stood prepar'd for fight;
And, as her custom was, his course to stay:
Soon as she saw Rogero on the way,

Ver. 20. *A mighty wolf*—] By the wolf, which is represented without reins, may be signified the insatiable nature of avarice, which is not to be restrained.

Fiercely

Fiercely she bade him turn: he nought reply'd, 35
 But grasp'd his spear, and her to fight defy'd.
 Nor less the giants, with active heat,
 Spurr'd her huge wolf, and fix'd her in the feat;
 And, as she ran, her spear in rest she took,
 While trembling earth beneath her fury shook: 40
 But soon, o'erthrown, supine her limbs were spread;
 So strong Rogero struck beneath her head,
 That, forc'd before the dreadful lance to yield,
 Six feet beyond she tumbled on the field.
 Then swift he drew his falchion from his side, 45
 Her head from her huge body to divide;
 As well he might, while in the flowery way,
 Already senseless Eriphila lay.
 But here the ladies cry'd—Enough, sir knight,
 No further urge the vengeance of the fight: 50
 Behold her quell'd—then sheath your conquering
 sword,
 Let us our way resume, and pass the ford.
 This said: they for awhile their course pursu'd
 Amidst the covert of a mazy wood,

Ver. 48.—*already senseless*—] Eriphila being overthrown, but not killed, is said to denote that liberality used at the instigation of vice, is not perfect virtue, which entirely roots up avarice.

There

There through a narrow craggy path they went, 55
And reach'd at length the hill, with steep ascent;
Where, on a spacious plain, the youth beheld
A sumptuous pile that every pile excell'd.

First of her court, the fair Alcina pres'd,
Impatient to receive the stranger guest: 60

Before the portal, with a comely grace,
She gave him courteous welcome to the place;
While all such honour paid the noble knight,
As if some God had left his realms of light.

The palace with resplendent lustre shin'd 65

Above the boasted wealth of human kind:

Fair is the dome; but fairer are the train
Whose angel forms its stately walls contain!

Alcina yet excels the rest by far,

As Phœbus' rays obscure each feeble star. 70

Her matchless person every charm combin'd

Form'd in th' idea of a painter's mind.

Bound in a knot behind, her ringlets roll'd

Down her soft neck, and seem'd like waying gold.

Ver. 71. *Her matchless person*—] This luxuriant description of the beauty of Alcina, is quoted at large, as an idea of perfect beauty, by Dolce, in his dialogue on painting; of which the English reader has been favoured with an ingenious translation.

Her

Her cheeks with lilies mix the blushing rose: 75
 Her forehead high, like polish'd iv'ry shows.
 Beneath two arching brows with splendor shone
 Her sparkling eyes, each eye a radiant sun!
 Here artful glances, winning looks appear,
 And wanton Cupid lies in ambush here: 80
 'Tis hence he bends his bow, he points his dart,
 'Tis hence he steals th' unwary gazer's heart.
 Her nose so truly shap'd, the faultless frame
 Not envy can deface, nor art can blame.
 Her lips beneath, with pure vermillion bright, 85
 Present two rows of orient pearl to fight:
 Here those soft words are form'd whose power
 detains
 Th' obdurate soul in love's alluring chains;
 And here the smiles receive their infant birth,
 Whose sweets reveal a paradise on earth. 90
 Her neck and breast were white as falling snows;
 Round was her neck, and full her bosom rose.
 Firm as the budding fruit, with gentle swell,
 Each lovely breast alternate rose and fell.

Thus,

Ver. 93. *Firm as the budding fruit,* —] The expression in the Italian is :

- due pome acerbe
- two unripe apples :

Spenser

Thus, on the margin of the peaceful seas, 95
 The waters heave before the fanning breeze.
 Her arms well turn'd, and of a dazzling hue,
 With perfect beauty gratify'd the view.
 Her taper fingers long and fair to see,
 From every rising vein and swelling free; 100
 And from her vest below, with new delight,
 Her slender foot attracts the lover's sight.
 Not Argus' self her other charms could spy,
 So closely veil'd from every longing eye;
 Yet may we judge the graces she reveal'd 105
 Surpass'd not those her modest garb conceal'd,
 Which strove in vain from fancy's eye to hide,
 Each angel charm that seem'd to heaven ally'd.
 In all she did her ready snares were hung,
 Whether she spoke, or mov'd, or laugh'd, or sung.

Spenser has much the same image in his description of Belphebe:

Her dainty paps, which like young fruit in May,
 Now little 'gan to swell, and being ty'd
 Through their thin veil their places only signify'd.

B. ii. C. iii.

Dryden, in his *Cymon and Iphigenia*, copies Spenser:

Her bosom to the view was only bare,
 Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
 For yet their places were but signify'd.

No wonder then Rogero's heart was caught 111

By her, whose show of love enslav'd his thought

No more he can the myrtle's counsel trust,

No more believe her cruel and unjust.

He thinks deceit can never find a place 115

In the soft smiles of such a lovely face ;

But rather now believes Alcina's power

Had justly chang'd Astolpho on the shore ;

That rage and envy made the knight defame

With lying tales the fair Alcina's name. 120

The damsel whom he once so dearly held,

Is, of a sudden, from his heart expell'd.

The secret, by her art, the fairy found

To heal his breast of every former wound :

Then let Rogero some indulgence claim, 125

Since magic charms expung'd his virtuous flame.

Now, while they feast, the lute and tuneful lyre

Th' enraptur'd soul with harmony inspire :

Through the wide dome the trembling music floats,

And undulating air conveys the notes. 130

One with soft lays would tender bosoms move,

And paints the passions, and the joys of love ;

Or sweetly bids inventive fancy rise,

That brings poetic visions to the eyes.

Not

Not all the festivals in story told, 135
 By Syrian luxury prepar'd of old ;
 Not that which Cleopatra's royal board
 With pomp display'd before her Latian lord,
 Could with this sumptuous banquet claim regard,
 Which for the knight th' enamour'd dame prepar'd :
 Not such is seen, when Ganymede above 141
 His service ministers to mighty Jove !

The tables now and viands thence convey'd,
 The joyous train a pleasing circle made ;
 While each soft whisper'd in the other's ear, 145
 Some secret, sweet to tell, or sweet to hear !
 A grateful sport ! by which, from all conceal'd,
 The lovers well their amorous thoughts reveal'd ;
 Till both, at length, impell'd by soft desire,
 That night agreed t' indulge their mutual fire. 150

Ver. 136. *By Syrian luxury* —] The successors of Ninus, first king of the Assyrians, to Sardanapalus, were famous for their luxury and effeminacy, and delighted in costly banquets.

Ver. 138. — *her Latian lord,*] The poet is said here to mean Julius Cæsar, who, after the death of Pompey, was entertained by Cleopatra, with a most magnificent banquet : or, perhaps, by this may be understood Marc Anthony, with whom she was known to have lived in the most amazing prodigality.

This gentle pastime done, the pages came
 Before their usual hour, with torches' flame
 To chace the night: a rich retinue led
 The brave Rogero to a stately bed.
 There they partook a slight repast anew 155
 Of wine and fruits, and then the train withdrew;
 And, due obedience paid their gallant guest,
 All to their several rooms retir'd to rest.

Now lay the knight in sheets that breath'd perfume,
 And seem'd the labour of Arachne's loom; 160
 Impatient, listening with attentive ear;
 At every sound he deems Alcina near;
 Each fancy'd tread alarms his beating breast;
 Now rais'd by wishes, now by doubts deprest!
 Th' alluring fair, bedew'd with odours sweet, 165
 Prepar'd at length the longing knight to meet;
 And, when each eye was clos'd with glowing charms
 She stole in secret to Rogero's arms.

When the fond youth, that held Astolpho's place,
 Survey'd the beauties of that heavenly face; 170
 And drank the poison from her sparkling eyes;
 Through every vein a sudden lightning flies!
 Then leaping from the couch, with eager haste,
 His clasping arms enfold her lovely ^{wais} ~~wais~~:

He

He gluts his ravish'd fight! the nymph undrest 175
Was cover'd only with a sarc'net vest,
Which o'er a thin and spotless lawn she threw,
Of finest texture and of snowy hue.
The mantle falls before the furious knight,
And leaves alone the slender lawn in sight, 180
Whose thin transparent folds her charms disclose,
As a clear glass the lily or the rose.
Not half so close the ivy leaves are seen
Around a plant to wreath their curling green,
As twin'd in wanton folds the lovers lay, 185
And in soft murmurs breath'd their souls away,
While from their lips such balmy sweets they drew
As Ind, with all her spices, never knew.

Thus liv'd in wanton bliss the lawless pair ;
While, through the palace, with officious care, 190
All, at Rogero's nod, obsequious stand,
For so th' enamour'd fairy gives command.
Whate'er can charm the heart, or lure the sense
To full delight, these happy seats dispense.
The feast, the game, the race their joys enhance, 195
The scene, the bath, the tilting and the dance.
Now, by clear streams, with grateful shade o'ercast,
They read the amorous lays of ages past :

Now midst deep vales, or smiling hills prepare
 To hunt the mazes of the fearful hare : 200
 Now with sagacious dogs the bush they beat
 To rouse the whirring pheasants from their seat ;
 Now for the thrush fallacious springs set ;
 Now the sweet juniper with birdlime wet :
 Now with barb'd hook, or meshy net they try 205
 From quiet floods to drag the scaly fry.

While thus Rogero lives a joyous guest,
 King Agramant and Charles are hardly prest ;
 Whose story shall not yet escape my mind,
 Nor must I leave fair Bradamant behind ; 210
 Who long, ah ! long, bewail'd her dearest knight,
 By strange adventure ravish'd from her sight.
 To her, before the rest, I turn my strain,
 And tell, how far she fought with fruitless pain
 Through cities, towns and camps ; how far she pass'd
 O'er mountains, plains, and many a dreary waste ; 216
 In vain each day of all she met, enquir'd ;
 She heard no news of what her soul desir'd.
 Oft to the host of Saracens she went,
 And fought her lover there from tent to tent : 220
 Between her lips the wondrous ring she held,
 Which kept her safe from every eye conceal'd :

She

She cannot, dares not yet believe him dead,
For such a warrior's death had doubtless spread
From where the tide of fam'd Hydaspes flows, 225
To where the sun descends to his repose.
Uncertain of his fate; she hopes, she fears:
Her sad companions are her sighs and tears!
At length she fix'd once more the cave to seek,
Where Merlin, from his tomb, was wont to speak,
And round the shrine such deep affliction show, 231
The marble cold should soften at her woe,
There might she learn if yet her knight surviv'd,
Or lay, by doom severe, of life depriv'd;
And thence, inform'd, her future course pursue, 235
As from the sage her counsel best she drew.
With this intent she took her lonely way
Tow'rs the thick forest that by Poitiers lay;
Where deep the vocal tomb of Merlin stood,
Hid in drear caves, surrounded by a wood. 240

But that enchantress, whose benignant mind
Reveal'd to Bradamant her race design'd,
Each day desir'd to learn the virgin's state,
And often try'd her art t' explore her fate.
Rogero freed and lost again she knew, 245
And how to India's distant climes he flew;

She saw him living in luxurious peace,
In wanton feasting and inglorious ease;
Unmindful of himself, his promis'd fame,
His sovereign's welfare, and his beauteous dame; 250
And thus she fear'd the flower of youthful bloom
A knight so gentle might in sloth consume,
While that pure portion of th' ethereal ray
Which still survives, when all is breathless clay,
Th' immortal part, in sensual pleasure tost 255
Would soon be shipwreck'd, and for ever lost!
But that sage matron, whose attentive mind
Watch'd o'er the good himself had cast behind,
Resolv'd through irksome ways of toil and pain,
To bring him back to virtue's path again. 260
His med'cines thus the wise physician deals,
And oft by fire, and steel, and poison heals:
Repining first, the patient feels the smart,
Then owns the saving aid with grateful heart.
Yet arduous was the task her thoughts design'd; 265
For old Atlantes, with affection blind,
Who fought but to preserve from dangerous strife
In ease inglorious his Rogero's life;
Who rather wish'd him thus to lead his days,
Than change a year of shame for endless praise, 270

Had

Had sent him to Alcina's isle afar,
There to forget the sound of arms and war;
And as a sage well vers'd in magic art,
He bound in chains so firm the fairy's heart,
She ne'er again her love should disengage, 275
Though good Rogero liv'd to Nestor's age.

Now to the virgin let us bend our view,
Whose prophesying skill the future knew;
Who, while from realm to realm she thoughtful past,
The wandering Amon's daughter met at last. 250
When Bradamant beheld Melissa near,
A sudden hope dispell'd her former fear;
Till, struck with grief, th' unhappy virgin heard
Her lover prisoner, and his mind ensnar'd
With pleasure's poison'd bait; but soon to calm 285
Her dread, th' enchantress pours the healing balm;
And plights her faith, ere many days are o'er,
Rogero to her presence to restore.

Give me (she cry'd) the ring, whose powerful charm
The wearer shields from every magic harm: 290
Soon will I put Alcina's arts to flight,
Who now detains your lover from your sight.
When evening rises will I take my way,
And reach the Indian climes by dawn of day.

Melissa spoke ; and to the listening dame 295 }
 Her purpose told, to draw the youth from shame, }
 And send him back once more to France and fame. }

Then from her hand the noble damsel gave
 The wondrous ring ; nor this alone to save
 The knight had given, but with an equal mind 300
 Had sent her heart, and life itself resign'd.
 She gives the ring ; and to her care commends
 Herself, her lover more ; to him she sends
 A thousand greetings that her truth display,
 And, parting, to Provence directs her way. 305
 A different path the sage Melissa pass'd,
 But soon as evening-shade the skies o'ercast,
 She rais'd a palfrey by her magic art,
 With one foot red, but black each other part :
 Some fiend infernal, seeming thus in show, 310
 Whom by her spells she drew from realms below :
 On this she mounted ; both her feet were bare,
 Ungirt her gown, and loose her flowing hair.
 Then with such speed through yielding clouds she flew,
 Next morn Alcina's isle appear'd in view. 315
 Arriv'd, a strange illusion to the sight,
 She adds a foot of stature to her height ;
 While every limb enlarg'd, like his appears
 Who nurs'd Rogero in his infant years ;

A hoary

A hoary beard she fixes on her chin, 320
And fills with wrinkles all her wither'd skin :
So well she feigns his speech, his voice, his air,
It seems as if Atlantes' self was there.

This done ; awhile she undiscover'd stood,
Till, as it chanc'd, one day the youth she view'd 225
Apart in solitude ; unusual fight !
Far scarce Alcina ever left the knight.
Now, to her wish, she found the youth retir'd
To taste the freshness which the morn inspir'd,
Beside a stream that from the hill's descent 330
To a clear lake with gentle murmur went.

His garments with effeminacy made,
Luxurious sloth and indolence display'd ;
Wrought by Alcina's hands of filk and gold
Mingled with art, and costly to behold. 325
A string of jewels from his neck he wore,
That, to his breast descending, hung before ;
And either warlike arm, that once could wield
The heaviest weapons in the lifted field,

Ver. 332. *His garments with effeminacy made,*] This whole passage is a copy of Virgil, *Æneid* IV. where Mercury is sent by Jupiter to warn *Æneas* to leave Carthage. Tasso has closely followed both these poets, in his *Jerusalem Delivered*, B. xvi. but particularly Ariosto. *Æneas*, *Rogero*, and *Rinaldo*, make pretty near the same figure.

A bracelet

A bracelet bound: in either ear he hung 340
A ring of golden wire, to which was strung
A costly pearl, whose price by far excell'd
What India or Arabia e'er beheld.
His curling locks in nicest order set,
Wav'd round his head with liquid odours wet. 345
His gestures and his looks a mind declare
Bred to the wanton pleasures of the fair.
Rogero now his name can only boast,
The rest is all in foul corruption lost:
So far estrang'd from what he was before 350
By fatal forcery and beauty's power!

Now in Atlantes' form th' enchantress stood
Before the youth, that form he oft had viewd;
With that stern eye, and countenance severe,
Which, when a child, he us'd so much to fear. 355

Then thus — Are these the glorious fruits at last
Of all my cares, of all my labours past?
Was it for this thy infancy I bred,
With marrow of the bears and lions fed?
Taught thee in gloomy caves or forest-lands, 360
To strangle serpents with thy tender hands?
Panthers and tigers of their claws deprive,
And tear their tusks from the boars alive?

That, after all, thou shouldst at length appear
Alcina's Atys or Adonis here? 365
Is this the fate which in the stars I read?
Is this what dreams and auguries have said?
'Twas promis'd, from thy birth, when thou hadst gain'd
The ripening years which now thou hast attain'd,
That not a chief should match thy boundless praise:
And wouldst thou thus thy boasted trophies raise! 371
Thus wouldst thou rival Alexander's name,
Thus gain a Cæsar's, or a Scipio's fame?
Who could have thought (O scandal to the brave)
To see thee here Alcina's wanton slave! 375
And that thy thralldom may to all be known,
Thy neck and arms her shameful shackles own.
If for thyself, fame cannot move thy mind,
Nor the great deeds that Heaven for thee design'd,
Yet wherefore from thy godlike race withhold 380
The future good, my lips have oft foretold?
A race (so fate decrees) to mortal eyes
More dear than Phœbus' light that gilds the skies!
Forbid not souls t' exist, which Heaven shall frame
With purest portions of ethereal flame: 385

Ver. 365. — *Atys* —] A beautiful youth beloved of Cybele, the mother of the gods.

Nor blast the promis'd palms, which virtue yields
In peaceful councils or triumphant fields,
By which thy sons, and each succeeding name,
Shall give to Italy her former fame.

But, o'er the rest, let two thy thoughts engage, 390

Two brethren, glories of their favour'd age !

Alphonso and Hippolito, whose praise,

O'er all thy line, shall bless their happy days.

On these I dwell, and joy to find thee hear

Their virtuous honours with a willing ear, 395

As if exulting in thy mind to trace

Such worthies springing from thy godlike race.

How has this queen thy fond affections won ?

But thousands, like herself, the same had done :

Of all the numbers that her arts believ'd, 400

Thou know'st what recompence their loves receiv'd.

But that you may Alcina's faith behold,

I will her frauds and each disguise unfold.

This ring receive ; and to the dame repair ;

Then mark if she deserves the name of fair. 405

She ceas'd ; nor aught abash'd Rogero said,

But, silent, hung to earth his drooping head.

Meantime she on his finger fix'd the ring,

That could once more his wandering senses bring :

Soon

Soon as the knight returning truth confess'd, 410
Such deep remorse his conscious soul depress'd,
He wish'd that yawning earth would open wide,
His visage, from the face of man, to hide.

Her task perform'd, aside th' enchantress threw
Her borrow'd form, and stood disclos'd to view; 415
Then to the wondering youth her name reveal'd,
Nor kept the cause, for which she came, conceal'd:
Sent by the fairest of her sex, whose care
No longer could her lover's absence bear;
To free him thence, where magic bands control, 420
In shameful servitude, his manly soul:
That old Atlantes' borrow'd form she chose
A deeper reverence on his sense t' impose.
That gentle maid, whose fond affections burn
For thee, and merit well a kind return: 425
To whom, reflect what gratitude demands
For freedom late recover'd at her hands,
This ring, a safe defence from spelful art,
Here sends by me, and would have sent her heart,
If aught her heart avail'd to give thee aid: 430
The love of Bradamant she then display'd,
And, with her other noble virtues join'd,
Extoll'd the courage of her dauntless mind:

Till

Till clearly banish'd from Rogero's breast,
 She made him soon Alcina's name detest, 435
 So late ador'd!—the ring his foe disarms,
 Preserves him safe from future magic harms,
 And strips Alcina of her borrow'd charms. }
 As when a child, who ripen'd fruit has stor'd,
 In time forgetful of his former hoard, 440
 By fortune to the place again convey'd,
 Where many days before his trust was laid,
 Beholds th' unthought of change with vast surprise,
 Obscene and putrid, hateful to his eyes!
 Rogero thus, by sage Melissa sent, 445
 When to Alcina's fight again he went,
 For that fair dame, the fairest of the fair,
 Whom late he left, now, wondrous to declare,
 A shape

Ver. 447. *For that fair dame,*] The allegory is here closely kept up; where the eyes of the understanding being cleared by the ring (reason), vice, which before appeared beautiful to the depraved imagination, then resumes its natural deformity.

“ Spenser's Dueffa, who had before appeared young and beautiful, divested of her rich apparel, is discovered to be a loathsome old woman. She is a copy of Ariosto's Alcina. The circumstances of Dueffa's discovery are literally translated from the Italian poet: See FAIRY QUEEN.

A loathly

A shape so loathsome saw, that search around,
 One more deform'd and old could ne'er be found. 450
 Her face was wrinkled, sharp, and pale of hue,
 Her hair was turn'd to grey, and thinly grew;
 Six spans in stature could she scarcely boast,
 And every tooth her gums, disarm'd, had lost;
 As if her life more length of years had seen 455
 Than Cuma's prophetess, or Priam's queen.
 Yet such the force of spells, and magic power,
 She seem'd in prime of age and beauty's flower:
 But soon Rogero banish'd her his thought,
 When all her useles wiles to light were brought. 460

Yet, by Melissa warn'd, he still suppress'd
 The secret purpose of his wary breast:
 At length his arms he seiz'd, that long had laid
 Neglected, and his manly limbs array'd:
 But first, each light suspicion to remove, 465
 He told Alcina he desir'd to prove
 If, living thus a recreant from the field,
 His hands could yet their wonted weapons wield.

A loathly wrinkled hag, ill-favour'd, old

— — — — —
 Her crafty head was altogether bald

And ———

Was overgrown with scurf and filthy scald,

Her teeth out of her rotten gums were fled."

WARTON'S Obs. on Spenser.

Then

Then Balifarda girding to his side,
 So was his falchion nam'd, of temper try'd, 470
 He took the buckler, whose enchanted blaze
 Distracts the fainting eyes of all that gaze;
 And with the filken covering o'er it hung,
 The massy weight across his shoulders flung.
 Then to the stall he went, and bade with speed 475
 To fit the reins and saddle on a steed
 Of coal-black hue: Melissa chose the horse;
 For well she knew his swiftness in the course.
 Him, Rabicano nam'd, and once the right
 Of fam'd Astolpho, with that hapless knight 480
 Who late was fix'd a myrtle on the shore,
 The watry monster to this island bore.

Ver. 469. — *Balifarda* —] The sword stolen from Orlando by Brunello, and given to Rogero.

Ver. 479. — *Rabicano* —] Boyardo relates, that this horse was produced by enchantment, and nourished only with the air. He was at first the property of Argalia, but when Ferrau drove him loose, (see General View of Boyardo's Story) he returned to the cave where he was bred, and whence he was taken by Argalia. Rinaldo, having lost his horse Bayardo, arrives at this cave where Rabican was kept; he kills a giant and two griffins that guarded him, and gets possession of the horse: Rinaldo afterwards going to Albracca, recovers his own from Astolpho, and leaves Rabican with him in his stead. See ORLANDO INNAM.

Rogero might the griffin-horse unbind,
That next to Rabicano stood confin'd ;
But here Meliffa warn'd him to refrain, 485
As he but ill obey'd the curbing rein,
And promis'd soon t' instruct him to bestride
The flying courser, and his fury guide ;
And lest they would suspect his flight design'd,
If, parting thence, he left his steed behind. 490
Rogero all the maid's advice pursu'd,
Who, still invisible, beside him stood ;
Then from the fatal palace swift he rode,
That ancient harlot's infamous abode ;
And with impatience to the portal fled, 495
That tow'rs the realms of Logistilla led.
Here, on the guard at unawares he fell,
And forc'd his passage through with pointed steel :
While some he deeply wounded, some he slew,
Then o'er the bridge with speed impetuous flew ; 500
And soon was distant far, ere spreading fame
Could to Alcina's ear his flight proclaim.

Th' ensuing book shall tell what course he past,
Till he to Logistilla came at last.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO makes his escape from Alcina, and travels towards the country of Logistilla. Rinaldo leaves Scotland, and arrives in England, where he obtains succours from the regent to be transported to the assistance of Charlemain. Angelica is carried by magic art into a desolate island, where she is cast into a deep sleep by a hermit : from this place she is taken away by mariners to be devoured by a sea-monster. Orlando, disturbed with a dream, quits the city of Paris, then besieged by Agramant, and goes out disguised, in search of his mistress.

THE
EIGHTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

W H A T strange enchanters in our times
abound !

What strange enchantresses alike are found !
Who, changing features, with deceitful art
Of either sex, entrap th' unwary heart :
Nor do they work these wonders on the mind 5
By influence of the stars, or sprights confin'd ;
But with dissimulation, fraud, and lies,
They bind it with indissoluble ties !
He, who from fortune can such grace obtain
The ring of fair Angelica to gain ; 10
Or rather that of reason should display
Their foul disguises to the face of day.

Ver. 11. *Or rather that of reason,*] The allegory is here plainly
opened by the poet.

How blest Rogero then ! whose ring dispell'd
Each error that his soul had prisoner held.

Rogero, as my tale before declar'd, 15
With Rabican came arm'd before the guard ;
And when all unprovided these he spy'd,
Kept not his weapon idle by his side.
Ere far he rode the distant wood to gain,
He met a servant of Alcina's train. 20
With ready falcon on his fist he came,
As wont each day to scour the field for game :
Oft to a neighbouring lake he let him fly ;
The country round could store of prey supply.
He rode a palfrey, not with trappings gay ;
His faithful dog companion of his way.
Soon as he saw Rogero's speed, his mind
Alcina's fugitive in him divin'd :

Ver. 20. *He met a servant*] This passage considered literally has something odd in it : neither is the allegory of the servant, horse, dog, and falcon, very obvious. An Italian commentator thus explains it :

“ The four animals that attack Rogero, are the four passions that govern the soul : the servant denotes fear ; the bird, desire ; the dog, grief ; and the palfrey, joy. The shield signifies that the passions are to be conquered by opposing to them their contraries.”

Advancing

Advancing near, he, with a haughty air,
Bade him th' occasion of his flight declare : 30
The knight disdain'd question, nought replies ;
To whom th' impatient swain indignant cries :
What shall you say, if spite of your intent,
I, with this falcon, should your haste prevent ?
This said, he let the falcon fly, whose speed 35
Not Rabican could, in his course, exceed ;
The rider next, alighting from his seat,
Releas'd his palfrey from the curbing bit ;
Who, snorting, spurn'd the ground, and instant flew
Swift as an arrow from the sounding yew : 40
No less the falc'ner follow'd close behind ;
As sent by fire, or borne on wings of wind :
The dog with Rabican pursu'd the race,
As leopards hold the fearful hare in chace.
Now stopp'd the generous youth, who blush'd to view
A man on foot so bold his flight pursue ; 46
Who bore no weapon but a slender wand
With which he might his sporting dog command.
But when no other arms Rogero saw,
He much disdain'd on him his sword to draw. 50
The falc'ner fiercely now attacks the knight !
The dog attempts his courser's legs to bite.

Near Rabican th' unbridled palfrey wheels,
 And oft assails him with his spurning heels:
 With founding wing the falcon terrifies, 55
 And strikes him with her talons as she flies.
 The steed, whom such a strange assault dismays,
 But ill the bridle and the spur obeys.
 At length, constrain'd, his sword Rogero shows
 Unsheathe'd; now here, now there his irksome foes 60
 He threats with edge or point, but threats in vain;
 For still his irksome foes th' attack maintain.
 He fears, if he delays, he soon shall view
 Alcina, with her train, his flight pursue:
 He hears loud clamours fill the vales around;
 He hears the bells, the drums, the trumpets sound;
 Now ill advis'd he seems, with sword in hand,
 Against a man unarm'd, and dog, to stand:
 'Twere better to disclose to view, he thought,
 The shining buckler by Atlantes wrought; 70
 Then from the shield the crimson covering rais'd;
 In every eye the flashing splendor blaz'd:
 The falc'ner tumbles senseless on the plain;
 The dog and palfrey fall; the wings sustain
 The bird no longer in his airy way; 75
 Rogero leaves them all to sleep a prey.

The

The fatal tidings soon Alcina heard,
Rogero had escap'd and forc'd the guard ;
At this such grief was o'er her senses spread,
That, for a time, her very soul was dead : 80
She tore her garments, and her face she bruise'd,
And oft of mad neglect herself accus'd.
Then swift to arms she summon'd all her crew,
When soon around her gather'd forces drew :
Of these two bands she fram'd, while one she sent 85
To explore the path her lov'd Rogero went ;
The other to the harbour took their way,
And there, with speed embarking, put to sea :
Their sails, unnumber'd, all the stream o'ercaft :
With these the desolate Alcina pass'd ; 90
And, so Rogero had possess'd her mind,
Her palace left without a guard behind.
This gave Melissa, plac'd in secret there,
An ample time her mischiefs to repair ;
To free the wretches who had long remain'd 95
In hapless state, in cruel thraldom chain'd.
Around the palace, searching ever part,
She saw the spells of her malicious art ;
The magic seals from many a place she took ;
A thousand mystic forms and figures broke. 100
Then

Then o'er each field she pass'd, each mead or grove;
 Where the sad victims of Alcina's love,
 That, hid in fountains, trees, or beasts, deplor'd
 Their hopeless change, she to their shapes restor'd:
 These, when they once their forms recover'd view'd,
 The brave Rogero's steps in haste pursu'd 106
 To Logistilla, parting thence in peace
 To Scythia, Persia, India, and to Greece,
 With grateful hearts: but foremost of the train
 The English duke resum'd his form again: 110
 The duke, to beauteous Bradamant ally'd;
 For him the good Rogero first employ'd
 His influence with the wise enchantress-maid;
 And gave his wondrous ring the knight to aid.
 Astolpho thus each manly grace regain'd, 115
 And, by Melissa's means, his arms obtain'd,
 With that fam'd lance of gold, which forc'd to yield
 The strongest warrior in the list'd field.

Argalia

Ver. 117.—*lance of gold,*] This was the lance which Argalia brought with him into France, (see General View of BOYARDO'S Story) which after his death came into the possession of Astolpho, who at the tournament, made by Charlemain, overthrew with this all opponents. Boyardo, in Orlando Innam. calls it, *una lanza dorata*. So the unerring spear of Cephalus, *cujus fuit aurea cuspis* Ovid Met. B. vii.

Britomartis

Argalia first, Astolpho next the lance
Possess'd ; by this they both acquir'd in France 120
A mighty name : the lance Melissa found,
Kept in the palace of th' enchanted ground,
With all his other arms, which from the duke,
At his arrival there, Alcina took.

This done, she mounts the horse that cuts the wind,
Then seats Astolpho on the steed behind ; 126
And thence to Logistilla they repair,
Arriv'd an hour before Rogero there.

Meanwhile through rugged ways, with steep ascent,
Rogero to sage Logistilla went ; 130
Till, numerous toils o'erpass'd, at noon of day
Beside the seas he held his weary way ;
Slow pacing o'er the dry and barren strand,
The flood on one, the hills on t' other hand :
From the steep hills the beams reflected came ; 135
The earth was parch'd, the air was all on flame !

Britomartis, in Spenser, has a lance of the same kind:

—— a mighty spear,
Which Bladud made, by magic art of yore,
And us'd the same in battle ay to bear,
Sith which it had been here preserv'd in store,
For his great virtues proved long afore:
For never wight so fast in fell could sit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore.

The

The silent birds were hid in groves profound;
 The grass-hopper alone, with tedious sound,
 While in the leafy shades conceal'd he lies,
 Deafens the hills, the vales, the seas and skies! 140

There

Ver. 140. *Deafens the hills, the vales—*] In this hyperbole Ariosto seems to allude to the following line of Virgil:

Sole sub ardentis resonant arbusa cicadis !

To this passage in the edition of Virgil by Dr. Warton, is subjoined the following note, which is well worth transcribing, as it may be thought in some sort to apologize for the strength of Ariosto's expression.

“ I don't know how every body almost in England came to imagine that the *cicada* in the Roman writers was the same with our grass-hopper; for their characters are different enough to have prevented any such mistake. The *cicada* is what the Italians now call *cicala*, and the French *cigale*. They make one constant uniform noise all day long in summer time, which is extremely disagreeable and tiresome, particularly in the great heats. Their note is sharp and shrill in the beginning of the summer, but hoarse and harsh towards the latter part of it. They are supposed to feed on the morning dew, and then fix on some sunny branch of a tree and sing all day long. It is hence that this insect is opposed to the ant in the old Æsopian fables, which is as industrious and inoffensive as the other is idle and troublesome. Virgil calls the cicada *querule* and *rauca*. Martial *arguta* and *inhumana*. Their note is the more troublesome because, in the great heats

There heat, and thirst, and toil (an irksome crew!)
 The warrior's steps along the sand pursue.
 But since my muse must various tales rehearse,
 Nor one alone can claim my partial verse,
 I leave Rogero here, and hasten o'er 145
 To seek Rinaldo on the Scottish shore.

The king, his daughter fair, and all the land,
 With great regard Rinaldo entertain'd:
 At length the knight his embassy display'd
 To beg from Scotland and from England aid; 150
 He shew'd, beside his monarch's earnest prayer,
 How glory call'd them to support the war.
 To this the king reply'd without delay,
 That to the furthest limits of his sway,
 His soul was ever ready to maintain 155
 The empire's rights, and weal of Charlemain;
 With promise to prepare, ere many days,
 Whatever force his utmost power could raise,

beats they sing alone. Any one who has passed a summer in Italy, or in the south of France, will not think the epithet *inhumanæ* too severe for them.

SPENCE.

See Dr. WARTON's Eclog. II. ver. 16.

Ver 145. *I leave Rogero*—] He returns to Rogero, Book x. ver. 231. Rinaldo was last spoken of in the sixth book.

And had not years deprest his strength (he said)
Himself would combat at his army's head. 160
Yet should not age so damp his martial flame,
To keep him from the dangerous field of fame,
But that his son, his absence well supply'd,
With prudent counsel, and with courage try'd.
Though distant now from his paternal reign, 165
He hop'd to see him soon return again;
While he th' auxiliar troops assembled drew,
To pass before his fight in just review.

The monarch spoke; and instant gives command
To levy horse and foot throughout the land; 170
Equips a numerous fleet to stem the tides,
And various stores for every need provides.

Now brave Rinaldo, hastening to depart
For England's realm, the king with grateful heart
To Berwick's town convey'd the valiant peer, 175
There, parting, shed for grief a tender tear.
Soon in the poop the prosperous breezes blew;
Rinaldo went on board, and bade adieu.

The busy mariners their anchors slip,
And plough securely through the foamy deep 180
With rapid course: the silver Thames they gain,
Where first he mingles with the briny main:

Along the stream with oars and sails they fly,
Till London's stately towers salute their eye.

Rinaldo did from Charles and Otho bring 185
(Otho besieg'd in Paris with the king)

Commision to the prince, whose honour'd hand
By deputation rul'd the English land,

To raise supplies ; and from fair Albion's coast
Embark for Calais' shore the friendly host, 190

To Charlemain and France a welcome aid :

The prince, who then the regal sceptre sway'd
In Otho's stead, to brave Rinaldo's name

Such honours paid, as Otho's self might claim ;

Then, answering his demands, he summon'd all 195

The neighbouring forces that obey'd his call ;

With those that in the subject islands lay,

To meet together on a certain day.

But here, my lord, with various themes my muse
Th' example of the lyrist's art pursues, 200

Who, shifting oft the strings, with skilful hands,

Now high, now low, the changing note commands.

Ver. 199. *But here, my lord,—*] A fresh address to his patron: this frequently occurs in the course of the work. Rinaldo is mentioned again at the review of the forces, Book x. ver. 507.

While

While to Rinaldo was my verse confin'd,
 Angelica again* employ'd my mind,
 Whom late we left, where, flying from his sight, 205
 She on an aged hermit chanc'd to light.
 Then to pursue her tale—she ask'd the way
 That led to where some ready vessel lay :
 Such anxious fears possess'd the tender maid,
 She deem'd all Europe could not yield her aid. 210
 Pleas'd with her wondrous charms the hoary fire
 Through his cold veins confess'd a sudden fire;
 Then strove with heavenly converse to detain
 The parting fair-one, but he strove in vain.
 A hundred times he struck his afs, but still 215
 The stubborn beast was restive to his will :
 His walk was heavy, and his trot was worse;
 Nor could he make him mend his tardy course.
 The virgin gone; when scarce his sight survey'd
 The late-worn track her palfrey's feet had made 220
 A cave he sought, remote from human eyes,
 There caus'd from earth unhallow'd fiends to rise:
 From this infernal band a spright he chose,
 On whom he best might his commands impose;
 And bade him on the palfrey act his part, 225
 That with the damsel bore away his heart.

"Angelica again" The combination of the letters a at the
 of the name Angelica with the other a at the beginning of "again"
 is a decided defect in this line, for again substitute
 "once more".

As the staunch hound that through the mountain
dews,

With open mouth the hare or fox pursues,
When wheeling round he sees the flying prey,
Oft seems to bend his speed a different way, 230
Till, unawares, upon the wretch he flies,
And gripes with cruel jaws the bleeding prize.
The hermit thus, by hidden craft, design'd
Where'er she fled, Angelica to find.
His secret purpose well methinks I trace, 235
And shall discover in some future place.

The subtle demon, with his charge possess'd,
Now crept within th' unwary damsel's beast.
So lurking sparks at first in secret lie,
'Till bursting sheets of flame involve the sky. 240
Near the salt flood her lonely path she held,
Where on the Gascon shore the billows swell'd:
But soon the fiend, that in her palfrey lay,
To the deep seas impell'd his headlong way.
With terror struck, she strives to turn the rein; 245
But further still he plunges in the main.

Ver. 244. *To the deep seas* —] This whole passage is copied from
Ovid, in the fable of Jupiter and Europa.

What should she do, but firmly fix her seat?
Her robe she gathers round; her timorous feet
She draws aloft; while o'er her shoulders flow
Her locks, and in her face the zephyrs blow! 250
The rougher winds are hush'd; the surges cease
Their fury, by her charms compos'd to peace.
While flowing tears her cheeks and breast bedew,
Back to the shore she cast a mournful view;
She sees it now, alas! no longer near; 255
Still less and less the flying hills appear:
Till, wheeling to the right, a desert strand
The courser reach'd, and bore her safe to land,
Midst rocks and caves; what time the sinking light
Of Phœbus' beams resign'd the world to night. 260
Soon as the damsel found herself convey'd
To these drear wilds, whose sight alone dismay'd
The gazer's heart, immoveable she stood;
So fix'd, had any eye her figure view'd,
She seem'd a statue on the lonely sands: 265
Her hair was hanging loose; her clasping hands
Together join'd; in silent grief she mourn'd
With lips unmov'd: her eyes were upward turn'd,
As if t' accuse the high decrees of Heaven,
That all her days to misery had given! 270

At

At length she gave a vent to mighty woe,
Words found their way, and tears began to flow!

Relentless fate! what would'st thou more she cries
Since life itself will not thy rage suffice?

Why hast thou fav'd me from the gaping wave, 275

Where now my griefs had found a peaceful grave,

But that my life preserv'd might means supply

To persecute me more before I die!

By thee I'm banish'd from my regal seat,

Nor e'er must hope my native land to greet: 280

And O! far worse! have lost my spotless name,

For though my conscious thoughts are void of blame,

Yet, wandering thus, I give too just pretence,

For slander to defame my innocence!

What has that wretched damsel left to boast, 285

What good on earth, whose virtuous praise is lost!*

Alas! that fame which speaks me young and fair,

(Or true or false) but adds to my despair!

Nor can I thanks to Heaven for charms bestow,

For luckless charms, whence all my sorrows flow. 290

Through these, my brother, poor Argalia, dy'd;

No succour his enchanted arms supply'd.

For these did Agrican, the Tartar king,

My father Galaphron to ruin bring,

R 2

Once

A paraphrase on Horace, "Vilis huiusmodi"

Once monarch of Cathay: 'tis hence I range 295
 Forlorn, and every day my dwelling change.
 My wealth, my friends, my honour, all is flown!
 Yet am I still preserv'd for woes unknown.
 Glut then thy utmost rage! O! fortune! send
 Some savage beast these wretched limbs to rend.*300
 From loathsome light my weary soul relieve,
 And for my death my grateful thanks receive.

Thus in deep sorrow mourn'd the hapless dame,
 Till in her sight the wily father came:
 Her, from the summit of a rock, he view'd, 305
 As on the plain below she weeping stood.
 Six days before, arriv'd the hermit there,
 Borne by a demon strangely through the air;
 And now such looks of deep devotion wore,
 Not holy Paul, or blest Hilario more! 310
 When

Ver. 295.—*my father Galaphron—monarch of Cathay:—*] Albracca having been long besieged, was at last taken by storm, though not by Agrican, who was slain by Orlando, but by the enemies of Angelica, who took advantage of the absence of Orlando, Sacripant, and the other brave defenders of that princess. See ORLANDO INNAM.

Ver. 310.—*holy Paul, or blest Hilario*] “Paul, the first hermit, retired into the desert, in the time of the emperor Valerian, where he lived holily for one hundred and two years, in company with

*Hnam again

When nearer fair Angelica he drew,
 Nor she the features of the hermit knew,
 The welcome sight her drooping spirits cheer'd,
 Though still deep anguish on her face appear'd.
 O! holy father! with thy pitying aid 315
 Relieve, she cry'd, a helpless, lonely maid;
 Then, with a broken voice, began to tell
 That mournful story, which he knew so well.

In pious strains, with hypocritic air,
 He now began to sooth the weeping fair; 320
 While, as he spoke, his roving fingers press'd
 Her alabaster neck and heaving breast;
 Till, bolder grown, he clasp'd her in his arms:
 But here, resentment kindling all her charms,
 Back with her hand the feeble wretch she threw, 325
 While every feature glow'd with rosy hue.
 Then from his scrip he takes, of sovereign use,
 A little vial fill'd with magic juice;

In

with the blessed abbot Antonio. Hilario, bishop of Gallia, was sent into exile with Eusebius, by the emperor, who was an enemy to the Christians: he led an exemplary life, and wrought many miracles." PORCACCII.

Ver. 327. *Then from his scrip—*] Boyardo has a story something similar to this of Ariosto, where Flordelis, wife to Brandimart, meets with such another hermit, who casts her in a deep sleep, and

In those bright eyes, where love was wont to frame
 His sharpest darts, and raise his purest flame, 330
 A drop he sprinkles that had power to steep
 Her heavy eye-lids in the dew of sleep.
 Now prone on earth she sinks, a lovely prize,
 Defenceless at his lawless will she lies;
 While, at his pleasure, he can wander o'er 335
 Each nameless beauty, every grace explore.
 Oft to her mouth his trembling lips are prest;
 And oft his kisses print her ivory breast.
 None view his actions, on that desert coast:
 But the soft hour of love with him is lost. 340
 The hoary dotard, whose impure desire
 Forgets what sage and reverend years require,
 Shame of his kind! with drowsy age oppress'd,
 By slow degrees resigns his limbs to rest,
 And every sense in dull oblivion laid, 345
 Soon lies in slumber by the slumbering maid.
 But now a fresh disaster fortune sent,
 Who seldom leaves till all her darts are spent:

carries her away from her husband, when she is afterwards delivered
 by a lion, who terrifies the hermit that had conveyed her to a cave.
 See likewise the old Fisherman and Florimel in Spenser, FAIRY
 QUEEN, B. iii. C. viii.

And

And here I must th' occasion first display
 That draws me something from the path away: 350
 In seas remote, beneath the western skies,
 Beyond the Irish coast an island lies,
 Ebuda call'd, on whose ill-fated ground
 Th' inhabitants are now but thinly found.
 A dreadful orc, and numerous monsters more, 355
 By Proteus sent, have ravag'd all the shore.

Ver. 355. *A dreadful orc*.—] The word *orca* in the Italian has no particular signification, but is applied to any monster or creature of the imagination: in the xviith book, *orco* is used for a deformed and dreadful giant: the word *orc* occurs in Milton:

The haunts of seals and orcs and sew-mew's clang!

PAR. LOST, B. xi. ver. 835.

Ver. 356. *By Proteus sent*.—] Ariosto makes a strange mixture of the Christian and Pagan theology: Neptune, Proteus, and the other marine gods, are here introduced without scruple. Spenser in like manner employs the fables and symbols of the ancients, and makes the heathen deities agents in his poem; and, like Ariosto, brings Proteus into the above-mentioned tale of Florimel and the Fisherman:

Proteus is shepherd of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty herd;
 An aged sire with head all frothy hore,
 And sprinkled frost upon his dewy beard, &c.

The ancient stories (strange to hear!) relate,
A powerful monarch govern'd once the state:
This prince a daughter fair and young possess'd,
With every grace and every virtue blest; 360
Whose heavenly charms, as on the strand she stood,
Enflam'd the heart of Proteus midst the flood:
The bloomy^{we} virgin by his love compell'd,
Her pregnant womb a growing burthen swell'd.
Most hateful to her sire was this to hear, 365
Above all others impious and severe!
Nor would he by remorse, or love, be led
To save his hapless child's devoted head.
His grandson (harmless object of his spite)
Was murder'd ere he yet had seen the light! 370
Proteus, to whom 'tis given in charge to keep
The herds of Neptune, ruler of the deep,
For his lov'd consort's death indignant burn'd,
And to revenge her all his fury turn'd.
With speed he sent ashore his savage train, 375
The phocæ, orcs, and monsters of the main;
That not alone their rage on herds employ'd,
But villages and husbandmen destroy'd.
The soldiers arm'd, by night and day prepar'd,
High on the city's walls maintain'd the guard, 380
While from the fields the trembling people flew:
At length to learn what course they must pursue

To

To end their plague, the oracle they fought ;
And thence the deputies this answer brought :

“ That Heaven requir’d them with unweary’d care
“ To seek a damsel, like the former, fair ; 386
“ A victim doom’d beside the roaring tide,
“ T’ appease the God for her that guiltless dy’d.
“ So might th’ offended power the maid receive,
“ And from their woes th’ afflicted land relieve. 390
“ But if the scourge remain’d, they must present
“ Another dame, ’till Proteus’ wrath was spent.”

I dare not true, nor false, this story hold,
Which former annals have of Proteus told :
Thus far ’tis known—in this unhappy place, 395
A law prevails against the female race,
To nourish daily with their guiltless blood
An hideous monster, rising from the flood,
A dreadful orc, that near the isle remain’d,
When every other had the seas regain’d. 400
Hard is the lot of woman ever found,
But harder still on this unpitying ground.
O wretched virgins ! in a luckless hour
By fortune cast on this ill-omen’d shore,
Where, by the waves, in cruel watch they stand 405
To seize on strangers with an impious hand ;

Whose lives may for the nation's guilt atone,
And thus preserve the numbers of their own.
From port to port the vessels scour the main,
New victims for the sacrifice to gain. 410
Some maids by force they win, and some by stealth,
By flattery these, and those by hopes of wealth;
And thus they drew such numbers in their power,
As every prison fill'd, and every tower.

A pinnace, that had sail'd from land to land, 415
Passing before the solitary strand,
Where on the grassy turf the lovely maid,
Unblest Angelica, asleep was laid,
Their anchor cast, the seamen stopp'd, to bring
Wood from the grove, and water from the spring, 420
And there beheld the flower of beauty's charms,
Clasp'd in the holy father's reverend arms!

O! precious prize! adorn'd with every grace!
Too precious far for such a barbarous race!
O! cruel fortune! canst thou then maintain 425
Thy sway on earth with such relentless reign,
To yield an offering to a monster's rage,
Those graces that could Agrican engage
From Caucasus Albracca's force to brave,
With half of Scythia there to find a grave! 430

That

That beauty priz'd by Sacripant before
His martial glory and his regal power !
That beauty, which the mighty fame defac'd
Of Anglant's knight, and laid his senses waste !
That beauty, which had rouz'd such chiefs to arms,
And fill'd the eastern empire with alarms ! 436
Now lies forlorn, to woe and death betray'd,
Without a friend to hear, a friend to aid !

The damsel sleeping on the senseless ground,
Before she wak'd, with ready chains they bound ; 440
They seiz'd the hermit too ; and with their prey
Back to the strand again resum'd their way.
To the high mast the bellying canvas strain'd,
The vessel soon the mournful island gain'd.
Yet pity wrought so far her charms to spare, 445
For many days they kept the virgin-fair ;
'Till now, exhausted all their hapless store,
Weeping they led her to the destin'd shore.
What tongue can tell the sorrows, tears, and sighs,
The lamentations loud that pierc'd the skies ! 450
'Twas strange the pitying rocks did not divide,
When to the stone her lovely limbs were ty'd.
I can no more—such pangs my breast assail,
The muse must leave untold the piteous tale ;

And

And to a theme less gloomy turn the strain, 455

'Till her torn mind recovers strength again.

Nor squallid snakes, nor spotted tigers stung

With dreadful fury for her ravish'd young,

Or aught that in the tract of Afric lands

Envenom'd wanders o'er the burning sands, 460

Could view without remorse this maiden's cruel
bands.

Had fame the tidings to Orlando brought,

Who late in Paris' walls his fair-one fought ;

 O_r

Ver. 462. *Had fame the tidings —*] See the before cited book in Spenser, where Florimel falls into the hands of the old Fisherman.

O! ye brave knights ! that boast this lady's love

Where be ye now —

But if that thou fir Satyrane didst weet,

Or thou fir Peridure her sorry state,

How soon would ye assemble many a fleet,

To fetch from sea what ye at land lost late,

Towers, cities, kingdoms ye would ruinate,

In your avengement and dispiteous rage ;

Ne ought your burning fury mote abate :

But if fir Calidore could it presage,

No living creature could his cruelty assuage.

“ This apostrophe to the knights of Fairy land, and calling on them by name, to assist the distressed Florimel, seems imitated from Ariosto, who twice uses the same kind of apostrophe ; where Ange-
lica

lica

Or the two warriors, whom the friar miss'd
 With lying forms in Stygian darkness bred: 463
 For her a thousand dangers had they dar'd,
 And flown with speed to be the virgin's guard:
 But should the fatal news their souls surprize
 The distance now their timely aid denies!

Meantime was Paris close besieg'd around 470
 By king Troyano's son in arms renown'd:
 One dreadful day the foes so warmly press'd,
 They nearly enter'd and the town possess'd:
 Then had not Heaven fulfill'd the Christian prayer,
 And pour'd a deluge through the darken'd air, 475
 That day had sunk before the Pagan lance,
 The sacred empire, and the fame of France!
 The great Creator turn'd his eyes, and heard
 The just complaint by aged Charles preferr'd,

lica is going to be devoured by a monster, and where Rogero is
 flung into prison."

UPTON'S Notes on Spenser.

Ver. 470. *Meantime was Paris*—] He returns to Angelica, the
 xth Book, ver. 647.

Ver. 475. *And pour'd a deluge*—] In this short account of the
 siege of Paris, Ariosto alludes to a more particular description which
 had been given by Boyardo, in the latter end of his poem. See
 General View of BOYARDO'S Story.

The continuation of this siege is resumed by Ariosto, B. xiv. ver.
 491.

And

And sudden, where all human help was vain, 480
 The fire extinguish'd with tempestuous rain.
 The wise will ever to th' Almighty bend,
 Whose power can best the falling state defend!
 The pious monarch own'd, in grateful thought,
 The hand divine that had his safety wrought. 485

At night Orlando, on his restless bed,
 Revolves distressful fancies in his head ;
 While here and there his thoughts each other chace,
 And never long maintain their flitting place.
 So from a water clear, the trembling light 490
 Of Phœbus, or the silver queen of night,

Along

Ver. 493. *So from a water clear,—*] See Virgil. *Æn.* viii.

*Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ænīs
 Sole repressum, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
 Omnia pervolat late loca, jamque sub auras
 Erigitur, summiq; ferit laquearia tecti.*

So from a brazen vase the trembling stream
 Reflects the lunar or the solar beam ;
 Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes,
 From wall to wall the dancing glory flies ;
 Thence to the cieling shoot the glancing rays,
 And o'er the roof the quivering splendor plays.

PITT.
 Camöens,

Along the spacious rooms with splendor plays,
 Now high, now low, and shifts a thousand ways.
 Angelica, returning to his mind,
 Who scarce was ever from his thoughts disjoin'd, 495
 He feels with double force the pain increase,
 That seem'd awhile by day compos'd to peace.
 With her from India to the west he came,
 Where fortune robb'd him of his beauteous dame:
 And vainly trac'd her steps, since Bourdeaux'
 field 500
 Compell'd the banded powers of France to yield.
 For this Orlando's careful breast was mov'd,
 And oft for this his folly he reprov'd!

My life's best joy! how have I err'd! (he said)
 Why have I thus so fair a nymph betray'd? 505

Camöens, as Mr. Mickle observes, has the same simile:

As in the sun's bright beam the gamesome boy
 Plays with the shining steel or crystal toy,
 Swift and irregular, by sudden starts,
 The living ray with viewless motion darts,
 Swift o'er the wall, the roof, the floor, by turns,
 The sun-beam dances, and the radiance burns.

MICKLE'S LUCIAD, B. viii.

Ver. 500.—*since Bourdeaux' field—*] The great battle in which the Christian army was defeated, described by Boyardo, and mentioned by Ariosto in the beginning of the poem.

When on thy charms each day to feed my fight,
 On thy dear converse dwell with fond delight,
 Thy goodness gave—ev'n then—O! fatal hour!
 I tamely gave thee into Namus' power!
 Well might my soul have such an act excus'd? 510
 Not Charles himself had my desires refus'd.
 First had I every chance of battle try'd;
 First let them from my breast my heart divide!
 But Charles, and all his force, too weak had prov'd
 To ravish from my arms the maid I lov'd! 515
 At least I might have plac'd her with a guard
 In Paris, or some strong retreat prepar'd:
 Who like myself, should every danger brave
 From threatening ills the virgin-fair to save!
 Far dearer than the blood that bathes my heart; 520
 How ill have I perform'd a lover's part!
 Ah! whither now, without my aid, alone,
 Whither, so young and beauteous, art thou gone!
 As when the sun withdraws his evening rays,
 A lamb, forsaken midst the forest strays 525
 With tender bleats, in hopes the shepherd's ear
 At length may chance the plaintive notes to hear;

Ver. 524. *As when the sun—*] This is a tender beautiful simile,
 and altogether original.

Till

Till from afar the wolf the sound receives,
And for his loss the hapless shepherd grieves.
Then art thou fall'n to cruel wolves a prey, 530
Thy faithful knight Orlando far away!
That dear, that virgin treasure, which posscest,
Had made Orlando, with th' immortals blest,
Which at thy chaste desire I kept unstain'd,
Some cruel spoiler now perhaps has gain'd. 535
Forbid it Heaven! all other sufferings shed,
All other plagues, on my devoted head!
But should it be—this hand shall yield relief,
And end at once my being and my grief.

Now lost in sleep the whole creation lay, 540
And cheer'd their spirits from the toils of day.
Some sunk in down; and some the herbage press'd;
While some on rocks, on oaks, or myrtles rest.
Yet thou, Orlando, seek'st in vain to close
Thy wakeful lids, distracted from repose: 545
Or if a moment seals thy weary eyes,
In thy short slumber painful visions rise.

Orlando dreamt, that on a river's side,
With odorous flowers and shrubs diversify'd,
He gaz'd transported on that heavenly face, 550
Which Love himself had ting'd with rosy grace;

On those bright stars, whose glances food supply
 To souls that in his nets entangled lie ;
 On that dear virgin, whose all-conquering eyes
 Could in his breast his amorous heart surprise ! 555

While thus he seem'd possess'd of every joy
 That can a happy lover's thoughts employ,
 A sudden storm the chearful day o'ercast,
 The tender flowerets wither'd in the blast,
 The forest shook, as when, in wintry skies, 560
 South, east, and west with mingled fury rise !

Now while he shelter sought, the mournful knight
 Seem'd in the gloom to lose the damsel's sight.
 Now here, now there, he search'd the woods around,
 And made the country with her name resound. 565

But while a thousand fears his soul dismay'd,
 He heard her well-known voice imploring aid :
 Swift to the sound he turn'd, but turn'd in vain,
 His eyes no more the object lov'd regain ;
 When to his ears this dreadful warning came, 570
 " Ne'er hope on earth again to see the dame !"

The lover, waking, found the vision fled,
 And saw his falling tears bedew the bed.
 Unmindful now that dreams are empty shade,
 By fancy form'd, he deem'd his dearest maid 575

With

With danger prefs'd, and from his couch he flew,
 And o'er his limbs his plated armour drew ;
 Then Brigliadoro took without delay,
 But not a squire attendant on his way.
 From prying eyes the more to hide his name, 580
 Nor give each vulgar tongue t' asperse his fame,
 He wore not those known arms, and ample shield
 With red and white distinguish'd in the field ;
 But arms of fable hue, whose darkness shows
 A just resemblance to his inward woes. 585
 Not many years elaps'd, his matchless might
 From Amostantes won this suit in fight.

Now midst the silence of the midnight hour,
 He left his sovereign Charles ; the Christian power

Ver. 578. — *Brigliadoro*—] *Briglia-d'oro*, i. e. golden bridle : the name of Orlando's horse in Boyardo, whence Spenser calls Sir Guyon's horse, *Brigadore* : this horse was formerly the property of Almontes. See Note to Book i. ver. 202.

Ver. 582. — *those known arms*,—] The armour which Orlando won from Almontes, brother to Troyano.

Ver. 587. — *Amostantes*—] The name of this warrior, who is not mentioned in Boyardo, appears in a muster of the forces brought over by Almontes : after the death of Almontes he was killed by Orlando.

See ASPRAMONTE, C. v. xx.

He left; nor bade adieu to Brandimart, 590
 Once his lov'd friend and partner of his heart!
 But when with golden tresses round her head,
 The morn arose from rich Tithonus' bed,
 And from earth's face the humid curtains drew,
 Orlando's flight, incens'd, the monarch knew: 595
 With deep concern his nephew's loss he heard
 When honour call'd him now, where danger rear'd
 Her dreadful front, to guard from hostile hands
 His king, his country, and his social bands.
 Nor could he hide his anger, but express'd 600
 The just resentment kindled in his breast;
 With threats, if absent long, the recreant knight
 Should dearly mourn this ill-concerted flight.

Ver. 590.— *Brandimart,*] Brandimart is one of the principal personages in the Orlando Innamorato, where he makes a more conspicuous figure than in the Furioso. Brandimart and Flordelis are described by Boyardo, as a pattern of conjugal affection, and this character of them is preserved by Ariosto: they were Pagans by birth, but Flordelis was first converted by Rinaldo, and Brandimart afterwards by the joint arguments of Orlando and Flordelis. Brandimart is introduced as the almost inseparable companion of Orlando, whom he accompanies to the siege of Albracca. See ORLANDO INNAM.

But

But noble Brandimart, whose faith well try'd,
No chance could shake, whom nothing could di-
vide 605

From his lov'd friend ; who inly hop'd once more
Orlando to his fellows to restore ;
And scorn'd to hear reproach his fame upbraid,
Swift from the host his eager steps convey'd ;
Nor would to Flordelis his thoughts disclose, 610
Left her fond love should his design oppose.
His wedded dame was she, his soul's delight,
Scarce was he ever absent from her sight :
The charms of beauty in her person shin'd,
And every prudent grace adorn'd her mind ! 615
Yet, parting thus, he hop'd ere close of day
Again to measure back his former way :
But many a chance the wandering warrior prov'd,
That long detain'd him from the fair he lov'd.

A tedious month his consort stay'd in vain, 620
In hopes to see her Brandimart again ;
Till fear and love her breast so strongly rend,
She quits the walls without a guide or friend ;
And seeks him long in many a distant state,
As, in its place, the story shall relate : 625
Of these no more—the muse with nobler flight
Now turns the strain to great Anglante's knight ;

Who, having chang'd his arms of well known fame,
Won from Almontes, to the portal came,
And to a chief, who there maintain'd the guard, 630
In a low voice his mighty name declar'd:
Soon at the word, he let the draw-bridge down,
When swift Orlando issu'd from the town,
And took the way to pass the slumbering foe:
What follow'd then th' ensuing book shall show. 635

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO seeking Angelica, hears of the cruel custom of the people of Ebuda, who every day sacrificed a virgin to a sea-monster. He resolves to go against those Islanders, but, in his way, being cast ashore by a tempest, meets with Olympia, who relates to him a melancholy tale of her misfortunes and expulsion from her hereditary dominions. Orlando undertakes to restore her to her possessions, and revenge her on her enemy.

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THE
NINTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

TO what will cruel treacherous love constrain

A heart, once taken captive in his chain,
Since he can thus Orlando's breast divide,
And turn his duty from his lord aside?
He, who was once with deepest wisdom stor'd, 5
The holy church defending with his sword,
Ere since in love's bewildering path he trod,
Forgets himself, his sovereign, and his God!

Yet would I gladly here acquit his fame,
O'erjoy'd, with mine, to find so great a name: 10
For still with eyes averse the right I view,
But with a ready will the wrong pursue.*

Now,

*"Vide melina proboque,
et una sequor."
Hor.*

Now, cloth'd in sable arms, his course he took,
 Without remorse his dearest friends forsook,
vicinus coll. And saw the troops of Africa and Spain 15
cation of vowels. Encamp'd unnumber'd o'er the spacious plain:
 In shelters from the storm dispers'd they lay;
 Some distant far, and some a nearer way:
 Deep sunk in sleep was every weary band,
 These stretch'd on earth, those leaning on the hand. 20
 Then might the earl have slain a numerous crew,
 Nor yet his Durindana once he drew.

Ver. 17. *In shelters from the storm* —] See General View of
 BOYARDO'S Story.

Ver. 22. — *Durindana* —] Durindana, or Durlindana, the
 name of Orlando's sword, so called in Pulci and Boyardo; this
 sword was made by enchantment, and would penetrate every kind of
 armour. See Note to Book I. ver. 202.

“ Durinda is the name of Roland's sword in Turpin's romance,
 which Ariosto and Boyardo copy so faithfully. As a specimen of
 that historian's style and manner, I shall present the reader with
 Roland's soliloquy addressed to this sword, when he was mortally
 wounded by a Saracen giant. “ O ! ensis pulcherrime ! sed semper
 “ lucidissime, capulo eburneo candidissime, cruce aurea splendidissime,
 24. *deorate* “ superficie deaurate, pomo beryllino *deaurate*, magno nomine Dei
 “ insculpte, acumine legitime, virtute omni prædite, quis amplius
 “ virtute tua utetur ? Quis, &c.” Turpini Hist. de Gestis Caroli
 Mag. cap. xxii.

WARTON'S Observ. on Spenser.

Too

Too noble was Orlando's foul, to show
Inglorious hatred on a slumbering foe !

Through every part he fought the royal maid, 25
While those, he waking found, he gently pray'd
(Her form describing and her garb) to tell,
What chance the virgin, whom he lov'd, befel.

The next returning morn the knight again
Explor'd the camp of Agramant in vain : 30

Where in th' Arabian drefs from all conceal'd,
And in the language of the country skill'd,
Three days he rov'd secure from place to place,
And seem'd a native of the Moorish race.

Through towns and cities next his course he bends, 35
Where'er proud France her ample realm extends ;
Through Britanny, Provence, the Gascon's reign ;
From fruitful Picardy to distant Spain.

What time November strips the flowery field
And bids the earth her verdant covering yield 40
To hoary frost ; when trees dishonour'd stand,
And birds in clusters seek a foreign land ;
His friends he left ; nor yet his labours ceas'd
With wintry skies ; nor spring his cares releas'd.
While thus the knight his eager search pursu'd, 45
He came one day to where a stream he view'd

That

That slowly to the seas was wont to glide,
And Brittany from Normandy divide.
But now the waters, swell'd with heavy rains
And melted snows, had delug'd all the plains; 50
And loudly foaming, with resistless force,
Had borne the bridge before them in their course.

Orlando, pausing here, awhile explor'd
Each neighbouring part to cross th' opposing ford:
As thus he linger'd, midst the flood appear'd 55
A slender bark, whose helm a damsel steer'd:
The Paladin besought her from the land
To give him passage to the further strand.
This bark (she answer'd) ne'er receives a knight
Unless he first his sacred promise plight, 60
At my request, the noblest war to wage,
That ever can a champion's arms engage.
If here, sir knight, you seek the further shore,
First give your faith that, ere this month is o'er,
You to th' Hibernian monarch will unite 65
Your force, who now assembles all his might
The fatal isle Ebuda to confound,
The most inhuman which the seas surround.
Know that afar, midst many a neighbouring isle,
Ebuda lies beyond the Irish foil; 70
That,

That, by an ancient law, to foreign lands
Sends many vessels fill'd with warlike bands,
To seize and bear unhappy dames away,
Doom'd for a dreadful monster's living prey :
Merchants and corsairs to the coast repair, 75
And traffic with them for the wretched fair :
There, on the strand, each day a virgin dies ;
Think then what numbers fall a sacrifice !
But if soft pity can your bosom move,
Or if your soul is not averse to love, 80
Consent your name with those allies to join,
Who now for such a glorious cause combine.

Scarce had she ended, when th' impatient knight
Vow'd to be foremost in so just a fight ;
As one whose soul detested cruel deeds : 85
And soon a new alarm his fancy breeds ;
He fears, lest, thither by ill fate betray'd,
That island crew had seiz'd the lovely maid
Whom late he fought ; and now his anxious mind
Resolves with speed the cruel realm to find. 90
Then, ere the sun descended to the deep,
He reach'd Saint Malo, and procur'd a ship.
The bellying canvas catch'd the driving blast,
And in the night Saint Michael's mount they pass :

Breco and Landriglier, behind they leave, 95
 And now by Brittany the billows cleave ;
 Then steer directly tow'rd the chalky shore
 Whence England once the name of Albion bore.
 But soon the southern breeze begins to fail,
 And adverse winds from west and north prevail: 100
 The sails are furl'd to shun the furious force,
 That drives the vessel from its destin'd course.
 Four days in vain they plough the foamy sea,
 In one they measure back their former way ;
 While from the land the careful pilot steers, 105
 Where secret shelves and dangerous rocks he fears.
 At length the wind that o'er the stormy main
 Four days had driv'n them, chang'd its course again;
 And let the shatter'd bark securely ride
 Where Antwerp's river seeks the briny tide. 110

Soon as the crew, reliev'd from care and toil,
 Had safely anchor'd on the friendly soil,
 Lo! from the right, before them, came in view
 An ancient fire with locks of silver hue,
 Who, first to each his courteous greeting paid, 115
 Bespoke Orlando whom he deem'd their head ;
 And, in his mistress' name, besought the knight,
 To glad her fellows with his welcome fight ;

Who not alone the prize of beauty held,
But all her kind in virtuous gifts excell'd : 120
Or, if he rather chose awhile to stay,
Herself would to his vessel take her way :
For never warrior yet, by tempests tost,
Or led by land to that unhappy coast,
Refus'd to hear the dame her tale relate, 125
And give her counsel in her woeful state.

The gallant chief, whose pitying aid to gain
Misfortune never su'd, and su'd in vain,
Consents to quit the vessel, and pursue
The sage's steps, till near a pile they drew 130
Of stately frame, but fill'd with mournful gloom,
Where funeral black was held in every room.
Orlando here beheld a damsel fair,
Whose looks and gesture spoke her deep despair :
With gentle welcome she receiv'd the knight, 135
Then thus began her sorrows to recite.

Know first, my lord, the hapless wretch you view
From Holland's earl her birth disastrous drew :
Two brothers did with me the blessing prove
Which children find in fond paternal love. 140
While thus domestic peace each hour endear'd,
The duke of Zealand at our court appear'd ;

Who

Who went a war against the Moors to wage,
 In flower of beauty and in blooming age :
 His person pleas'd, but more his passion gain'd, 145
 And soon my easy heart in fetters chain'd.
 While adverse winds forbade his purpos'd way,
 Our mutual love beguil'd his lingering stay :
 The time an age to his impatient crew,
 With me, alas ! how swift the moments flew ! 150
 And oft we vows exchang'd to join our hands,
 At his return, in solemn nuptial bands.

Scarce from our country was Bireno gone,
 (The name by which my faithful love was known)
 When Friza's king, who long with artful mind 155
 To wed me to his only son design'd,
 Arbantes nam'd, dispatch'd a courtly train
 My hand in marriage of my fire to gain :
 But I, who ne'er could change my constant love,
 Or so ungrateful to Bireno prove, 160
 Soon with my father all my power apply'd
 To set this fatal embassy aside :
 And said, I rather far would yield my life,
 Than e'er in Friza's realms be made a wife.
 My loving fire, who all I ask'd, approv'd, 165
 Who ne'er would view my breast with sorrow mov'd,
 To

To make me from my tears and plaints desist,
Without consent th' ambassadors dismiss'd.
At this with rage the king of Friza burn'd,
And all his haughty soul to vengeance turn'd. 170
Our lands he enter'd, and with carnage fill'd,
In which, alas! my kindred all were kill'd.
Besides his mighty strength, in arms beheld,
That few his vigour, in our age, excell'd;
He weapons us'd, to former times unknown; 175
And, in the present, us'd by him alone.
An iron tube he bore, whose womb enclos'd
A ball and nitrous grain, with art compos'd.
Now to a vent, scarce obvious to the fight,
Behind the barrel he directs a light: 180
A surgeon thus the lancet's point applies;
The fatal bullet from the concave flies,
With lightening flashes and with thunder's sound,
And scatters death and desolation round.

With this device our bands he twice o'erthrew 185
In open field, and both my brethren flew.
The elder first was doom'd the stroke to feel;
His heart transpierc'd through plates of jointed steel:
In vain the second strove from fate to fly;
He, like his brother, was condemn'd to die. 190

Sent from afar, the ball its force impress'd
 Full at his back and issu'd at his breast.
 One only castle to my fire remain'd,
 Each other part the cruel king had gain'd.
 This while he fought to guard with fruitless care, 195
 He fell the last sad victim of the war.
 The traitor mark'd him as he walk'd the round,
 And pierc'd his forehead with a mortal wound.
 My fire and brethren slaughter'd, I remain'd
 The hapless heirefs of my father's land. 200
 The king of Friza, who desir'd to gain
 A lasting footing in his new domain,
 On friendly terms propos'd the war to cease,
 And grant to me and mine a lasting peace,
 Would I consent to what I late deny'd, 205
 And yield to be his son Arbantes' bride.
 But this I still refus'd — my steadfast mind
 Detested justly him and all his kind.
 By him my fire and brethren's death I mourn'd,
 My country wasted and my cities burn'd. 210
 Still was I fix'd to shun the marriage bed,
 Till he return'd whom I had sworn to wed.
 To shake my stern resolves my people try,
 And every art of prayers and threats employ :

When

When all their prayers and threats they found in vain,
But saw me still my purpose firm maintain, 216
The terms with him agreed, themselves to save,
Me and the fort into his hands they gave.

The king receiv'd me mildly, and assur'd
My life and lands alike should rest secur'd, 220
Would I my stubborn purpose yet forsake,
And, for my spouse, his son Arbantes take.
Thus cruelly beset on every side,
I gladly would t' escape his power have dy'd.
Yet unreveng'd to die, had griev'd me more 225
Than all the sufferings I indur'd before :

But finding, when I every thought had weigh'd,
Dissembling could alone my purpose aid ;
To ask forgiveness of the past I feign'd,
And gave consent to take Arbantes' hand. 230

Two brethren in my father's court were bred
Of loyal heart and inventive head :
To these my thoughts disclos'd, they vow'd to join
Their mutual aid to second my design.

One, to secure my flight, a ship retain'd : 235
One, near my person, at the court remain'd.

While strangers now, and natives all were led
T' attend the nuptial rites, a rumour spread

That, in Biscaia rais'd, a naval power
 Bireno brought t' invade the Holland shore : 240
 For when in luckless fight our army fail'd,
 In which I first a brother's death bewail'd,
 With speed I sent to let my lover know
 The fatal inroad of our barbarous foe.
 Meanwhile the ruthless king his course pursu'd, 245
 Till all our realm his conquering arms subdu'd.
 Bireno, now, who heard not all was lost,
 Had loos'd his vessels from Biscaia's coast :
 These tidings to the king of Friza known,
 He left th' approaching nuptials to his son ; 250
 And sailing with his fleet, engag'd the duke,
 His ships destroy'd, and him a prisoner took.

Now had the youth my hand receiv'd, and led
 At night impatient to the nuptial bed.
 Soon as my faithful friend, who stood beside 255
 Conceal'd, the bridegroom drawing near espy'd,
 Behind him with an axe so fierce he struck,
 That life and speech at once the wretch forsook ;
 As sinks the slaughter'd ox besmear'd with gore,
 So fell Arbantes, born in luckless hour ! 260
 Spite of Cymosco, doom'd his end to find,
 So call the king, the basest of mankind !

By whom my fire and brethren found their fate,
Who now, t' ensure possession of my state,
Espous'd me to his son—some future day 265
To take perhaps my wretched life away.

My choicest treasures then secur'd, I flew
The hated place, and with my guide withdrew,
Whose trusty care my hasty steps convey'd
To where his brother with the vessel stay'd. 270
We court the winds, our oars divide the main,
Till Heaven decrees us safe this land to gain.
'Twere hard to tell which bore a greater part,
Or grief, or rage, in fell Cymosco's heart:
Grief for his hapless son depriv'd of breath, 275
Or rage against the author of his death.

He, with his joyful fleet, the land regain'd,
Elate with conquest, and Bireno chain'd.
He came prepar'd a nuptial feast to share,
And view'd his triumph chang'd to black despair.
Nor day, nor night he found a moment's rest, 281
Revenge and sorrow rankling in his breast:
But since the dead regard not all our grief,
And hate from vengeance only finds relief;
He murder'd those that friends to me were held, 285
Their wealth he seiz'd; or from the realm expell'd

The hapless train; a thousand schemes engage
His cruel thoughts on me to fate his rage.

The tyrant doubtless had Bireno slain,

The greatest woe he knew I could sustain: 290

But while he spar'd his life, he surely thought

He held a net by which I might be caught.

Before the youth he sets these terms severe:

His fate he respites for a single year.

But death denounces then with lingering pain, 295

Unless he first, by fraud or force, attain,

By any means, my person to secure,

And, sacrificing mine, his life ensure.

Whate'er I could, except myself, I gave,

Each art I try'd his dearest life to save. 300

Six castles have I since in Flanders fold,

And part employ'd in secret fums of gold

To bribe his guards; and part employ'd t' excite

German and English powers to do me right.

Whether my envoys us'd their charge but ill, 305

Or wanted means their purpose to fulfil,

Instead of succour, words I found alone,

Till with my riches all my hopes were flown.

And now the fatal time is nearly clos'd,

The period to Bireno's life propos'd, 310

When

When force or gold will come too late to save
My plighted consort from th' untimely grave.
For him my all is lost ;—and nought remains
But now to yield these hands to cruel chains !
Yet, ah ! could this redeem the youth I love, 315
My bosom dares the stern condition prove !
But when th' usurper has my person gain'd,
When I have all his vengeful wrath sustain'd,
I fear he ne'er will set Bireno free,
To owe his freedom and his life to me ; 320
That all I feel of slow-consuming pain
Unblest Bireno must endure again.
For this to you my fortune I unfold,
And thus with many a warrior counsel hold,
In hopes that some their succour may engage, 325
That when I'm yielded to the tyrant's rage,
He may not still in bonds my love detain,
Or, when I'm dead, command him to be slain.
But to this hour I ne'er have found a knight
Who durst the sacred faith of knighthood plight, 330
To guard me from the king Cymosco's power
Should he refuse Bireno to restore.
So much his fatal arms their courage quell'd,
Whose force no temper'd cuirass e'er repell'd.

Now, if your valour not unlike is seen 335
 To your fierce semblance and Herculean mien;
 Vouchsafe with me to seek the Holland strand,
 And there resign me to his hated hand:
 So shall I firmly on your aid rely,
 That, though I fall, my lover will not die. 340

The damsel here her mournful story clos'd,
 While oft her sighs and tears were interpos'd.
 Orlando then no time in speech affords,
 As one by nature little us'd to words;
 But instant vows, by generous pity fir'd, 345
 To grant that aid her helpless state requir'd;
 Nor means she shall, to save Bireno, go
 A willing prisoner to her cruel foe;
 But thinks them both to safety to restore,
 If still his sword retain its wonted power. 350

Ver. 341. — *her mournful story clos'd,*] A French story on this subject was published in 1584, called *Olympie*; and another in 1605, called *Les Amours d'Olympie e de Birene*.

Ver. 344. — *little us'd to words;*] Orlando is painted in the same manner in the *Innamorato*, ever ready to succour the distressed, but sparing of professions.

Now

Now tow'rds the port they bend their eager way,
The prosperous winds their vessel swift convey:
Orlando hastened, whose impatient mind,
To seek Ebuda's island had design'd.

Now here, now there, the pilot shifts the sails, 355
And cuts the deep before the driving gales.

The isles of Zealand soon appear'd in view,
Some sunk behind, as others nearer drew.

The third auspicious morn the coast they gain'd:
The champion landed, but the dame remain'd: 360

Orlando will'd her, ere she trod the shore,
To hear her foe Cymosco was no more.

Himself descends the deck with ready speed,
And sheath'd in armour, mounts a dappled steed,
In Flanders nourish'd, and of Danish race, 365
More strong and bold than active in the chace:

For when to cross the stream the bark he took,
In Britanny his courser he forsook;

The gallant Brigliadoro, who for fame,
Alone was equall'd by Bayardo's name. 870

Orlando soon the guarded fortress view'd,
Where ready arm'd the hostile squadron stood
T' oppose invading force: for fame declar'd,
A kinsman to th' imprison'd lord prepar'd

From

From Zealand with a fleet and numerous host, 375
To make a bold incursion on the coast.

Orlando, fearless, one of these requir'd
To tell the king, a wandering knight desir'd
With sword or pointed spear to prove his might,
On these conditions to commence the fight: 380
The king, if he the challenger o'erthrew,
Should have the lady that Arbantes slew:
But on the other part the king should swear,
That if himself were vanquish'd in the war,
He would Bireno from his chains release, 385
And give the youth to leave the realm in peace.

The soldier swift the bold defiance bore:
But he, who ne'er was train'd to virtuous lore,
Whose churlish soul no courteous deeds could bind,
To fraudulent arts apply'd his treacherous mind, 390
In hopes, if first his arms the knight detain,
The hated damsel in his power to gain.

Now from the gate he sends a chosen force
That wheeling round the plain with silent course,
Cut off the foe's retreat; while vainly there 395
Orlando waits to wage an equal war.
The king deludes him still with fraudulent lies,
Till he the foot and cavalry espies

Rang'd

Rang'd at the destin'd place; and then in view
Himself with others from the portal drew. 400

As crafty fishers in Volana's tide
Surround the fish with nets on every side;
Thus all his guile to seize alive the knight,
With care providing to prevent his flight,
Cymosco proves; and thinks the deed to find 405
So certain, that he leaves his tube behind.

Nor would he now those thundering arms employ,
Where here he meant t' imprison, not destroy.
So cautious fowlers, bent on greater gain,
Preserve the birds that first their arts detain, 410
Whose sportive play and songs may lure from far
Their thoughtless fellows to the fatal snare.
But little here his treacherous schemes avail'd;
Against Orlando every treason fail'd.

The knight of Anglant now has couch'd his spear
Where closely prest the men and arms appear: 416
First one, and then another, helpless dies;
Through six at once the lance impetuous flies,
And in the seventh inflicts so deep a wound,
That prone he tumbles lifeless to the ground. 420

Ver. 401.—*Volana's tide*] Volana, a town situated on the Po, near Primaio and Volano, two branches of that river. See Note to B. iii. ver. 295.

Thus by some standing pool or marshy place,
 We see an archer slay the croaking race
 With pointed arrow, nor the slaughter leave
 Till the full weapon can no more receive.

Orlando now his broken spear forfakes, 425
 Grasped in his hand his fatal sword he takes.
 That sword, which never yet in vain he drew,
 Whene'er it fell, a foot or horseman flew :
 At every blow he aims, the streaming blood
 Stains their gay armour with a crimson flood. 430
 Cymosco wishes now his tube and fire,
 Where present dangers most their aid require ;
 He bids them strait be brought ; but bids in vain,
 Who once a shelter in the walls can gain,
 Returns no more : when thus their fears he view'd,
 The king, with equal fear, their steps pursu'd : 436
 Swift through the gate he bent his eager flight,
 And bade the bridge be rais'd t' oppose the knight ;
 But close behind, the knight with equal haste
 Had gain'd the bridge and through the portal pass'd.
 First of the troops the king impels his speed, 441
 Blest in th' excelling swiftness of his steed.
 Orlando heeded not th' ignoble crowd,
 His vengeance only on the traitor vow'd ;

But

But now the chafe his horse so slowly plies, 445
One scarcely seems to move, while t'other flies.
Cymosco now is vanish'd from the view,
Yet soon, with different arms, returns anew ;
With dreaded engine to resume the fight,
And lies in secret ambush for the knight. 450
The huntsman thus with dogs and sylvan war
Expects the boar descending from afar,
Whose rage upturns the soil, the trees destroys,
While all the wood rebellows to the noise !

Soon as the king the warrior near espies, 455
He fires the tube, and swift the bullet flies :
At once the lightening flashes, shakes the ground,
The trembling bulwarks echo to the sound.
The pest, that never spends in vain its force,
But shatters all that dares oppose its course, 460
Whizzing impetuous flies along the wind,
Yet miss'd the fatal mark the wretch design'd :
Whether his eagerness or ~~his~~ haste conspir'd,
To make him fail where he so much desir'd ;
Or whether, inly prest with panic fear, 465
His trembling heart had caus'd his hand to err ;
Or whether Heaven's high will might so ordain,
That ^{his} ~~his~~ lov'd champion should not thus be slain ;

Beneath the knight the ball resistless flew,
And, through the belly pierc'd, the courser flew. 470
Both horse and horseman fell with clashing sound;
One press'd, the other scarcely touch'd the ground;
As once Antæus, on the Lybian strand,
More fierce recover'd when he reach'd the sand:
So seem'd to rise again with added might, 475
Soon as he felt the earth, the Christian knight.
Whoe'er has seen the winged lightening fly
By Jove in thunder brandish'd from the sky,
And penetrate some secret cavern, stor'd
With nitrous powder and a sulphurous hoard, 480
At once inflam'd, with vast explosion driven,
The ruin seems to mingle earth and heaven;
The bursting fires the walls and buildings rend,
And to the stars the shatter'd stones ascend!
Resistless thus th' indignant chief appear'd, 485
When from the plain his mighty limbs he rear'd;
And with such rage to instant vengeance flew,
That Mars had trembled at the dreadful view.
The Frizeland monarch, struck with pale affright,
Wheel'd round his horse to urge his eager flight:
With rapid speed his feet Orlando plies; 491
Less swift an arrow from the bowstring flies!

And where before his tardy courser fail'd,
 (Wondrous to see !) his lighter feet prevail'd.
 Full soon th' impatient knight o'ertook the foe, 495
 Then at his helmet aim'd a deadly blow :

Deep

Ver. 494.—*his lighter feet prevail'd.*] As bold as this hyperbole may appear in Ariosto, instances may be found equally strong in the poets. Aruns, in Virgil, terrified at the slaughter made by Camilla in the Trojan army, in order to escape, craftily urges her to alight from her horse to engage him on foot : Aruns then claps spurs to his horse, and flies with all speed from the battle : but the virgin, though on foot, soon outstrips him, and kills him in the same manner as is here related of Orlando and Cymosco :

He, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
 (At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)
 Cries out aloud—What courage have you shown,
 Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own ?
 Forego the vantage of your horse, alight
 And then on equal terms begin the fight :
 It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
 When foot to foot you combat with a man.
 He said : she glows with anger and disdain,
 Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain ;
 And leaves her horse at large among her train ;
 With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
 And marching lifts aloft her maiden shield :
 The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
 Reins round his horse and urges all his speed,

Adds

Deep in his head the sword a passage found,
And sent the lifeless body to the ground.

Within the city now was heard afar
A different clamour and alarm of war: 500
Bireno's kinsman, who had gain'd the coast,
And found the guards deserted from their post,
The portal enter'd with his eager band,
And scour'd the city round on every hand:
While none attempt his purpose to molest, 505
Such dread Orlando on their minds impress'd:
Nor less the Holland troops confess their fear,
Unconscious whence or why these foes appear:
But when they noted, by their speech and dress,
These came from Zealand's isle, they su'd for peace;

Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
Vain fool, and coward! (said the lofty maid)
Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid:
On others practise thy Ligurian arts:
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head;
Then, turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grovelling on the plain.

DRYDEN, *Æn.* B. xi. ver. 1038.

And

And proffer'd to the chief their willing aid 511

'Gainst those who had their lord in prison laid.

This people ever to the Frizeland power,

And to their king a settled hatred bore ;

Urg'd by his avarice, cruelty, and pride, 515

By whom their lov'd, their hapless sovereign died.

Orlando, friend to either, interpos'd ;

And soon in lasting peace the parties clos'd ;

Thus join'd, they then their common foes pursue,

And all of Friza prisoners made or flew. 520

The prison gates they from their hinges broke,

And threw to earth : Bireno now forsook

His dreary cell ; and gave, for life restor'd,

His grateful praises to Anglante's lord.

Then, with a numerous train, he sought the strand

Where fair Olympia in the ship remain'd : 526

So was the virgin nam'd, whose rightful sway

The Holland realms should by descent obey.

The people honour her with duteous zeal ;

What fond endearments pass'd, were long to tell ; 530

How oft with joy the tender pair caress'd ;

Or to the valiant earl their thanks express'd.

Her subjects then, their vow'd allegiance paid,

To her paternal seat restor'd the maid ;

While she consign'd to love Bireno's hand 535
 Herself, her people, and recover'd land.
 He, other thoughts revolving in his mind,
 The earldom to his cousin's care resign'd.
 To Zealand thence he purpos'd to remove
 With her, the dearest object of his love; 540
 To tempt his fortune next in Friza's land,
 For which he held a precious pledge in hand,
 A daughter to the king deceas'd, whom there
 A captive found, he took beneath his care,
 And to his brother meant to wed the blooming fair. }

The Roman warrior now the place forfook, 546
 The day Bireno he from prison took :
 But nothing would the champion bear away,
 From all the spoils of that victorious day,
 Save that device, whose unresisted force 550
 Resembled thunder in its rapid course.
 Yet not for his defence the gallant knight
 E'er meant t' avail him of such arms in fight :
 His generous soul th' ignoble thought disdain'd,
 To seek the field, with such an aid sustain'd; 555
 For different purpose thence the prize he bore,
 The powder, balls, and all the deathful store ;

Ver. 546. *The Roman warrior* —] Orlando called by Pulci
 and Boyardo, *Il senator Romano, il cavalier Romano*: the Roman
 senator, the Roman knight.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd the murdering engine to remove,
 Where man might never more its fury prove.
 Soon as he saw the ship forsake the coast, 560
 When to the fight the lessening land was lost;
 When nought appear'd but waves on every side;
 He held it in his hand, and thus he cry'd:
 That ne'er again a knight by thee may dare,
 Or dastard cowards, by thy help in war, 565
 With vantage base, assault a nobler foe,
 Here lie for ever in th' abyss below!
 O! curst device! base implement of death!
 Fram'd in the black Tartarean realms beneath!
 By Beelzebub's malicious art design'd 570
 To ruin all the race of human-kind;

Hence,

Ver. 568. *O! curst device!* —] Mr. Mickle observes very well on this passage. "Orlando, having taken the first invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the sea with the most heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no disgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides and enchanted armour." Note to xth Lusiad.

On this subject see further note to Book xi. ver. 170. of this translation.

Ver. 570. *By Beelzebub's malicious art* —] Thus Milton imputes the invention of artillery to the devil.

See PARADISE LOST, B. vi.

Hence, to thy native seat!—He said, and gave
The ponderous engine to the greedy wave.

Now the swift winds the swelling sails extend
And to the cruel isle their course they bend. 575

So burns the knight impatient to explore
The fatal prisons of Ebuda's shore,
For her, whose charms above the world he priz'd,
For whom he every joy of life despis'd!
He fears to touch Hibernia in his way, 580
Lest some adventure should prolong his stay:
Nor England then, nor Ireland's coast he makes,
Nor any respite in his voyage takes.

But let him go, with Love his blindfold guide,
Whose arrows in his bleeding heart are dy'd. 585
Of him no further here the muse proceeds,
But now our steps again to Holland leads:
For 'twould displease us to be absent thence,
When festive mirth and sport their joys dispense.

Though the bright pomp that riches can display
Was us'd to celebrate the nuptial day, 591

It is very extraordinary that Mr. Addison, in his observations on *Paradise Lost*, should take no notice, that Milton apparently took the hint of his artillery among the devils from Ariosto; but the truth I believe is, that Italian literature was then little attended to.

With

With more magnificence the Zealand race
Prepar'd the union of their lord to grace.
Yet all in vain such thoughts their mind employ,
A sudden change must damp each promis'd joy! 595
Which in th' ensuing book shall next appear;
If you th' ensuing book vouchsafe to hear.

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

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THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO

THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the story of Olympia. Rogero travels towards the country of Logistilla, and arrives safely at her castle, Alcina in vain endeavouring to oppose him. Description of the beauties of the habitation of Logistilla. The departure of Rogero and Astolpho, the former of whom returns with the griffin-horse to Europe; in his flight, he visits England, where he is present at a review of the forces that had been raised to assist Charlemain. He then passes near the island of Ebuda, where he sees Angelica bound to a rock, ready to be devoured by the sea-monster.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AMONG the faithful hearts whose constant
love

Nor time can change, nor fortune's frowns remove,
Olympia fair may boast the brightest name:

Or should another equal merit claim,

Yet past nor present days e'er set to view, 5

A flame more tender and a breast more true.

What stronger tokens could Bireno find

To speak the firmness of a lover's mind?

Whose faith untainted, for its just reward,

Requir'd his gratitude and sole regard. 10

No other dame should lure him from her arms, }

Not she, whose face fill'd Asia with alarms; }

Or one, could one be found, of more exalted charms, }

Ver. 12. *Not she, whose face—*] The celebrated Helen, wife to
Menelaus king of Sparta.

Far rather let him quit his life and fame,
And every good that bears the dearest name. 15
But if Bireno, faithful to the maid,
With equal warmth her matchless truth repay'd ;
If, join'd with her, he stemm'd the constant tide,
Nor ever turn'd his changing sails aside,
Soon shall we tell ; and when the truth you know, 20
Rage shall contract the lip and bend the brow.
Who, gentle virgins ! will again receive
The words of lovers, or their oaths believe !
The youth, who pants to gain the amorous prize,
Forgets that Heaven with all-discerning eyes 25
Surveys the secret heart ; and when desire
Has, in possession, quench'd its short-liv'd fire,
The devious winds aside each promise bear,
And scatter all his solemn vows in air !
Warn'd by the muse's voice, with cautious ear, 30
The well-feign'd complaints and seeming sorrows hear !
Reflect, ye gentle dames ! that much they know,
Who gain experience from another's woe.
Ah ! fly the dangerous train, whose looks disclose
The flowery bloom that early youth bestows ; 35
Where each warm passion bursts with sudden blaze,
Which soon again, like stubble fir'd, decays.

As

As on the hill or plain, the hunter's race
The trembling hare, in every season, chace ;
But view, when taken, with a cold survey, 40
And only seek with joy the flying prey :
So while you shun their love, the youthful crew
Attend your every glance, with ardour sue,
To gain your smiles—but when your smiles they gain,
Lost are the trophies of your boasted reign! 45
From your high state to abject slaves debas'd,
While on another's charms their wavering hearts are
plac'd !

Yet think not that my verse forbids to love,
Such thoughts far distant from your bard remove !
The lonely maid is like the vine, that knows 50
No friendly elm with tendrils to enclose,
But creeps neglected—yet, ye virgin-fair,
The down of young inconstancy beware ;
Let not th' unripen'd fruits your care engage,
Nor gather those too far matur'd with age. 55

Bireno, as my tale before explain'd,
Cymosco's daughter in his power detain'd,
Whom, in his secret soul, he first design'd
In marriage with his brother to be join'd.

But soon new passions in his bosom rise, 60
He views, and envies him so rich a prize;
Nor thinks another should by him obtain
That treasure, which himself aspires to gain.

Scarce fourteen summers had the virgin seen,
Sweet were her looks, her gesture and her mien. 65
So infant roses from the bud display
Their opening beauties to the genial ray.

When first he view'd her lovely features spread
With pious tears to 'wail a father dead,
What sudden warmth possess'd his beating heart! 70
Not half so swift the flames their rage impart,
Where hostile force, or envious hands conspire,
To give the ripen'd corn to wasting fire!
Sate with love and cloy'd with full delight,
Olympia now was hateful in his sight: 75
But yet so far he veil'd his guileful thought,
Till time his purpos'd scheme to action brought,
He seem'd for fair Olympia still to prove
A tender truth that answer'd all her love!
Or if, perchance by sudden impulse sway'd, 80
Unguarded he caress'd the Frizeland maid,
None censur'd what they saw, but each inclin'd
T' ascribe it to a good and pious mind.

To

To every generous deed our praise we owe,
To raise the wretch whom fortune whirls below ; 85
To soothe the anguish of a heart distress'd ;
Much more an orphan with her woes oppress'd,

O! gracious Heaven! how oft do clouds abuse
Weak mortals' eyes, and bound their partial views!
Bireno's foul and impious deeds appear 90
The pious tokens of a soul sincere.

Now seize the ready mariners their oars,
And, launching in the waves, forsake the shores;
With joyful strokes they cleave the briny main
To bear along Bireno and his train. 95

Behind they leave low Holland's marshy coast,
Which quickly to the flying fight is lost:
To shun the Frizeland realm aside they steer,
While nearer Scotland to the left they veer.
At length o'ertaken by a devious blast, 100
Three days uncertain, o'er the billows cast,
The third they saw, as near the evening drew,
A wild and desert isle arise to view.

Soon as the vessel to a creek they bore,
Bireno with Olympia went on shore: 105
Beneath a tent the slaves their cates prepar'd,
The unsuspecting dame the banquet shar'd,

Then

Then to the couch, for gentle slumber drest,
 Contented, with her lord retir'd to rest ;
 While to their bark the weary crew retreat, 110
 And, sunk in sleep, their former toils forget.

In sweet oblivion lost, Olympia lay,
 Tir'd with the labours of the watery way :
 In her calm breast no irksome fears arose ;
 Such fears as once had banished her repose. 115
 Herself she view'd in safety on the shore,
 'Midst the deep silence of the midnight hour,
 Her lover at her side : but slumber fled
 His eyes, whose waking thoughts deep treason bred.
 Soon as he sees her wrapt in sleep, he takes 120
 With speed his vesture, and the bed forsakes ;
 Then, as if borne along the wings of wind,
 Flies to the ship, and leaves the tent behind :
 Silent he wakes his mates, and gives command
 To launch into the deep and quit the land. 125

Unblest Olympia on the shore remain'd,
 Whom long the pleasing bands of sleep restrain'd,

Ver. 120. *Soon as he sees her wrapt in sleep,—*] The reader will see that this whole passage, where Bireno forsakes Olympia, is copied from the story of Theseus and Ariadne.

See OVID's Epistles, Ariadne to Theseus.

Till

Till from her golden wheels Aurora threw,
 On verdant meads, the drops of sparkling dew;
 And on the margin of the wavy flood, 130
 Alcyone her ancient complaints renew'd:
 When now, nor scarce asleep, nor yet awake,
 She thought Bireno in her arms to take:
 Her touch deceiv'd; again she backward drew;
 Then fondly stretch'd her longing arms anew. 135
 At length, dispell'd by fear, her slumber fled;
 She looks, and looking sees the abandon'd bed.
 Her griefs encreasing as her fears augment,
 She quits the couch and issues from the tent.
 While to the sea she runs with headlong pace, 140
 And finds, alas! too certain her disgrace.

Ver. 128. *Till from her golden wheels—*] Thus Ovid:

Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terrâ pruina
 Spargitur, et tectæ fronde querunter aves.

Now earth first glitters with the morning dew,
 And birds, in bowery shades, their complaints renew.

Ver. 132. *When now, nor scarce asleep,—*] Ovid exactly:

Incertum vigilans, a somno languida, movi,
 Thesea prenfuras femifupina manus.

Nullus erat: referoque manus, iterumque retento,
 Perque torum moveo brachia: nullus erat.

See the whole Epistle.

She

She beats her breast and face, her hair she rends,
 While on the shore her frightened look she bends.
 The favouring moon her trembling beam supplies,
 Yet nought but sea and desert land she spies; 145
 She calls Bireno's name; the caves around
 With pity to Bireno's name resound!

A rock beside the ocean's limits stood,
 That, worn by surges, belly'd o'er the flood:
 To the high summit swift Olympia flew, 150
 Such added vigour from despair she drew:
 Thence from afar beheld the parting sails
 Of false Bireno drive before the gales:
 She saw, or seem'd to see: for yet the light
 Could scarce dispel the fullen shades of night. 155
 Trembling she falls: a chilly sweat invades
 Her alter'd visage, and her colour fades.
 But, when recover'd, with her fruitless cries
 She calls the vessel, while the vessel flies;
 And where her lips refuse their accents weak, 160
 Her clasping hands and frantic gestures speak.

O whither fly'st thou! treacherous and unkind!
 Thy bark has left her dearest freight behind!
 Return—return—and since thou bar'st away
 My better part; O! take this lifeless clay. 165

While

While thus she spoke, her garments in her hand
She wav'd, to lure the vessel back to land.

But the same winds that through the billows bear
His swelling sails, disperse her plaints in air.

Thrice, cruel to herself, she thought to throw 170
Her wretched body in the seas below.

At length she ceas'd to view the shores in vain,
And fought, with feeble steps, the tent again.

Her face reclining on the conscious bed,
She pour'd a show'r of plenteous tears, and said:

Last night in thee, alas! two lovers lay; 176
Why did not two together rise to-day!

Forsworn Bireno! fatal was the birth,
That gave accurst Olympia to the earth!

Where shall I turn!—no human forms appear, 180
No marks of human industry are here!

From pining hunger must I find my doom,
Where none shall lay me in the silent tomb;

But savage wolves, that howl in every cave,
Shall in their wombs afford a dreadful grave! 185

Now, now, methinks, so swift is fear, I view
Yon dreary shades send forth their murderous crew:

Bears, lions, tigers, beasts that nature arms
With sharpen'd teeth and claws for human harms.

But ah ! what death so dire can these bestow, 190
As thou, ungrateful author of my woe !
These will but once my wretched carcase tear,
By thee, alas ! a thousand deaths I bear.
What if some pilot, wandering o'er the deep,
Should take me hence in safety to his ship ; 195
That thus the lions, bears, and wolves I 'scape,
Or want, and death in every horrid shape ;
Shall I to Holland fly, where thy command
Defends the harbour, and forbids to land ?
How shall I seek again my natal shore, 200
When thou, by fraud, hast made it mine no more ?
How ready did thy troops their post maintain,
To take possession of their new-found reign !
Shall I to Flanders turn ? for thee, the rest
I sold, the little that I there possess'd : 205
All was employ'd, ingrate ! to set thee free—
What clime will now receive unhappy me !
Shall I the realm of Friza seek to gain,
Where once for thee I scorn'd a queen to reign,
And hence my brethren and my fire were slain ? 210
But wherefore should I seek my deeds to tell,
Or paint th' affection thou hast known so well !
Then claims a love like mine no more regard,
Is this, unjust Bireno, my reward !

Perhaps

Perhaps some pirate, that infests the wave, 215

May seize and snatch me hence a helpless slave :

Ah ! rather, come each roaring savage here !

Let dreadful lions, tigers, wolves appear ;

With rending claws this panting body tear,

And to their den my limbs dismember'd bear ! 220

While thus she spoke, her furious hands she spread,

And rent the golden tresses from her head :

Again she fought the beach in wild despair,

Loose to the breezes flow'd her scatter'd hair.

With more than mortal rage she seem'd possess'd, 225

As if some demon struggled in her breast :

Like Hecuba, when on the Thracian shore

Breathless she view'd her murder'd Polydore ;

Till, seated on a rock, in doleful mood

She seem'd a statue hanging o'er the flood. 230

But let her for awhile her sorrows mourn,

Now to Rogero must the story turn ;

Who midst the burning of meridian day

Along the sands pursu'd his weary way.

On his bright arms the sun its beams impress'd, 235

And his hot cuirass glow'd upon his breast.

Ver. 231. *But let her for awhile* —] He returns to Olympia
in the next book, ver. 216.

While thus beside the ocean fled the knight,
Fatigue and thirst companions of his flight;
Beneath the shadow of an ancient tower,
He saw three damsels landed on the shore, 240
Whom, by their vestments and their outward port,
He knew belong'd to false Alcina's court.
On Alexandrian carpets vases plac'd,
With wines and costly cates allur'd the taste.
Their bark attending at the strand was ty'd, 245
Where the calm waters gently lav'd its side,
In expectation till the sleeping gales
Should rise again to fill the flagging sails.

When near Rogero drew, whose lips appear'd
All parch'd with thirst, his face with dust be-
smear'd, 250
With courteous mien the dames address'd the knight,
And begg'd him from his courser to alight,
With them awhile in sweet retirement laid,
To rest his weary limbs beneath the shade.

And now prepar'd a smiling damsel stands 255
To hold his stirrup with officious hands;
Another lifts on high the sparkling bowl,
And with a fiercer thirst inflames his soul.
But he, who knew the time forbade delay,
Regardless of their wiles, still held his way. 260

Not with such fury, touch'd by sudden fire,
 From nitrous salt or sulphur, flames expire;
 Not with such rage the foamy waves ascend,
 When o'er the deep tempestuous clouds extend;
 As one amidst the damsel train, with spite, 265
 And vow'd revenge, pursu'd the warrior's flight.

Thou art not (loud exclaiming thus she cry'd)
 A knight, nor yet to gentle blood ally'd!
 The arms thou wear'st, thy theft alone could gain;
 Thy theft alone that generous steed obtain: 270
 Soon shall I see thee yield thy dastard breath
 By caitiff hands and by a shameful death!
 Thy worthless ashes scatter'd to the wind,
 Ingrate and proud! the scandal of thy kind!

These words and more, from passions swelling high,
 Rogero heard, but deign'd not to reply: 276
 Then, with her sisters, where their vessel lay,
 She went on board, and through the watery way

Ver. 277. *Then, with her sisters,—*] “ By these three damsels are figured the allurements and flatteries of the world; and by Rogero, who refuses to comply with their invitation, a wise man, who adheres to the path of virtue: the ill language given to Rogero is the abuse thrown out by the vulgar on those who despise common pleasures: the pilot, that takes him on board, denotes perfect judgment.”

VALVASORI PORCACCHI.

Urg'd all her speed, and hastening every oar,
Pursu'd his course along the winding shore ; 280
While her foul lips, accusom'd well to rail,
With every keen reproach his ears assail.

Now view'd Rogero, with a glad survey,
Where 'cross the narrow seas his passage lay
To Logistilla ; whence he soon espy'd 285
An ancient fire, that from the adverse side
Unmoor'd his bark : the knight's approach he knew,
And gladly waited till he came in view.

Soon as he saw him pacing o'er the sand,
He came prepar'd to waft him from the land. 290
A man might in the pilot's features find,
The traces of a just, benignant mind.

With thanks to Heaven the bark Rogero takes,
And issuing to the sea the strand forsakes ;
Still as he pass'd discoursing with the sage 295
By long experience taught and wise with age.

The pilot much extoll'd the youthful knight
Who timely from Alcina took his flight,
T' escape her snares ; and now with purer thought
The virtuous domes of Logistilla sought ; 300
Whose everlasting joys such sweets dispense,
As feed the soul, yet never cloy the sense.

Where

Where she (he cry'd) can once her power impart,
With reverential awe she fills the heart :
Till by her beauties fir'd, the purer mind 305
Casts every abject pleasure far behind !
Reverse from earthly love her love appears,
That fills the breast with anxious hopes and fears ;
In this, desire can claim no greater store,
It views, is happy, and can ask no more ! 310
She will to nobler feats your thoughts advance,
Than singing, bathing, tilting, and the dance ;
Teach how th' expanded soul can mount on high,
Beyond the cloudy vapours of the sky ;
And how on earth the mortal part may prove 315
A taste of peace that crowns the blest above.

Thus speaking, through the flood the pilot steer'd,
While distant yet the safer shore appear'd :
When lo ! a numerous sail of ships they 'spy'd,
That with spread canvas skimm'd along the tide. 320
With these Alcina came ; and with her drew,
Fir'd with her past affront, a powerful crew ;
Resolv'd t' expose her person and her reign,
Her lately ravish'd treasure to regain.
Though love not slightly urg'd her secret heart, 325
Yet indignation bore an equal part :

Their dashing oars so swift the seamen ply ;
 To either land the frothy waters fly :
 Refound the seas ; refounds each crooked shore,
 And echo, from her caves, returns the roar. 330

Now, now, thy magic shield, Rogero, show,
 Or yield thy life, or freedom to the foe!

Thus Logistilla's pilot eager cry'd,
 And, at the word, he threw the veil aside,
 Reveal'd the dazzling light, whose beams expos'd
 In darkness every hostile eye-lid clos'd : 336
 Some headlong quit the prow ; while others fall
 From the high poop : one sleep o'erwhelms them all!

A centinel, that on the watch-tower stood,
 Beheld Alcina's vessels in the flood : 340
 The bell then gave th' alarm—a warrior band
 Pour'd from the fort and crowded all the strand ;
 Th' artillery from the walls its rage employ'd,
 Which, like a storm, Rogero's foes annoy'd ;
 And thus from every part assistance came, 345
 To save his life, his liberty and fame.

Ver. 343. *Th' artillery*—] It appears doubtful what the poet here means by artillery ; some commentators explain it to be the machines used by the ancients for throwing great stones.

Of

Of beauteous form, four virgins trod the shore,
 Whom Logistilla timely sent before;
 Fair Andronica, first in valour plac'd,
 The wise Phronesia, and Dicilla chaste, 350
 With pure Sophrosyne, who ever press'd
 In sacred virtues cause above the rest.
 Beneath the castle, in the sheltering bay,
 A numerous fleet of mighty vessels lay:
 At every signal given by day or night, 355
 Prepar'd to sail and ready mann'd for fight.
 Thus either force once more to combat drew,
 And both by land and sea the war renew;
 By which the kingdom was again restor'd
 Which once Alcina conquer'd by the sword. 360
 What various chances in the field are try'd,
 And who the fate of battles can decide!
 Alcina anxious to prevent his flight,
 Not only lost her lover and her knight,
 But from that fleet, whose countless sails display'd,
 Cast o'er the subject seas a dreadful shade, 366

Ver. 347.—*four virgins*—] “Andronica represents Fortitude;
 Phronesia, Prudence; Sophrosyne, Temperance; and Dicilla,
 Justice: these are the four virtues that deliver men from the hands
 of Alcina or Vice.”

DOLCE.

While

While on the rest the flames resistless fed,
Scarce with one bark, alone, escaping fled.

Thus fled Alcina, while her bands were slain,
Enslav'd, or burnt, or whelm'd beneath the main. 370
But for Rogero most her plaints she pour'd,
His loss, o'er every woe, her soul deplor'd.
For this, each night, each day she breath'd her sighs,
For this the sorrows trickled from her eyes;
While oft reflection added to her grief, 375
That death refus'd to yield her pains relief.
No fairy's life the hand of fate restrains,
While Phœbus shifts his place or Heaven remains;
Else Clotho sure a welcome aid had sped,
And parted with the shears her fatal thread: 380
Her own right hand had rais'd the sword, t' expel
Her sufferings, as Phœnician Dido fell:
Or like the queen of Nilus, had she prov'd
The poisonous asp, and every care remov'd!

Ver. 379.—*Clotho*.—] One of the *Parcæ*, or three fatal sisters, whose office was to preside over the thread of life; their names were *Clotho*, *Lachesis* and *Atropos*. *Clotho* held the distaff; *Lachesis* wound off the wool; and *Atropos* cut the thread; but Ariosto has ascribed this task to *Clotho*.

Ver. 383.—*the queen of Nilus*.—] Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.

* *Clotho solym retinet, Lachesis nec at Atropos occidit.* But

But let us leave Alcina in her pain, 385
And to renown'd Rogero turn the strain,
Who, disembarking, trod the friendly shore
With grateful thanks to Heaven's protecting power,
And with impatient steps his way pursu'd
To where the fairy's stately palace stood. 390
For strength or show no place with this could vie,
But the bright mansions of th' eternal sky.
Thick set with stones that dart their mingled rays,
The walls, with more than mortal lustre, blaze!
Not so the diamond shifts its trembling beam; 395
Not so the ruby flames with ruddy gleam.
On these immortal gems who turns his eyes,
Beholds the mind in all her colours rise;
Each fault, each virtue views; nor flattery's dress
Can bind his soul, nor envy's tongue depress. 400
And he, O Phœbus! who can these display,
Without thy aid, creates another day:
'Twere hard to tell which claim'd the nobler part,
The rich materials, or the forming art!
Here rais'd aloft, on sumptuous arches high, 405
That seem'd the vast supporters of the sky,

Ver. 385. *But let us leave Alcina—*] Alcina appears no more
in the course of this work.

Were

Were spacious gardens, which for beauteous show
Might vanquish others stretch'd on plains below.
Amidst the shining battlements were seen
The trees, of odorous scent, with branches green,
Where the fruit ripens, and the blossom blows, 411
Through every season that the sun bestows.
No plants like these in earthly soils arise,
Nor autumn there such grateful shade supplies;
Like these no violets or lilies bloom, 415
No roses breathe like these a rich perfume;
Not such the mortal amaranthine bowers,
Or fragrant jessamine, where short-liv'd flowers
Shrunk with each blast, with every heat decay'd,
Ere yet they flourish, droop their heads and fade: 420
But here perpetual verdure clothes the ground,
And with perpetual sweets the flowers are crown'd.
Not that benignant Nature so ordains,
Or with a kindlier power their life sustains,
But Logistilla, by her skilful care, 425
Without the help of suns or genial air,
What to a vulgar thought may strange appear,
Maintains eternal spring throughout the year.
—The fairy-dame her pleasure testify'd
To see with her so brave a knight reside: 430
While

While every one by her example strove
To show the warrior greater marks of love.
Aftolpho, who ere this her palace gain'd,
With friendly looks Rogero entertain'd ;
Soon came the rest, who, in a happy hour, 435
Regain'd their shapes by sage Meliffa's power.

Rogero and Aftolpho now address
The dame with grateful thanks, and humbly press
Their fair dismissal thence : Meliffa joins
The just request, and seconds their designs. 440

To whom the fairy courteously reply'd,
She would for either warrior's way provide.

Then with herself she secret counsel took
How best t' assist Rogero and the duke ;
At length resolv'd the horse that soar'd in air, 445
To Aquitanian shores the first should bear.
She now prepar'd a bit, with curbing rein,
To rule the courser and his speed restrain ;
This done, with care she next instructs the knight
To bid him rise or lower in his flight ; 450
To urge his swifter pace, or in a ring
To make him wheel, or hang upon the wing :
Till as the experienc'd horseman rules the horse,
And o'er the plains below directs his course,

With

With equal ease the warrior soon bestrides, 455
And through the fields of air the courser guides.

Then brave Rogero hasten'd to depart,
But first his leave he took with grateful heart,
And flying, left her pleasing seats behind,
Her goodness ever treasur'd in his mind. 460

Now let us follow his adventurous flight,
And after tell how England's noble knight,
With greater length of time and heavier pain,
Return'd to Gallia's court and Charlemain.

A different way the champion meant to soar 465
Than that which late compell'd he pass'd before,
When the fierce griffin whirl'd him first away,
While lands and pathless seas beneath him lay.
In his first flight he left the Spanish strands,
And pass'd direct to India's distant lands ; 470
To India's lands where swells the Eastern main,
Where the two fairies held divided reign ;
But now would visit other climes than those
Where blustering Eolus for ever blows ;

Ver. 474. *Where blustering Eolus for ever blows ;*] Rogero, in his first flight, had passed over the vast Atlantic ocean, where Eolus is said to blow continually, as the sea is supposed to be more particularly under the dominion of the winds.

Nor

Nor thinks his purpos'd journey to conclude, 475
Till, like the fun, he round the earth has view'd.

O'er spacious Quinsai he directs his way,
Thence viewing Mongiana and Cathay;
And now o'er Imaüs his flight he takes,
Then Sericana to the left forsakes : 480
Still more declining from the Scythian cold,
To where th' Hircanian sea his billows roll'd ;
At length Salmatia's ample realm he found,
And, leaving Asia, enter'd Europe's bound ;
There, stretch'd beneath his eyes in wide survey, 485
Ruffia, Prutenia, and Pomeria lay.

Though Bradamant with love Rogero fir'd,
Though every hope to see the maid conspir'd ;
Yet could he not the pleasure now restrain
To journey thus o'er cities, land, and main, 490
But he to Poland and Hungaria flew,
Till wide Germania's plains appear'd in view ;
And every other barbarous region crost,
He came at length to England's distant coast.

Ver. 494.—*England's distant coast.*] L'ultima Inghilterra—

Thus Horace :

——in ultimos

Orbis Britannos——

: Likewise Virgil, Eclog. 1.

——penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

Yet

Yet deem not here (my lord) th' advent'rous knight
 Unceasing still pursu'd so long a flight, 496
 Each closing eve, his courser's speed repress,
 He chose some fair retreat for ease and rest :
 One morn he reach'd fair London's stately towers,
 And stay'd his course by Thames' fair winding
 shores, 500
 Whose neighbouring meads display'd a mighty force
 Of hardy warriors, mingled foot and horse,
 That to the martial fife and trumpet's sound
 In beauteous order stretch'd their ranks around.
 The good Rinaldo these to battle led, 305
 The first of knights, and of a host the head !
 Who came, ambassador from Charlemain,
 Assistance on the British coast to gain.
 O Roger near the place, by fortune, drew,
 Just as each squadron pass'd in fair review : 510
 And now alighting with a swift descent,
 He ask'd a warrior what the concourse meant.
 To him the courteous stranger thus reply'd :
 These troops, whose banners all the country hide,
 From Scotland, Ireland, and from England's foil 515
 Arrive, and some from every neighbouring isle :

Ver. 505. *The good Rinaldo*—] Rinaldo is mentioned again in the xivth book, ver 705.

The

The ready vessels in the harbour stand,
 To waft them safely to the Gallic land.
 The powers of France, besieg'd by Pagan force,
 In these supplies have plac'd their last resource : 520
 But that your eyes may every squadron know,
 Attend while I their different nations show.

Ver. 522. — *their different nations show.*] The following review of the forces, it is feared, will appear but ungraceful in English, from the familiarity of the names and titles, which are with difficulty to be reduced to English verse, though they have a different effect in the original : the Italians, from the genius of their language, and the liberty they are accustomed to take with proper names, give a uniformity to different sounds, and soften them to their own tongue : but it was thought a licence of this kind could not be taken in the translation with the well-known English titles.

This passage is imagined by some to be intended by the poet as a compliment to the British nobility. The description of the several leaders, with their arms, banners, and whimsical devices, is exactly in the spirit of chivalry : thus Don Quixote, taking the two flocks of sheep for armies, paints their fancied appearance, in the following manner, to Sancho : “ The knight you see yonder
 “ with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned
 “ couchant at a damsel’s foot, is the valorous Laorealco, lord of
 “ the silver bridge : the other, with the armour flowered with gold,
 “ who bears three crowns argent in a field azure, is the formidable
 “ Micocoiambo, grand duke of Queracia, &c.”

See JARVIS’S DON QUIXOTE, Vol. I. B. iii. C. iv.

VOL. I.

Y

Yon

Yon ensign view, where waving in the wind
Appear the fleur-de-lys and leopards join'd :
That trophy'd sign the gallant chief displays, 525
Whose sovereign rule each subject band obeys :
Amidst these warriors mighty is his fame,
And Lionel his ever honour'd name ;
The duke of Lancaster, of valour try'd,
In counsel sage and to the king ally'd. 530
The banner next behold, that rang'd behind
Streams tow'rd the hills and trembles in the wind ;
With three white wings upon a verdant field,
By mighty Richard, Earl of Warwick, held.
Intrepid Gloster's duke the standard rears, 535
Where the stag's head with branching horns ap-
pears.
The duke of Clarence brings a torch of light ;
The duke of York reveals a tree in fight :
See! Norfolk's duke the banner'd sign advance,
That, in three pieces, gives a shiver'd lance. 540
The noble earl of Kent the thunder bears :
The griffin next, the earl of Pembroke wears.
The balance there the duke of Suffolk takes ;
The earl of Essex holds the yoke and snakes ;
And yonder garland in an azure shield 545
Northumberland produces in the field.

Behold

Behold the earl of Arundel, who shows
A sinking vessel where the ocean flows:
See! Berkeley's gallant marquis next appear;
The earl of March, in equal splendor near; 550
The first, in white, has giv'n a cloven mound;
A palm is in the second banner found,
And in the third a pine in farges drown'd. }
The earls of Ancafter and Dorset, known
One by the car, the other by the crown. 555
That falcon on his nest, with plumage spread,
By Raymond earl of Devonshire is led.
See Winchester the black and yellow wear;
Derby the hound, and Oxford has the bear.
The prelate of the Bath, amidst his peers 560
For riches fam'd, a cross of crystal rears.
There Somerset's great duke attracts the gaze,
Who! strange device! a broken seat displays.
Of heavy arm'd, and archers on the steed,
Full forty thousand to the fight proceed; 565
And thrice as many of the footmen-train,
Beat with their steps the far-refounding plain.
See! where they throng, with various ensigns spread;
By Godfrey, Henry, Herman, Edward, led.
The first for duke of Buckingham is known; 570
The next is for the earl of Sal'sbury shown.

Then Abergan'ny comes, advanc'd in years;
 Last Edward, earl of Shrewsbury, appears.
 All these that stretch along the eastern lands,
 Compose the numbers of the English bands. 575
 Now view the west, and forty thousand there
 Of hardy Scotchmen wave their signs in air.
 Yon lion, plac'd two unicorns between,
 That rampant with a silver sword is seen,
 Is for the king of Scotland's banner known; 580
 Zerbino there encamps, his gallant son!
 No form so graceful can your eyes behold,
 For nature made him, and destroy'd her mould.
 The title of the duke of Ross he bears,
 No chief with him for dauntless mind compares. 585
 The earl of Athol next unfolds to view
 A gilded bar upon a field of blue.
 The neighbouring banner by the duke of Mar
 Is rais'd, who brings a leopard to the war.

Ver. 581. *Zerbino* —] Zerbino, son to the king of Scotland, and brother to the princess Geneura, who was delivered from death in the fifth book by Rinaldo. The character of Zerbino appears to be entirely Ariosto's own, and is one of the most amiable in the whole poem: the loves of this prince, and the chaste Isabella, make a very beautiful and affecting episode. See note to B. xiii. ver. 39.

See!

See ! gallant Alcabrun, his standard brought 590

With various fancy'd birds and colours fraught ;

Of no degree of earl or marquis vain,

But first in place amid the sylvan train.

The duke of Stafford shows the bird to fight

That dares with steadfast eyes Apollo's light. 595

Lurcanio, lord of Angus, shews a chace,

Where the fierce bull two nimble greyhounds trace.

The duke of Albany, his banner view,

Who fills his field with colours white and blue :

Buchannan's earl anidst his standard bears 600

Yon vulture that a speckled dragon tears.

Valiant Armano next upon the field

Appears, with white and fable on shield.

The earl of ^EArrol, on his right, is seen,

Who gives a flambeau in a field of green. 605

Now, in two bands behold the Irish spread,

The first is by the earl of Kildare led :

The second, by the earl of Desmond brought

From savage mountains, has the battle fought.

The first has, in his sign, a flaming brand ; 610

In white, the second, a vermilion band.

Ver. 598. *The duke of Albany.*—] Ariodantes, brother to Lurcanio, married to Geneura, and after the death of Polinesso, created duke of Albany, as related in the sixth book.

Nor do the English, Scotch, and Irish here
Alone in aid of Charlemain appear,
But Sweden's realm and Norway send their powers,
And ev'n the climes remote of Iceland shores: 615
With many a land, in distant regions far,
By nature foes to peace and friends to war.
Near seventeen thousand to the battle come,
Drawn from the hollow caves and forest gloom.
Round their white banner throng'd, the plain ap-
pears 620

A wood of arms, a grove of bristled spears:
His banner white the chief Morato bore,
Resolv'd to dye it soon with Moorish gore.

While thus Rogero sees the bands, and hears
The names and titles of the British peers, 625
First one, and then another with surprise
Approaching views his beast with steadfast eyes,
Amaz'd at such a strange unusual fight,
And soon the circle thickens round the knight.

But now Rogero, with design to raise 630
His pleasure, and increase the crowd's amaze,
Gives to his steed the rein, and makes him feel,
With gentle touch, the goading of the steel;
He, swiftly mounting, soars upon the wind,
And leaves the gazing multitude behind! 635

Then,

Then, having past the foil of England o'er
 From side to side, he reach'd the Irish shore,
 The fabulous Hibernia; where 'tis said,
 The holy sage a secret cavern made,
 In which, such grace th' offended mortal wins, 640
 He, purging there, atones for all his sins;
 And thence he guides his courser o'er the waves,
 Where the rough sea the lesser Britain laves:
 When, looking down; a doleful sight he spy'd,
 The fair Angelica in fetters ty'd! 645
 Ty'd to a rock on sorrow's fatal isle,
 For sorrow's name well suits the hateful foil;
 Whence (as my tale but late display'd before)
 Arm'd vessels coasted round from shore to shore,

Ver. 638. *The fabulous Hibernia; where, 'tis said,*

The holy sage a secret cavern made,] Pope Celestine sent bishop Germano into England, to convert the inhabitants to the Catholic faith, and Palladio to the Scots: he likewise sent bishop Patrick into Ireland: this last, after having exemplified many virtues, at last miraculously caused a well to appear, into which every day all those entered, who had committed any great sin, and proclaimed that they thereby obtained remission: this well was called St. Patrick's purgatory. Ireland, or Hibernia, is here called fabulous (*favolosa*,) because whoever came out of this cave related many marvellous things.

DOLCE, PORCACCHI.

Y 4

To

To seize and bear unhappy dames away, 650
Doom'd to devouring jaws a daily prey!

That morn the virgin on the rock was plac'd
To glut the monster of the watery waste;
The virgin who in hapless hour was bound 654
By those that view'd her prostrate on the ground,
Beside th' unhallow'd fire in magic sleep profound.
Th' inhuman race, of unrelenting mind,
To brutal rage the hapless fair resign'd,
And on the shore her tender frame expos'd,
As Nature first her naked limbs disclos'd; 660
Nor, cruel, left one slender veil, to spread
O'er the white lilies, and the roses red;
Flowers that with her can equal lustre boast,
In heats of July or December's frost!

Rogero first the distant virgin thought 665
Some lovely form, of alabaster wrought,
Or purest marble, which the sculptor's hand
Had fix'd with art to grace the desert strand.
But soon he view'd, midst animated snow,
And roses red, the dewy sorrows flow, 670

Ver. 665. *Rogero first*—] Compare the remaining part of this book with the latter end of the fourth of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where Perseus delivers Andromeda from the sea-monster.

Which,

Which, trickling, down her panting bosom stray'd,
 While in her golden hair the zephyrs play'd.
 When now on her's the champion fix'd his eyes,
 The thoughts of Bradamant began to rise:
 Pity and love, by turns, his soul detain, 675
 And scarce his kindly tears their course restrain:
 He first his winged courser's speed repress'd,
 Then gently thus the weeping maid address'd:
 O damsel! worthy only of the chains
 With which his captives conquering Love restrains!
 Unworthy this, or any woe to find! 681
 What wretch so harden'd with obdurate mind
 Could by the rugged force of iron bands
 Compress the softness of those lovely hands?
 While yet he spoke her rising blushes spread, 685
 So polish'd ivory shows when stain'd with red:
 Abash'd she found those latent charms espy'd,
 Which modesty, though beauteous, strives to hide;
 Her face had from her hands concealment found,
 But to the flinty rock her hands were bound. 690

Ver. 679. *O damsel! worthy only of the chains—*] Thus Ovid:

—— non istis digna catenis,

Sed quibus inter se cupidi jungunter amantes!

Yet (all she could) a shower of tears she shed,
And strove to earth to bend her drooping head.
While mingled sobs and plaints her fate bewail,
A sudden noise cuts short her mournful tale.
For, lo! the monster ploughs the watery field, 695
Half rais'd above the waves, and half conceal'd.
As fearing Boreas' rage or Auster's force,
The vessel to the harbour steers her course :
So hastening to his welcome prey is seen
The ravenous orc, and small the space between. 700
The damsel views, half dead with chilling fear,
Nor can the knight her drooping spirits cheer.

His lance, but not in rest, Rogero held,
And on the furious orc the stroke impell'd :
How shall my muse his dreadful form explain, 705
A bulk enormous ! floundering in the main !
His eyes and pointed tusks a boar proclaim,
The rest, a mass unshap'd, without a name.
Between his brows the stroke Rogero try'd,
The monster, moveless as a rock, defy'd 710
The baffled spear ; and now the fearless knight
Prepar'd on closer terms to wage the fight.
The orc, who saw the winged courser's shade,
That here and there upon the waters play'd,

Forsook the certain helpless prey in view, 715
And raging at the empty shadow flew;
While, as he turn'd, Rogero sunk below,
And watchful ply'd with strokes his dreadful foe.
As when an eagle darting from the skies,
Amidst the grass a wandering serpent spies, 720
Or sees him on the sunny bank unfold
His azure glories and his scales of gold;
Eager to seize, yet cautious still, he fears
Where from his mouth the hissing tongue appears,
At length he gripes the prize, then spreads his wing,
Nor dreads the terrors of the forky sting. 726
Rogero thus, with sword and spear, pursues
Not where his teeth and threatening tusks he views;
But 'twixt his ears the forceful blow descends;
Now on his back, now where his tail extends. 730
Oft as the monster turns, aside he flies,
And watches when to sink and when to rise:
But all in vain! his labour nought avails,
No steel can pierce th' impenetrable scales.

With the gaunt mastiff thus the fly maintains 735
Audacious fight when August dries the plains:
In July's month when ripening harvests shine,
Or rich September yielding generous wine:

Now

Now on his jaws he fixes, or his eyes ;
And still in ever-wheeling circles flies, 740
T' elude the teeth, that vainly bite the air ;
For one dire stroke would finish all his care !

Lash'd by the monster's tail the surges fly,
And dash with sprinkling foam the distant sky :
Scarce knows Rogero if his courser waves 745
His wings in air, or in the ocean laves :
Full oft he wishes now to gain the shore :
For much he fears, if still the billows soar,
When the damp plumes no more his steed sustain,
No friendly bark will bear him from the main. 750

But soon far better thoughts his mind engage
With other arms to quell the brutal rage ;
He now resolves the buckler to display,
And strike his senses with th' enchanted ray ;
Then flies to land, and first to screen the maid 755
(Whose naked limbs were on the rock display'd)
From the fierce light, he fixes on her hand
The ring that could the magic power withstand,
The ring, which noble Bradamant before
To save her lover from Brunello bore* ; 760
And next to free him from Alcina's bands,
By sage Melissa sent to India's lands* ;

See Books iv. and vii.

Who many youths, with this, from fate repriev'd;
From her the knight the wondrous gift receiv'd.
This, with foreseeing care, he gave the dame, 765
To screen her from his buckler's blazing flame;
And save those lovely eyes, whose soft regard
Already had his amorous heart ensnar'd,
Then swift he turns to where the monster prefs'd
One half the sea beneath his ample breast; 770
And, standing on the shore, the veil he rears,
When, lo! another sun on earth appears!
Full on th' astonish'd orc the splendor plays;
His senses vanish with the dazzling blaze!
As, when the skies with sultry vapours glow, 775
The panting fishes faint and sink below;
So, midst the billows of the deep, is shown
The hideous monster, horribly o'erthrown!
Rogero then no rest, no pause allows,
But plies him closely with unavailing blows. 780
The beauteous damsel now besought the knight
With earnest prayers to cease the fruitless fight:
Ah! turn (she weeping cry'd) and loose thy chains,
Before the cruel orc his sense regains.
Ah! rather whelm me in the gaping flood, 785
Ere these poor limbs be made his trembling food.
Rogero,

Rogero, pitying, heard the dame deplore,
Then burst her bonds and took her from the shore.
He spurs; the courser spurns the sand, and flies
Aloft in air, and travels through the skies. 790
While on the saddle sits the gallant knight,
Behind, the crupper bears the virgin bright.
Thus brave Rogero snatch'd the maid away
To rob the monster of so fair a prey;
And, as he flew along, full oft he press'd
With kisses sweet, her eyes and snowy breast. 795
No more his purpos'd voyage fills his mind,
He seeks no more the Spanish coast to find;
But to the neighbouring land his courser guides,
Where lesser Britain breaks the briny tides; 800
Where branching oaks a peaceful covert screen,
And Philomela warbles through the scene.
Along the meadow pours a purling rill,
On either hand appears a lonely hill.
Th' enamour'd warrior here repress'd his speed, 805
And soft descended on the verdant mead;
His griffin wings he now restrain'd from flight,
Those wings that never more must bear the knight!
Alighting from his steed, he burns to prove
A gentler voyage on the coast of love. 810

And

And now the glowing youth with eager haste
Impatient from his limbs the steel unbrac'd;
By turns this plate, confus'd, then that he try'd,
And while he loosen'd one, another ty'd.

But since my lines beyond the bound extend, 815
And may, perchance, my lord, your ears offend,
No longer will I now my tale pursue,
But at a fitter time the verse renew.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

And now the glowing youth with eager haste
 Impatient from his limbs the steel unbrac'd;
 By turns the plate, confus'd, then that he ty'd,
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